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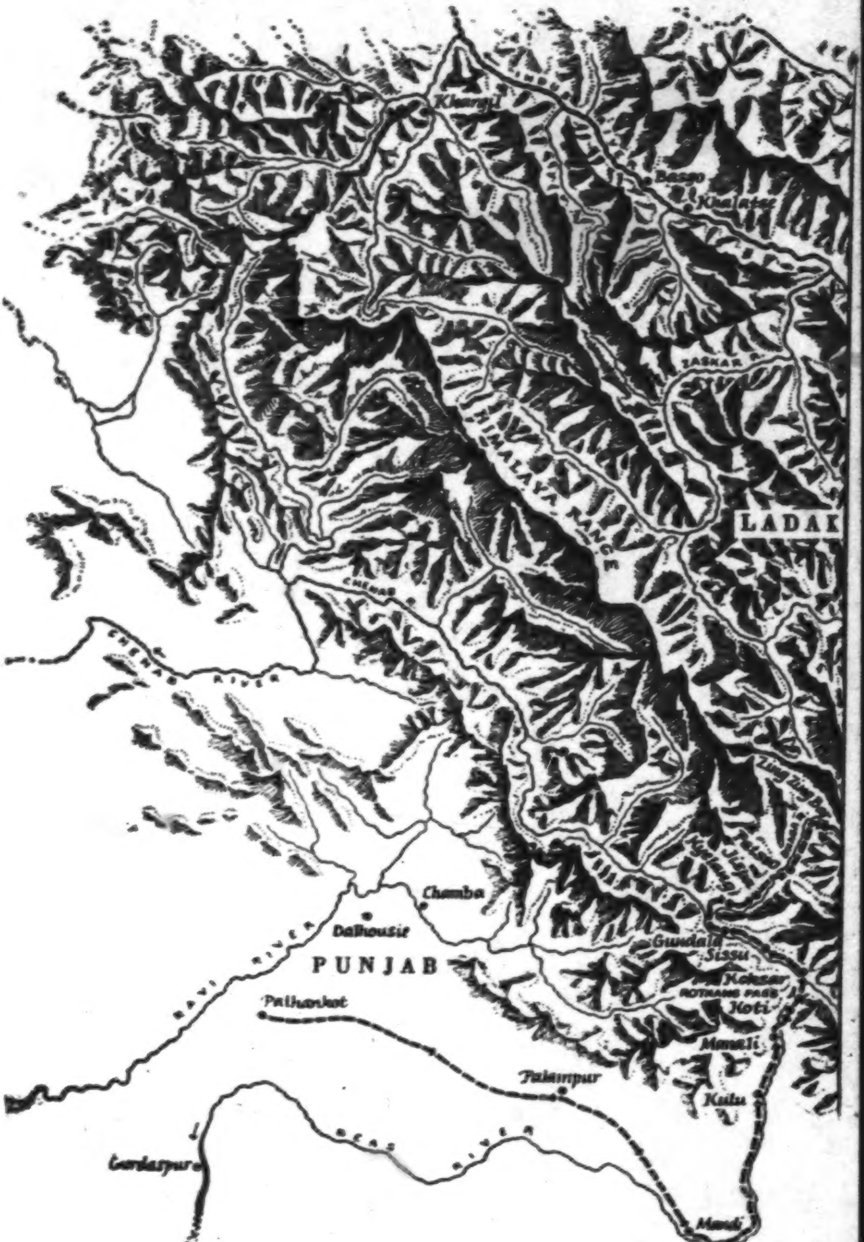
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Gundala
Sissu
Koksar
ROTHANG PASS
Koti
Manali
Kulu
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PUNJAB
RAVI RIVER
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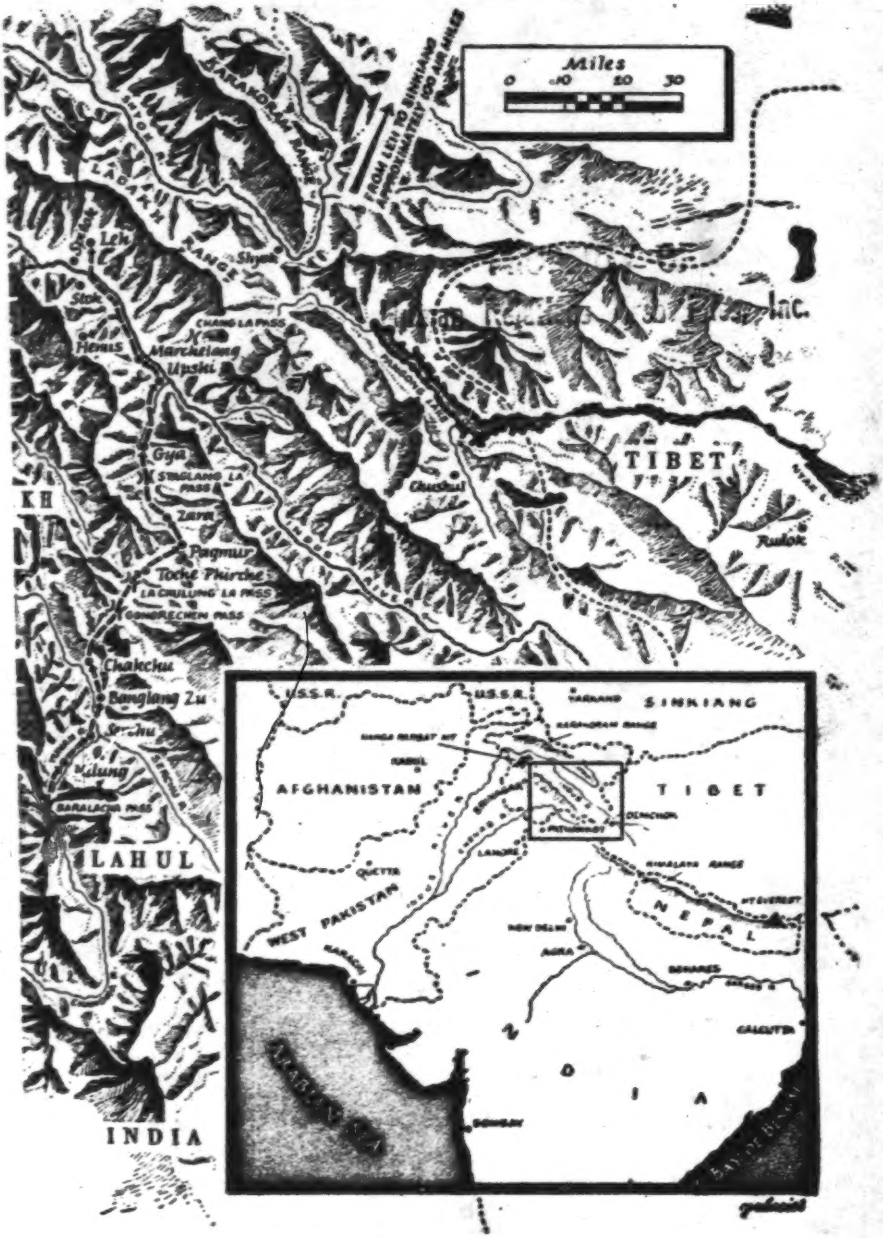
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SIRGLANG LA PASS
Zara
Pagmur
Tocke Phurche
LA CHULUNG LA PASS
GONDRECHEN PASS
Chakchu
Banglang Zu
Serchu
Kilung
BARALACHA PASS
KH
LAHUL
INDIA
TIBET
Chushul
Rudok
U.S.S.R.
U.S.S.R.
YARKAND
SINKIANG
KARAKORAM RANGE
NANGA PARBAT MT
KABUL
AFGHANISTAN
TIBET
DEMCHOK
LAHORE
QUETTA
HIMALAYA RANGE
WEST PAKISTAN
MT EVEREST
NEPAL
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AGRA
KARACHI
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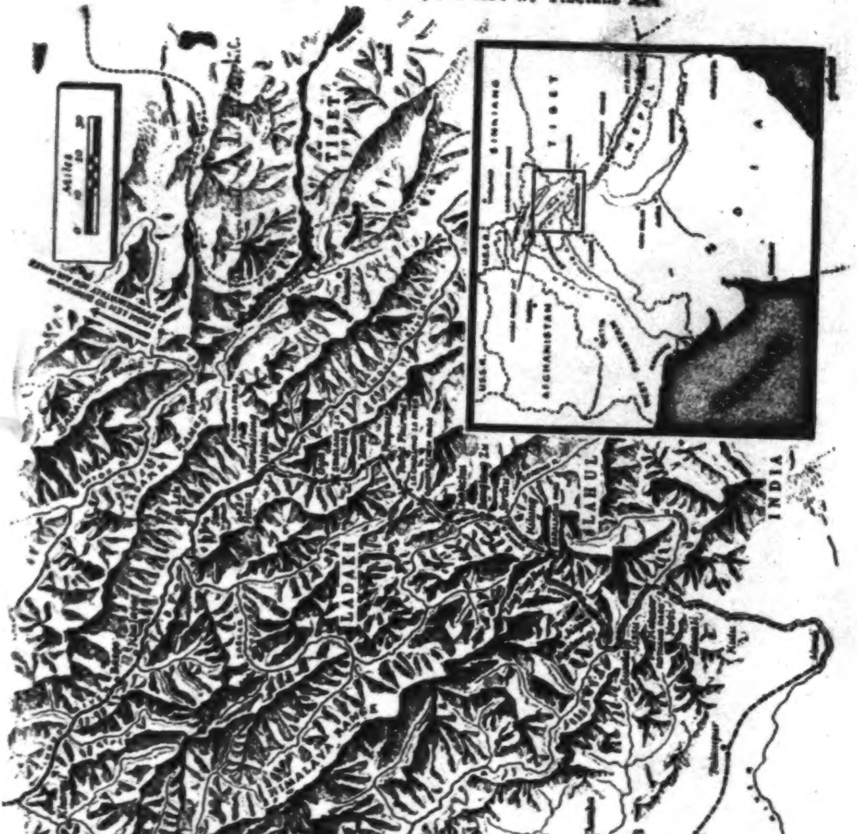
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HIMALAYA
SINKIANG
TIBET
NEPAL
AFGHANISTAN
U.S.S.R.

[Inside front cover - entire map]

Beyond the High Himalayas

BY WILLIAM O. DOUGLAS

DOUBLEDAY & COMPANY, INC., GARDEN CITY, N.Y., 1953

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6 [Pp. 1-5 are title page and blank pages]

FOREWORD

When I flew out of New York City in 1951 for Karachi, Kabul, and Delhi, I planned to write a book about the famous mountains that stretch across northern India, Pakistan, and Afghanistan. The Himalayas, the Karakorams, and the Hindu Kush—all geologically one—had long fascinated me. The British expeditions to Everest, the American assault on K2 had excited me. I had read all the Himalayan literature on those and on other alpine expeditions in this region. Frank Smythe's book, *The Valley of Flowers,* finally decided me. I would explore the Himalayas on foot. 000

One who first goes to the Himalayas should talk with someone who has been there; and as he talks he should watch the eyes of his adviser for the great excitement his questions cause.

There will be memories of the moon turning glaciers to gold. Pieces of old Tibetan love songs will come floating down a canyon already drenched with loneliness. Drums once more will beat in such a frenzied rhythm that one will want to cast off convention, join the natives, and jump and whirl in a mad exciting

000 dance. Miles of snow-capped peaks will suddenly appear far above the earth and disappear as quickly and as magically as they came. There will be the sweet voice of a lovely girl singing of love under a poplar tree in a tiny garden of a village. Once more the wind will whine off 25,000-foot peaks, carrying the sting of sleet on its wings. The shouts, the whistles, the cries of the muleteers, and the medley of dozens of bells of the mule train will fill the place. Acres of poppies once more will stretch as far as the eye can see. Deep-throated horns, blown by scraggy lamas, will echo and re-echo off canyon walls. Miles of cinquefoil will cover a mountain range with yellow and reds; and acres of geraniums will give a bluish cast to stands of fir and pine. And perhaps loveliest of all will be the sound of a flute—a flute blown by a lonely shepherd high on the crags, a flute whose music sounds like falling water.

122 I could not find in the United States the person who had the firsthand information about Himalayan treks which I needed. So I visited India in 1950 on a preliminary and exploratory trip. I arrived at Ranikhet late at night in a pouring rain. Ranikhet, an old British hill station presently garrisoned by the Indian Army, sits on a 6,000-foot ridge facing the Garhwahl Himalayas across an 80-mile valley. I despaired of seeing the Snows in the few days I had reserved for Ranikhet, as the monsoon lay heavily over the ranges. But my coming was a good omen. There had been no sun for thirty days. At dawn of the morning following my arrival the sky was clear. The Himalayas—200 miles of them—lay exposed in front of me. Nanda Devi, Trisul, and other giant peaks punched the sky at points where mountains are not supposed to be. Their grandeur left me without words. In the mornings I would be up before dawn waiting for the sun to hit the glaciers. One morning I saw a finger of light no bigger than a pencil race like mad across the 200-mile stretch of solid ice and snow. That night I saw the sun slowly form a band of light across the same 200-mile length of glaciers—a band that turned from gold to red to gray to purple and then, as the sun set, jumped off into space and disappeared, as if waved away by some magic wand.

These were startling experiences that whetted my appetite. I

12: Douglas T-3 (1951)1953 AJ4 W. Tibetans AJ4

laid my plans carefully. I canvassed the problem of porters, of food, and of equipment at Ranikhet. I planned to return in June 1951, enter the Himalayas through Almora, and take a long trek to Kailas, a historic place of pilgrimage in Tibet. 122

These well-laid plans were changed by events. By the spring of 1951 Tibet was no longer hospitable to Americans. So I moved my operations westward and designed a trek from Manali to Leh. Even so the venture remained what it had been from the beginning—a mountain expedition. And the book was to be about glaciers, high passes, blue poppies, rhododendrons, snow leopards, geology, Himalayan sunsets, and the folk songs of the trails. It was in other words to be a mountain book. 121

But I planned in ignorance. Before I got where I was going I realized that I was traveling Central Asia as witness to one of the most dramatic and important political stories of the century. The mountains remained, serving as the backdrop for the story; but the story was new, exciting, and disturbing, with precious little relevance to the lofty peaks which looked down on the events that shaped the destiny of Central Asia.

Central Asia is mostly in Russia and Tibet. But the northern stretch of India and the outposts of Pakistan that nestle in the Karakorams are also Central Asia. They are *one world;* the Communist regimes that lie to the north are a *second world;* we of the West, propelled by events so fast that we have little time to learn what we have done yesterday or where we are going tomorrow, are still a *third world.* It is the interplay of these *three worlds* that furnishes the underlying theme of the book.

I went first to Afghanistan, where I visited Kabul, the capital, and then turned north and crossed the Hindu Kush by the Shibar Pass, dropping down to the ancient Buddhist town of Bamian. Then I retraced my steps to Kabul and returned to West Pakistan over the Khyber Pass, stopping at the city of Peshawar. From there I went north to the Kingdom of Swat for a brief visit. Then I flew the western stretch of the Himalayas to Gilgit and took some trips into the area that stretches along the Sinkiang border. These journeys preceded the long trek which I made on foot and by pack train from Manali to Leh in the Indian Himalayas. Yet I 114

12: Douglas T-3 (1951)1953 AJ4 W. Tibetans AJ4

114 have placed the account of the Himalayan crossing first, because that arrangement facilitates the telling of the political part of these chronicles.

121 The political story cannot be understood unless the country, the people, their institutions and problems, their worries and superstitions are known. One must walk or ride vast and empty regions to know these things about Central Asia. This is not easily done. It requires great physical exertion and adventure into high and distant places. This volume undertakes to present the grass-root environment of the area. I searched out villagers and goatherds, wandering Tibetans, the men and women who bring the sheep trains down from Sinkiang and Tibet, lamas, and local officials. I tried to learn from them the political, economic, and social scheme of things in this area. I ate and drank and slept with them. I tried to lose myself in their environment in order to see the world through their eyes, to find the measure of their loyalties, to discover their aspirations, and to come to know their worries and fears. When the rigors of the region and the struggles of the people are known, the appalling nature of some of the major problems facing the West will be better understood.

An American mountain book on the Himalayas is yet to be done. If this volume inspires or encourages that project, there will be reward enough. For the Himálayas are the superlative among all peaks—the place which future generations of Americans should make a playground and a laboratory. There are untold peaks to climb, fauna and flora to discover, geological formations to explore, and high trails to traverse. The immediate rewards are exciting and untold; and there are rewards beyond the mountains themselves. One who goes to the Himalayas must first traverse the plains of Pakistan and India. He cannot do that without coming into touch with problems and people that will reach his heart and his mind. If he goes with humility and is patient, he will return with understanding; and understanding of Asia by the West will be the greatest reward which any Himalayan trek can offer.

WILLIAM O. DOUGLAS
Washington, D.C., June 12, 1952

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000 panion and patient interpreter—whose insight into the problems of India, Lahul, Ladakh, Tibet, and Sinkiang greatly enriched my journey.

During the Himalayan trek I pressed several hundred botanical specimens. They will be deposited in the Smithsonian when their classification is completed. With the help of Ram Lal Shah of Ranikhet I also collected the seeds of some eighty species of Himalayan wild flowers. The plants grown from these seeds are being propagated at the Finch Arboretum, Spokane, Washington, and at the U.S. Forest Service Experimental Station, Wind River, Washington.

WILLIAM O. DOUGLAS

CONTENTS

FOREWORD, 7
ACKNOWLEDGMENTS, 11

PART I—TRANS-HIMALAYA

I MY ROMANTIC BUS DRIVER, 19
II WE START WITH PRAYER, 30
III COME AT NIGHTTIME, 41
IV I BUILD A BRIDGE, 47
V A LADY'S PROPOSAL, 55
VI A COURT IN LAHUL, 63
VII MY MUSICAL MULE TRAIN, 71
VIII MY MAGICAL HAT, 78
IX SHEEP ARE THE GOODS TRAINS, 85
X NEHRU'S HORSEMEN, 93
XI HORSES, MULES, YAKS, AND MOTI, 100
XII THE SPIRIT OF SATAN, 111

Contents

XIII PASS POISON, 121
XIV MY MEDICAL PRACTICE, 129
XV HEMIS MONASTERY, 143
XVI AN INCARNATE LAMA, 151
XVII OM MANI PADME HOOM, 166
XVIII HOW MANY HUSBANDS DO YOU HAVE?, 178
XIX THE CHURCH AS LANDLORD, 189
XX COMMUNISM VS. BUDDHISM, 202
XXI JU LE, JU LE, 219

PART II—THE GREAT NORTHWEST

I "ON THE HILT AND THE HAFT OF THE KHYBER KNIFE," 237
II AT REST ON THE RUSSIAN BORDER, 249
III A LIZARD AND A KING, 266
IV TUMBLING DOWN THE KAGHAH, 283
V THE MUSIC OF POUNDING FEET, 293
VI RUSSIA, SINKIANG, AND FEUDALISM, 306
VII AN AMERICAN REVOLUTION, 319

APPENDIX I: MY ITINERARY (JULY AND AUGUST, 1951), 325
APPENDIX II: ELEVATIONS OF MAIN POINTS ON HIMALAYAN TREK, 327
APPENDIX III: HINTS FOR HIMALAYAN TRAVEL, 328
APPENDIX IV: MUSIC TRANSCRIPTIONS BY JENŌ TAKACS, 332

INDEX, 341

ILLUSTRATIONS

KODACHROMES *by William O. Douglas*

THE LADIES AT MANALI WHO SANG FOR ME, *facing page 32*

THE CHANDRA RIVER BELOW KOKSAR, *facing page 32*

TWO LAHULI WOMEN WHO WANTED US TO STAY ALL NIGHT, *facing page 65*

VILLAGERS AT KOKSAR CARRYING A LOG FOR MY BRIDGE, *facing page 65*

SUN LAKE AT BARALACHA PASS, *facing page 96*

THE VILLAGE OF KYELANG IN LAHUL, *facing page 96*

RAM CHAND AND AN OBOS AT GONGRECHEN PASS, *facing page 129*

THE INDUS RIVER AT UPSHI, *facing page 129*

HEMIS MONASTERY IN LADAKH, *facing page 160*

DEVIL DANCERS AT HEMIS MONASTERY, *facing page 160*

STREET SCENE IN LEH, LADAKH, *facing page 193*

JIGMET, HEADMAN AT UPSHI, AND HIS DAUGHTER, *facing page 193*

CHILDREN OF BAMIAN, AFGHANISTAN, *facing page 256*

Illustrations

000

BUDDHIST CLIFF NEAR BAMIAN, AFGHANISTAN, *facing page 256*
THE VALLEY OF SWAT NEAR SAIDU, *facing page 289*
THE GILGIT RIVER, *facing page 289*

BLACK & WHITE PHOTOGRAPHS *by William O. Douglas*

R. N. RAHUL, MY INTERPRETER, *facing page 33*
THE DAK BUNGALOW AT KOTI, *facing page 33*
MY COOK, BUDH RAM, AND THREE PORTERS, *facing page 33*
ROTHANG PASS, *facing page 64*
THE WOMEN OF GYA WHO SANG FOR ME, *facing page 64*
THE ORCHESTRA AT GYA, *facing page 64*
THE OUTDOOR COURT AT JISPA, *facing page 97*
MOTI, THE LEAST WORTHY MULE IN LAHUL OR LADAKH, *facing page 97*
THE TRAIL BELOW CHAKCHU, *facing page 97*
HIMALAYAN RANGE AT CHAKCHU, *facing page 128*
MY LADAKHI PATIENT AT CHAKCHU, *facing page 128*
A MANI WALL OUTSIDE LEH, *facing page 128*
THE INCARNATE LAMA AT HEMIS MONASTERY, *facing page 161*
PRAYER CYLINDERS IN THE WALL AT HEMIS, *facing page 161*
LAMA DANCERS AT HEMIS, *facing page 161*
BAKULA, HEAD OF THE BUDDHIST YELLOW SECT, LADAKH, *facing page 192*
LADAKHI WOMEN AND CHILDREN, LEH, *facing page 192*
EMPTY CASTLE OF THE KING OF LADAKH, *facing page 192*
ZILA AND HER DAPS, *facing page 192*
THE KHYBER PASS IN WEST PAKISTAN, *facing page 257*
THE MIR OF HUNZA AND THE MIR OF NAGIR, *facing page 257*
ANCIENT BUDDHIST CLIFF IN BAMIAN, AFGHANISTAN, *facing page 257*
MOHAMMED HOSSEIN, THE FLUTE PLAYER, *facing page 257*
NALTAR IN WEST PAKISTAN, *facing page 288*
AN ORCHESTRA IN GILGIT, *facing page 288*
THE CANYON OF THE KHAGHAH RIVER, *facing page 288*

[Pp. 17-54 NOT PROCESSED--ANALYST]

CHAPTER 5

A LADY'S PROPOSAL

000 We paid off our porters at Koksar and they returned to Manali. These were not the type one reads about in Himalayan literature. They were villagers—farmers, hired hands, clerks in the bazaar at Manali. Had I planned a trek on foot, I would have arranged for professional porters, the best of whom are from Darjeeling far to the east of Manali. They have been trained by the Himalayan Club of India, beginning with the first British expedition to Everest in 1922. They are tireless travelers of the trail—efficient, loyal, and enduring. They would have been eager for the adventures of the highroad to Leh. Our Manali
482 porters were not. Moreover, the profession of the porter is not in
554 high esteem in the Kulu Valley. Carrying loads on one's back for
651 another man is looked down upon. The reason has its roots in history. In ancient days the Rajah of Kulu demanded labor of each man. So many days a year were owed the Crown. This was known as the *begar* system. The lowliest of *begar* labor was the coolie, who carried freight for the Rajah on his back. Carrying

482 554 651 the mail was less dishonorable. Providing wood and grass for the Rajah's camps was higher on the scale. The *begar* system was gravely abused. Many lost their health or their lives on dangerous missions for the Rajah. The work was looked down upon; a certain ignominy was attached to it.

That tradition has persisted. Porters are considered coolie labor, and coolie labor carries some of the disrepute of the *begar* system.

000 Our porters, however, were not in revolt or unhappy. That was not the reason why we paid them off. The reason was that at Koksar we found horses which would take us three stages, viz., to Kyelang, the capital city of Lahul. Rahul and I debated whether to gamble on another pack train at Kyelang. There was a half promise that we could get mules at Kyelang. We decided to take that chance.

465 The porters lined up for their pay the morning after we arrived at Koksar. The rate was three rupees a stage per man (about sixty cents), a stage usually being the distance between dak bungalows or about ten miles. Each porter was to get an additional 50 per cent of that amount each time we crossed a pass (there were six passes on our route from Manali to Leh). On the return trip they were to get one half the rate. They were also to get half rate whenever they laid over a day. Each porter was to supply his own food.

000 This morning at Koksar the main argument was over the computation of the amount I owed each one. There were many figures submitted, each man arguing for his own computation. It took about an hour to get the crowd to agree on a figure. And when it appeared that unanimity had been achieved, one lone dissenter spoke up. He maintained that he was entitled to one rupee more than all the others. And so he was. It happened this way.

As I said before, the first porters to arrive at our hotel in Manali took the lightest packs, leaving the heaviest for the latecomers. This caused an argument that grew in intensity at Koti. 000 The poor devil who was the last to pick up his pack at Koti was a short, squat man with a mustache, a square chin, and a bulldog nose. When he felt the weight of the duffel bag that had been left for him, he roared in protest. His face was black with rage; his words came in a torrent. He shook his fist angrily, threw down the bag, and walked menacingly toward the other porters. Budh Ram tried to calm him. He shook his finger under Budh Ram's nose and whirled on the other porters, venting verbal spleen. Some of them laughed, only increasing his fury.

Finally he announced in Hindustani, which even I could understand, that he was through, and then demanded his pay, saying he would return to Manali. This was mutiny, one of the worst disasters that can happen on any Himalayan trek. No other porters were available. If desertion were established as a precedent, I would have trouble all the way to Leh. And so I made a speech. I spoke of the admirable qualities of these porters. I said that they were my brothers and that I would treat them well. If any was sick, I would care for him, pay him his wages, and see that he got home safely. But if any quit me along the trail, that was desertion, entitling him to no pay whatsoever.

The speech had an electric effect. The stubborn porter, like a good soldier, immediately picked up the bag. When I helped him put it on his back, I felt the awful load he was carrying and knew at once that his protest was justified. It was well above sixty-five pounds, far too much for any man. He and I brought up the rear, and we had gone only a few hundred yards when I thanked him for his sportsmanship and said that in return I would pay him an extra rupee today. He smiled, bowed graciously, and took to the trail with a renewed vigor.

I saw the porters off at Koksar, greeting each one. There was a sadness in the parting, for we had had adventure together and felt the camaraderie of the trail. I stood and watched them until they were out of sight. The last man to disappear under a shoul-

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000 der of the mountain turned and waved. He was the stouthearted one who carried the dreadful load over Rothang.

492 Tashi (which means "good luck") was our new employee. He 465 was short and stocky, middle-aged, pleasant, quiet, efficient. He had with him his son, about fourteen years of age. They had ten horses and were going as far as Kyelang, three stages distant. I agreed to pay eight rupees a day for each riding horse, five rupees a day for each pack horse. The horses were the small Punjab type, not even ten hands high, with small feet and fairly sturdy shoulders. We rode two; the rest carried the baggage. Tashi and his son walked.

492 By the time the horses were packed, I knew that I could go with Tashi in confidence to the end of the earth. He was one of those quiet, steady, competent men who show the mark of the mountains. His horses were also good. They were fast-traveling animals. The riding ponies had no bridles, only halters. The saddles, which had no stirrups, were crude wooden pack saddles, piled with sacks and blankets. Though the saddles were not painful, it was more comfortable to walk, as I did most of the way to Gundala.

133 The Chandra canyon, between a mile and a half mile wide, is 137 deep and twisting, with the mountain walls going up on both sides at precipitous angles. There are here and there a few pine [231] trees along the river and fir trees on the benches. These high benches, the day we passed, were filled with sheep and goats, white-fleeced animals that from the distance looked like great patches of flowers such as one sees in the Cascades of Washing- [311] ton when the squaw grass is in bloom. Now and then a bench close to the river had been planted in potatoes, millet, wheat, and a tall flowering plant that I first thought was a sunflower, called the *kuth*, which is grown for medicine. There were scatterings of yarrow, yellow violets, snapdragons, and delicate pinks along the trail; and now and then I saw whole acres of cowherbs in bloom —the tallest, most lush cowherbs I have ever seen.

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The north bank of the Chandra, which the trail follows, is part 183
of a huge finger of land, a sort of peninsula many miles long and eighteen thousand feet or so high. The Chandra flows on one side of this peninsula, the Bhaga on the other. The Chandra and Bhaga rise on Baralacha Pass (which we later crossed), flow in opposite directions at the start, then parallel each other, and finally join about six miles west of Gundala. A historic short cut is from Koksar over the peninsula to the foot of Baralacha—a wild, broken stretch of mountains that claimed the life of Hilda Richmond in 1939. We took the long way, swinging around this long finger of land.

Opposite us was a mighty range capped by Snowy Peak or Gundala Peak, whose exploration is described in Bruce, *Kulu and Lahoul*. One looks almost straight up from the river ten thousand feet. There are cliffs that are sheer for several thousand feet. Glaciers run to their edges, tremendous ice fields impregnated with dust and dirt so that when the afternoon sun strikes them they turn to gold. Some of these glaciers not only grip the shoulder of the high cliffs but also droop down their sides like gargantuan icicles. Waterfalls drop from the cold lips of these glaciers; deep in one recess of these gargantuan rocks I saw three, each a thin, miniature Niagara but several times higher. They were falling unknown hundreds of feet in white, soundless spray, ending in milky streams that ran in torrents to the Chandra. The rocks sprayed by these falls were painted with moss and lichens. In the lower reaches some of the moisture from the ice fields watered high ledges and benches that were covered with a short green nap as smooth and as soft to the eye as velvet. The highest points, the topmost ledges, were filled with snow. The blizzard that we had traveled en route to Koti had left the high granite shafts that top the ridge freshly powdered.

Many tributaries feed the Chandra on its run to the confluence [136]
with the Bhaga. In the summer they are filled with a small snow trout, which I did not see but of which the natives boast. This day

133 even the tributaries were murky with silt. One side stream about twenty-five feet wide was on a rampage. It had freshly gouged out the mountainside, sweeping away a bridge, washing away many feet of trail, and biting deeply into a ravine. We had to climb high to cross it.

000 Several travelers of the trail had piled up at the one place where the stream was fordable. One train, made up of small donkeys, was being unpacked so that the animals could cross on their own. Men and women were fording the stream, stepping gingerly in the fast, dark water, leaning against the powerful current as they fought their way across.

I took the crossing lightly, as if it were only a casual thing. A thin, dark Lahuli, wiser than I, noticed my cavalier manner and happily waded into the stream to meet me. We met just in time, for I was not prepared for the tremendous onslaught. The main current had me off my feet when the strong arm of my unknown Lahuli friend caught me and half dragged me to shore. While I was waiting for my pack train to catch up with me, my Lahuli friend and I stood guard at the ford, helping all travelers who came along.

Among them were two women and a baby. My Lahuli friend waded across, took the baby from the mother, and brought it safely to the other side. I guided the women, giving one of them a hand and letting the other lean against me. They were wet and breathless when they reached the shore. There were thanks in their eyes and on their lips as they uttered strange words of appreciation, put the baby back in the sling that hung over the mother's shoulders, and took to the trail.

Later we passed them. And when we were having lunch on a huge rock that sat astride the trail, they caught up with us and began a long conversation with Rahul. As he talked I studied

142 these women. They were in their late twenties, with dark skin and coal-black hair. The Kulu women had been about as dark, but they had sharper features. These Lahuli women had more of

the Mongol characteristics. They[1] were inclined to be squat, their 142
noses flat, their foreheads high. They parted their hair in the
middle, tying it at the back in a tight knot. Their hair, shiny with [302]
the oil from apricot pits, was adorned by headdress. One wore a [301]
white egg-shaped pin (*poshel*) at the top of her forehead; the
other wore yellow egg-shaped pins on her temples. Each had long
earrings of gold and several bracelets of silver on each wrist.
They were barefooted, their toes gnarled like talons, and they 291
walked with ease on gravel on which I would not have been able
to take one step. They wore long black dresses of coarse wool,
dresses with tight-fitting sleeves and bodices and large full skirts.

The mother did most of the talking; and I noticed that as she 000
talked the other woman became coy, holding the corner of a gray
wool shawl to her mouth.

The status of Lahuli women is different from that of Kulu 562
women. They carry the full burden of the house and the main 462
burden of the fields. The men plow in the spring and help out
with the harvest in the fall. The rest of the time they sit under a
tree and watch the women hoe, cultivate, and weed. And when
the wheat or barley is cut, it is the women who carry it in baskets
or slings on their backs to the threshing floor and winnow out the
grain. Lahul is indeed a man's world. Kulu women, who, as I 581
have said, enjoy a large degree of equality, therefore do not like 562
to marry Lahuli men. A Lahuli woman likes to escape her drudgery
and marry a Kulu man. A Kulu marriage is indeed the ambition
of Lahuli girls. That is the way my cook, Budh Ram, got his
lovely wife. She had come across Rothang Pass one day, and
Budh Ram soon claimed her as a bride.

These Lahuli women, like the other Trans-Himalayan girls described 562
in Kamal, *Land without Laughter*, though in an inferior 836
social position, have a large degree of independence in their
sexual relations. We would call them promiscuous. Budh Ram
bashfully told me one day, "The Lahuli girls will run, but it is
easy to catch them."

[1] [i.e. Lahuli women— ANALYST]

562 836 Part of the loose morality is doubtless due to the fact that these girls live along the caravan route where lonely, carefree men from Yarkand, Leh, and Manali travel. These caravan men laugh when anyone speaks of prostitutes. Of course there are no prostitutes. One takes what he wants and goes his way.

I did not know all of this as Rahul continued his long conversation with the two women I had helped ford the stream. I was to learn about Lahuli women later. I did know that something highly personal and intimate was being discussed because the women, at first bashful and coy, were now giggling and laughing. Finally I asked, "Rahul, what the devil goes on? Are you arranging a date come evening time?"

"No, no." He roared with laughter. "This woman with the child has been telling me what a wonderful person the other woman is. You see, they are sisters. This one without a child likes you. She wants you to stay with her tonight in their village of Sissu." By now the women stood watching me, grinning.

We were eating the condensed TF Army rations for lunch. I pretended to cogitate on the proposition as I finished a cereal bar and munched salted almonds. Finally I announced the decision. "Rahul, we'll compromise. Tell her that instead of staying in their village I will give each of them a present."

With that I reached into the TF rations, found four cookies, and gave two to the baby and one each to the women. As Rahul translated my message and presented the cookies, they gave us angry side glances and took the trail to Sissu.

CHAPTER 6

A COURT IN LAHUL

The day I built the bridge at Koksar we went fourteen miles and spent the night at Gundala. Gundala is a small village of a score or so inhabitants. The houses are square affairs with flat slate roofs. Both outside walls and the roofs are plastered with a stucco made from mud. Some have two stories with the people above and the cattle below. Gundala runs at a steep pitch down a mountainside that is dotted with a thin stand of juniper. There are millet, barley, and wheat on the terraces that reach to the river; and willow trees and aspen keep most of the village in shade. 000 361 342

It is ten miles to Kyelang, a distance we covered in about three hours. We traveled in a light, cold rain and were accompanied all the way by the endless echoes of thunder rolling round and round in this narrow canyon of the Chandra. Kyelang is on the opposite side of the mountain behind Gundala. It is a village of several hundred people that sits prettily high on the banks of the Bhaga River. Across the river is a Buddhist monastery on a lonely 000 361 161

12: Douglas T-3 (1951)1953 AJ4 W. Tibetans AJ4

[Facing p 64]

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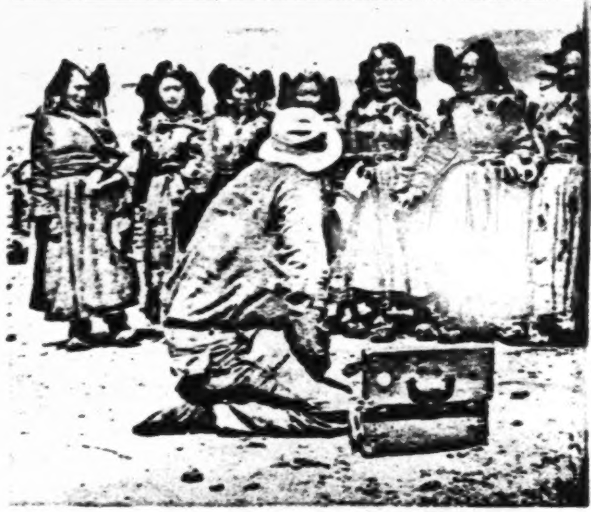
At Rothang Pass it seemed that I was on the threshold of another world—a world where magic played the major role, where one in quiet meditation could contact the spirits that occupy a place existing far above the earth.



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The women of Gya were giggling as they started to sing. The song is a take-off on a man accused of being a lama. The man's name is Tashiwangyal and he is the singer.

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The Gya singers were accompanied by an orchestra of two musicians.

361 shoulder of mountain. Kyelang has a bazaar of a dozen or so
161 shops, a grade school, a dispensary and hospital, large administration houses, a cold spring that comes booming out of a pipe, and
[132] narrow cobblestone streets where pack trains can barely pass. It is a delightful place in summer months, seldom getting warmer than 73 degrees.

137 The streets of Kyelang are lined with aspen and willow. The willow is the common white willow of the Old World, the one that is naturalized in parts of the eastern United States, the one that is the standard wood in England for making cricket bats, artificial limbs, and the charcoal used in the manufacture of black gunpowder. The white willows at Kyelang are old and gnarled, two to four feet thick. They have been topped for years and used for wood and so are squat and stunted. New plantings of willow shoots are wrapped in cloth or twigs for protection against the goats. On the slopes above Kyelang are scatterings of juniper (pencil cedar), reminiscent of the juniper one finds in the Steens Mountain country of southern Oregon. And here and there are a few of the willow leaf sea buckthorn—a willow-like tree of the oleaster family (*Hippophae salicifolia*). At both ends of the
[132] Bhaga canyon, as seen from Kyelang, are huge snow-capped peaks with glaciers that, during a summer day, reflect in changeable moods most of the colors of the spectrum. Kyelang, green and lush, lies like an oasis—an oasis in granite, snow, and ice.

Kyelang, the capital city of Lahul, was in charge of a Tehsildar,[1] a young, soft-spoken, pleasant Sikh by the name of Mahindar Singh Randhawa. I met him as I arrived at Kyelang in the rain; and he assured me as I dismounted my pony in front of his office that the weather was "most unusual."

197 Lahul, though a part of India, is a foreign land. The most common language is Tibetan, and yet it is somewhat different because of the Lahuli dialect. The greetings along the trail out of Manali were in Hindustani—"*Ram, ram*" or "*Namaste.*" In Lahul they became Tibetan—"*Ju Ju*" or "*Ju Le.*"

[1] [Headman -- Analyst]

12: Douglas T-3 (1951)1953 AJ4 W. Tibetans AJ4

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Budh Ram bashfully told me one day, "The Lahuli girls will run, but it is easy to catch them."

Building my bridge at Koksar was a community project.

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[Facing p. 65]

779 Buddhism entered Lahul from the south in the eighth century.
177 In the twelfth, Tibetan Buddhism, with its trappings of Lamaism, came down from the north. About the same time, Aryan Hinduism came up from the south. These two religions lived peacefully side by side and together wiped out the earlier nature worship and its ugly practice of human sacrifices.

177 Though I said that Lahul, in its relation to India, is a foreign land, it would perhaps be more accurate to say that Lahul is an in-between land owing its allegiance to India, its culture to Tibet. But the political ties are winning out. Today Lahulis are even taking Indian names so as to have better standing along the trade routes that tie more tightly to India with each passing year.

291 The features of the Lahuli people, particularly the women, are oriental. The women wear dark, tight-fitting trousers over which is a coarse, long-sleeved dress, tight at the waist and having a full
241 skirt. They carry the load of work in the fields, as I have said. The day I reached Kyelang there were a few men plowing with a dzo (a cross between a yak and a cow). They were singing plaintive folk songs as they worked. But a deep silence hung over most of the fields, where the women were cultivating. Each was bent low, swinging a short-handled adz with an easy rhythm. Later in the day they came in from the fields with huge bundles of barley and buckwheat tied in slings and thrown over their shoulders. Others had on their backs large woven baskets, looking like inverted cones and filled with grass and vegetables. Now they walked stooped and bent, like old crippled people. But when I came on them suddenly, they giggled like schoolgirls, showing beautiful white teeth.

563 These Lahulis, who in all respects are dominantly Tibetan, are looked down upon by the real Tibetans. One reason for it is that the Lahuli is a half-breed. India has touched him and affected him. It has to a degree diluted his Tibetan blood and altered his Tibetan culture. He stands somewhere in between two ancient peoples, not passionately a part of either. Tibetans, therefore, consider LAHULIS INFERIOR.

563 sider Lahulis inferior. A Tibetan can take a Lahuli woman for his
582 wife. But a Tibetan girl is not encouraged to marry a Lahuli man. The Lahuli man has indeed an unhappy position. The women on the south side of Rothang Pass do not covet him, partly because of his exploitation of his womenfolk, partly because there is a greater variety of food in Kulu than in Lahul. The women on the Tibetan side of the Himalayas do not want the Lahuli man because he is "inferior." Lahul is an in-between place—one from which men and women both want to escape. Perhaps that is one
533 reason for its sparse population. Perhaps that is one reason why the men have such sad and plaintive voices when they sing their folk songs.

The one I best remember—one sung for us by five male villagers of Jispa, the next village beyond Kyelang—is about the girl Angmo.

> *Angmo used to live with her parents when a child.*
> *When she grew up she fell in love with a boy.*
> *They married happily.*
> *After marriage the girl left Lahul*
> *And went and lived with her husband,*
> *Forsaking her parents and brothers and sisters.**

423 These Lahuli folk have an in-between status in another respect.
221 While there are a few landed estates, the country is mostly popu-
231 lated by small farmers. The few Lahulis who own sheep and goats go north in the summer and south in the winter. The sheep one sees there in summer months come up from the Kangra for a few months' grazing in the high basins.

132 The rainfall in Lahul averages about twenty-three inches annually. May, June, and July are lush months. By August the ground is dried out and the grain is turning brown. By September the land is barren and dusty. October sees the passes clogged with snow. Lahul is then isolated until summer. November or

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*See page 333, category 116

December brings snow to the valleys. Thus Lahul is frozen tight 132
most of the year. There is no place for much stock. A dzo or a [422]
cow or two is all a family has.

Even the independent farmers work land that usually is not 423
theirs. They are largely squatters on government domain—families who have taken a likely-looking bench above a river, cleared it of rocks, and planted barley. Maybe the project prospered; more than likely it failed. And so one sees along the Chandra and the Bhaga grim outlines of old fields long forsaken. The family has moved on to another location, seeking brighter prospects.

I sat with my Sikh friend, Mahindar Singh Randhawa, the 695
Tehsildar of Kyelang, as he held court at Jispa, fourteen miles above Kyelang. We sat in the open at a table on the edge of a stand of ancient juniper three or four feet in diameter while alpine choughs (glossy black with yellow beaks and red legs) soared overhead. Lahulis had come in from miles around for the court session. The men stood huddled around us, twisting their brimless and loosely woven wool caps. They were awed by the occasion—solemn and frightened too. This was the long arm of the law reaching out from remote Delhi to touch the lowliest of them. Their womenfolk and children had come to court with them. The women sat quietly in a circle on the perimeter of the court, knitting stockings and nursing babies. Women and children were also grim. There was no laughter in the crowd, no playfulness among the youngsters. This was the day of reckoning for their menfolk.

This court had no marshal, no court crier to announce it—no "oyez, oyez, oyez." The Tehsildar convened court by calling the names of the cases. The cases were actually *Punjab* vs. *Sonam*, *Punjab* vs. *Thundup*, *Punjab* vs. *Tsering*, etc. But this kind
and warmhearted judge merely called the names of the farmers, 695
and each replied. There were dozens of cases, and they took 687
hours. The following is typical.

"Sonam, where is your farm?"

695 687 "Three miles below Jispa on the bench just below the junipers on the right hand of the Bhaga."

"That is government land."

"Yes."

"Did you pay for it?"

"No."

"Have you paid taxes?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"I have no money."

"How long have you been there?"

"Ten years."

"What crops do you grow?"

[243] "Barley and a few vegetables."

"How much barley a year?"

"One year I got very little. In other years just enough for me and my family. I have a wife and four children. They are over there" (pointing).

"Have you animals?"

[231] "My brother and I have a dzo between us. He works land near me. We both live in Jispa and walk three miles to our land every morning. My wife walks too, but she is not strong any more. Is there land we can have closer to our home?"

"All this land is government land. If you want it, you must make application for it. Then you must pay taxes. You never made application. You just walked onto the land and claimed it. And you have never paid any taxes."

"That is true. But how can I pay?" he asked with despair in his voice.

687 651 This was the story over and over again. The sun had set and a cool wind whistling down from Baralacha Pass was rustling the papers on the table when the Tehsildar took a recess for the day. Later this friendly officer sat with Rahul and me eating dinner

in the dak bungalow—soup, hamburgers, cocoa, canned fruit, 687
and *chapattis*. Discussion turned to the court session. 651

"Are these families on this land legally?" I asked.

"No. They are all illegal squatters. The law of Punjab provides that a man may homestead public land and that he has a period of time to make payment for it. But he must pay."

"How much must he pay?"

"About two hundred rupees [forty dollars] an acre."

"Have any paid?"

"None."

"Do they all owe arrears in taxes?"

"Yes, all of them."

"What is the law of Punjab in such cases?"

"The squatters must be ejected."

"Is that what you are going to do tomorrow? Eject them?"

There was a long pause.

"None will be ejected," he finally replied with emphasis. "You are a judge and you know that law is law but that the law is not always justice."

I nodded but answered, "Yet this is public property."

"True," he replied, "but these farmers are India's outposts. They 168
occupy land bordering countries that may be unfriendly. It is important that India keep this border country populated. Certainly Soviet Communism exploits every discontent in India. It is better that India sacrifice her legal rights or even lose a part of her public domain and have happy people here than that she enforce her legal rights and end up with discontented citizens on this sensitive northern border."

"Why can't the people pay taxes?"

His eyes were now wide with seriousness. "Why, these people 735
only subsist. They raise barely enough to live. They trade barley 511
for wool from Tibet and make their own clothes. I suppose none of the families we saw this afternoon has a cash income each year of even ten rupees."

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Ten rupees is only two dollars, I thought. With two dollars a year per family the women could have a little talcum powder perhaps, a little hair oil, a few pieces of soap. There would be precious little, if any, for tobacco, for medicines, for sweets. I recalled a scene that had happened earlier this day. A dozen or more children from three to ten years old had gathered around me at Jispa. They were in tatters, a bit pinched in the face, very shy, and very dirty. I opened a small bag of chocolate drops. The children at once held out their dirty little hands, their eyes big with expectation. As I put one piece in each hand the fingers closed tightly on it. The first bite was taken carefully and tentatively. Then the expressions quickly changed—the eyes lighted, the tenseness was gone, the faces were happy and relaxed, and one little fellow actually shouted. The chocolates were wolfed down as quickly as a dog swallows a morsel of meat. In a few seconds each of the dirty little hands was stretched out to me again.

These little tots stood huddled together for hours, following me like a shadow wherever I went. And every time I looked at them they would shyly hold out their tiny hands palms up and look at me with eyes that carried as powerful a plea as man with all the skills known to drama could devise.

CHAPTER 7

MY MUSICAL MULE TRAIN

Tashi and his horses took us to Kyelang and then *000* left us, for he had a previous commitment to pick up freight with his pack train at his own village of Ramling (near Sissu). Our plans were uncertain. We might have to recruit porters among the villagers of Kyelang and go to Leh on foot. On the other hand, we might possibly have mules, for we had met in Koksar a young, amiable man in his twenties—Rup Singh—who said he would try to meet us at Kyelang the third day and take us to Leh with his mule train.

The third day came and went and there was no sign of Rup Singh and no word from him. The morning of the fourth day arrived and we were about resigned to completing our journey on our own. Rahul went to the village of Kyelang to arrange for porters or, if at all possible, for other transport. Meanwhile I climbed the range behind Kyelang to scout for wild flowers. I returned about noon and was on the porch of the dak bungalow showing Rahul the rewards of my climb. I had in my hand the

400 stickweed or forget-me-not, handling it as tenderly as a museum piece. When I found it near a stand of juniper, a great flood of memories poured through my mind. This was an old, familiar friend who seemed to me to be far from home. For the place where I best knew it—its accustomed place—was on the slope above my cabin in the high Wallowas of Oregon. Though it seemed strangely out of place here, this might well be closer to its home than Oregon, to which it may have been carried by animals or by planetary winds.

492 534 I was explaining this to Rahul when we heard bells. We gave them no particular attention because many caravans had bells and were continually passing along the trail just below the stone wall at the end of the slope in front of the dak bungalow. These bells got louder and louder, unlike any we had heard. They sounded as if they were the bells of dozens of caravans. We started to race down the slope to see what was about to pass under the stone wall in front of us, when the caravan turned onto our lawn.

Up front on a bay horse was Rup Singh, grinning and beaming. Behind him came ten mules heavily hung with bells. Behind them came two young men on foot—Chhomphel and Ram Chand—whistling and shouting and racing to keep the mules out of sheaths of barley freshly cut and piled behind our bungalow.

Some of these animals had the build of Missouri mules; some were closer to a donkey's stature. Two were gray; others were bay. There was one chestnut and one that seemed to have a touch of palomino in him. Most of them had tassels hanging from their necks—red or yellow and about two feet long. Each had bells. Some of the bells were eighteen inches or so long, as wide as a fruit jar, heavy and ponderous, and deep-throated. These were the basses. Some were tiny bells smaller than a walnut, with two dozen strung on a leather band that fastened around the neck, a bit reminiscent of Christmas sleigh bells. These were the sopranos. There were bells as big as apricots, similarly fastened to leather neck straps. These were the altos. A few of the mules had a half dozen larger bells each—bells of the size of teacups. These were the tenors. And a few of the mules had bells that were hung inside each other like camel bells of Persia. These bells ran almost a full scale.

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Bells, bells, bells! What a din they made! Every movement of an animal rang a bell. As they milled around us the noise was so great we could hardly hear each other. I found myself shouting to Rahul and he in turn relayed the message in a shout to Rup Singh. It appeared that Rup Singh had had no lunch. He would get lunch, return at once, and we would push on to Jispa, fourteen miles distant, this afternoon. Rup Singh left with his mule train, and when the noise gradually died out a deep quiet settled over the peaceful dak bungalow. We sat on our packs until late afternoon. Rup Singh did not appear. We were up early the next morning and yet there was no sign of him. It was not until ten o'clock that he appeared. Our plan to reprimand him for his long delay immediately evaporated. As soon as the mules entered our gate we were drowned in music. Bells, bells, bells. They did something to us. We were at once relaxed, happy, excited. We greeted the smiling Rup Singh as a long-lost brother, forgetting to scold him. There was music in the air, music in our hearts. At last we were off to high adventure—adventure set to music, the haunting music of tinkling bells, booming bells, soft melodious bells, bells that set a tingling sensation running up and down the spine. The music of the bells had reflex effects in our fingers, our toes, our legs. I found myself trying to catch up with the music, trying to walk to its rhythm. And then a mule would break away, change his pace, and set up a discordant note. Then there would be more noise than music. Yet even so there was a melodious chant deep in the noise. Rup Singh's muleteers, Chhomphel and Ram Chand (two young men in their twenties), drove stakes and stretched a chain between them at ground level. When they tied the mules to this chain, the music subsided

Beyond the High Himalayas

492 except when a quarrel between two mules would end in biting.
534 But even so the effect of the music carried over. I noticed that Rup Singh as he loaded the mules (in a manner similar to our Montana packs) was softly, almost inaudibly singing.

"What is your song?" I asked.

"Not a song," he said. "I'm just talking to myself and the mules."

"What are you saying?"

He laughed as he replied, "Hurry, hurry—hurry, hurry."

Hurry, hurry—hurry, hurry. That seemed to be the effect of the bells on both the mules and the men. Actually they may not have had any such effect. For as the days passed I noticed that my mule train could not be pushed above an average of two and one quarter miles an hour. Yet hour after hour, day after day, hurry, hurry—hurry, hurry seemed to be the message of the bells.

We skirted cliffs that dropped off a thousand feet below us. The bells rang out—hurry, hurry—hurry, hurry. We climbed steep pitches to reach high passes of sixteen, seventeen, eighteen thousand feet. In spite of the thin air, the command of the bells was always hurry, hurry—hurry, hurry. We swung down meandering canyons, forded streams, crossed high basins, passed through herds of wild asses, pushed into the nose of severe storms, threaded through narrow, rocky defiles, climbed to hogback ridges along swinging trails of switchbacks—and always the command of the bells was hurry, hurry—hurry, hurry. We were in the coarse sand of wind-blown ridges, or among rounded boulders of old river beds, or in rock fields of granite splintered by frost from overhanging cliffs, or on bleak and barren plateaus pock-marked with the huge holes of whistling, fat-bellied marmots, or in high meadows touched with green from a thinning turf. And the mule train played the same message—hurry, hurry—hurry, hurry.

Our first night out from Kyelang I asked Rup Singh about the bells. Most caravans had bells, but none ever had so many bells.

These bells gave a complete orchestration. We could be heard 492
for a mile. Why so many bells? 534

Rup Singh grinned as he replied, "The music is good for the mules. The louder the music, the more contented they are. It keeps them from quitting—keeps them going."

Perhaps Rup Singh was right; perhaps he was only transferring to the mules his own attitude. Certain it is that the bells had a profound effect on us. They broke the monotony of bleak trails. They picked up one's spirits when physical fatigue set in. When one was aboard, they gave relief from the constant jogging of the animal. Even on the slowest stretches, the most grueling climbs, they produced the sense of motion, of progress, of achievement. They often produced these effects in curious ways.

Frequently it seemed to me that the mules were synchronizing their steps to produce familiar tunes. Up front was a big gray mule with a long, yellow tassel hanging from his neck. He led the way, picking the trail, choosing from among alternate routes, grinding steadily on, never stopping, not even nibbling, except for bites at overhanging boughs of willow trees. His role was one of steady industry. The other mules were not tied; each was on his own. For the most part they walked single-file, staying close together. Then the mule train would pick up a rhythm, and I would catch pieces of familiar tunes.

Occasionally on a fast pace I would hear a part of the refrain, "*It's a long, long way to Tipperary, and my heart's right there.*" Usually the beat was slower, more measured, such as "*Old MacDonald had a farm, E–I–E–I–O.*" The pace would slightly change, there would be discord, and then as clear as any bell would come:

There's a long, long night of waiting
Until my dreams all come true.

There would be another change and "The Tattooed Lady" would tumble out.

12: Douglas T-3 (1951)1953 AJ4 W. Tibetans AJ4

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Come on and see,
Come on and see
The famous picture gallery.

The pace would quicken, "The Tattooed Lady" would fade away, and in her place would gradually emerge:

How are you going to keep them down on the farm
After they've seen Paree?

During one day's travel pieces of dozens of familiar songs would be played on the bells. Medleys by the score would echo from granite cliffs in narrow canyons or wing away on the severe winds that howl across the high Himalayan basins. No piece would ever be completed. This was mutilated music—pieces of tunes strung together by jumbles of discordant notes. And yet there was a haunting quality about it. It had a quickening effect on tired muscles. It lifted up the heart. It seemed to make the seven of us humans and the eleven animals part and parcel of one endeavor, one adventure.

"Perhaps Rup Singh is right," I said to Rahul at one of our last camps. "The bells have helped carry me to great heights. That I know. They may also have helped the mules."

And Rahul, a brilliant product of the land where mysticism is supreme, nodded knowingly and said, "Of course, music helps every living thing."

There was another reason for the bells. Rup Singh, like his father before him, was in the caravan business. Sometimes he carried the goods of others. On this trek of mine he had two mules loaded with produce for Leh, some of it silk brocades from Bombay. Usually, however, Rup Singh carried goods of his own to sell along the way. The bells would tell the coming of the caravan.

I remember when we came to Upshi on the Indus, near the end of our trek, early one afternoon. The villagers heard our mule train at least a mile away. A ragged urchin scooted across a barley

12: Douglas T-3 (1951)1953 AJ4 W. Tibetans AJ4

field headed for his house, shouting, "Here comes the caravan." 492
An old blind man sitting in the sun in a niche along a cobble- 534
stone way lifted his head, pounded on the wall with his cane, and called out, "Dolma, Diki, Zila, come quickly. Here's the caravan." Children rushed to the edge of flat roofs, pointing and shouting. Women cultivating the fields ran to the willows along the trail, excitement in their eyes and on their tongues. Men bestirred themselves and drifted down to the house of the head man of the village where we were going. Two women hurried to a balcony overlooking the path; and as we passed one of them said, "Now, Dolma, we can get some talcum powder at last."

The bells brought news and goods from the outside world, a world so far away, so remote, that the stories about it seemed like legends. Yet that strange world sent wondrous products to the farthest reaches. And my musical mule train told of their coming with its bells, bells, bells.

CHAPTER 8

MY MAGICAL HAT

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My magical hat was more of a helmet than a hat. It had inside an adjustable band that would fit any head; and, as in the case of most tropical headgear, this band held the helmet about a quarter of an inch away from the head. That feature of the helmet and its shape gave it a conventional appearance. But it was wholly unconventional in other respects.

It was made of a specially prepared opaque glass and was as white as snow. It was so rugged that it was proof against most accidents. It could not be broken with a hammer. It was as fireproof as asbestos. It was almost as light as cardboard. And it was waterproof. It never rained when I wore the hat, but I imagine that a Himalayan rain on the magical hat would have sounded like a hailstorm on a tin roof.

777 The fact that it never rained when I wore the hat was its most outstanding feature. Therein lay its magic. And when at times I began to wonder if the magic was fancied, not real, Budh Ram, Man Das, and Rup Singh would restore my faith. Maybe India

is the only place where one can find such faith. Maybe that faith is part and parcel of the hillmen's belief in spirits that govern man's destiny when he walks the treacherous Himalayan trails—evil spirits that plot his destruction through avalanches, roaring torrents of water, and blinding blizzards; good spirits that comfort and protect him and drive off the evil ones. These legends and beliefs may have prepared a fertile soil for the legend of my hat. But the hat itself produced the seed that grew and flourished in that soil.

I have related the story of our departure from Manali on foot—[1] how the villagers of Manali prayed for rain, how rain threatened as we started the trek, how destructive the downpour that struck us before we reached Koti. If I had worn my magical hat that day, it would never have acquired the reputation that it enjoyed, or perhaps the rain would have passed us by. But that day the hat traveled in a pack; it was unable to work its magic, and we were all soaked through.

The day we left Koti to cross Rothang Pass I wore my glass hat. Remnants of the storm clouds still played around the summits. There were some showers along the ridges, but none touched us. When we reached Rothang, dark clouds were swirling. There was the threat of snow and rain. But none came. We reached Koksar in bright sun that afternoon.

The next day I wore the glass hat. And as I crossed the newly built bridge and headed for Gundala, I told Budh Ram, "I guess it won't rain today."

"Why do you say that, Sahib?"

"Because it never seems to rain when I wear the hat."

Budh Ram and Man Das passed the word along to Tashi. I quickly discovered that my hat was fast becoming an object of interest—interest that grew and grew when it turned out that we were in clear sunshine all day long.

That night as Budh Ram served dinner in the dak bungalow at Gundala he asked, "Sahib, why is there magic in the hat?"

[1] [Chapter 2,--Not processed for files--Analyst]

111 I groped for an answer, thinking fast as I stirred my soup. "It's the glass, I guess—the way the glass is made."

The next morning, as we were packing up at Gundala, I said to Budh Ram, "Let's pack the hat." Budh Ram hesitated, looked at the sky, spoke to Tashi, stood undecided for a moment, and then slowly pushed the hat into a duffel bag.

We had been on the trail only a half hour when it started to rain. And it rained all the way to Kyelang, a steady rain with much thunder and lightning. That night as we were unpacking at Kyelang, Rahul laughingly said, "Man Das says that if you had worn the glass hat none of us would have gotten wet."

After that I wore the hat. I wore it to Jispa, where the Tehsildar held court. I wore it the next day to Patseo and Zing Zing Bar. I wore it the following day when we crossed Baralacha Pass and dropped down to Kilung, and the next day when we wound down the canyon to the Tsarap River and then climbed to Chakchu, a notch in a rugged range where we camped beside a pure, cold waterfall. On none of these days was there even a dark cloud in the sky. They were brilliant days when the sun burned fiercely—so fiercely it blistered even Rahul's nose. The glass hat is made for rain, not for sun, and I grew uncomfortably hot when I wore it hour after hour in the brilliant sunshine.

As a result, when we left Chakchu I announced in a loud voice, "I'm tired of wearing this hat. I don't care if it does rain. Into the pack it goes." And Man Das dutifully packed it away.

That morning we crossed Gongrechen Pass and La Chulung
[32] La Pass. We were now in the heart of Ladakh, where rainfall does not average over two inches a year, where the valleys are never deeper than six inches in snow, and where precious little dew falls. And yet bad weather was making up all around us and by noon was threatening. By the time we had reached the narrow canyon that has been cut by the clear water stream that flows north off La Chulung La Pass (which means the Pass of Water and Wind), it was raining. It started as a short, spattering

12: Douglas T-3 (1951)1953 AJ4 W. Tibetans AJ4

rain that came in gusts and soon settled down to a steady drizzle. 777 A few miles south of Toche Phirche (where a scrawny stand of green grass provides some grazing) the trail drops steeply for several hundred feet down a narrow treacherous defile only a few hundred feet wide. Here the wind was whistling. It had ice on its breath, and it whipped the rain into our faces until they stung. All of us were wet and chilled through. We were shaking with cold, our teeth chattering, as we made camp on the barren bench called Toche Phirche. We put up lean-tos for our beds and stretched tarps on sticks to make a covering for the kerosene stove and the kitchen. While Budh Ram and Man Das were unpacking, they came across the glass hat. Budh Ram was grinning as he held it up and said, "Sahib, why did you pack it and let us get wet?"

It rained all night long—a steady, persistent rain. The cold wind whipped our rubber tarps relentlessly as it whined down from Pagmur Pass ten miles or more to the north. It was a bitter cold night wrapped in a soggy blanket of clouds. At dawn the visibility was only a hundred yards or so; the sun was not even a dim spot. Even when the clock showed that the sun was high, it seemed as if we were deep in a dimly lighted dungeon.

Rahul came to me after a conference with Budh Ram and Rup Singh to announce that the men wanted to lay over a day.

"Nonsense," I replied.

"But it will be cold and wet all the way to Pagmur. They don't want to get chilled as they were last night."

"Tell them I will wear my hat—the glass hat that has the magic in it."

Rahul laughed as he returned to make the report to the kitchen. I put on the glass hat and joined the group. We sat together having tea. Budh Ram suddenly jumped up and shouted, "*Suraj, suraj.*" The sun was indeed out, streaming through a narrow, dark corridor of clouds. Though it quickly disappeared, it

777 was plain that the clouds were lifting and that the storm was breaking up.

By the time the mule train was packed, we were in streaming sunshine and Toche Phirche was beginning to lose some of its sogginess through steam. There were black, ominous clouds on a high ridge to the north, the direction we were headed. Budh Ram pointed to them, misgivings written in his face. I grinned, pointed to my hat, and then to the clouds.

133 I was a good prophet. We climbed a thousand feet or so as we
137 left Toche Phirche and soon came into a vast basin (called Kiangcha), mostly flat, fifteen or twenty miles wide, and stretching ahead and behind as far as the eye could see. This basin was covered with scattered patches of the *dama* (*Caragana versicolor*), a low bush clinging to the ground like heather. It is used as fuel in this region and has the interesting feature of burning even though green. A moss called *burtse* (Eurotia) also grew here, a moss I had seen ever since we left Chakchu. It grew in clumps as big as a saucepan and was dried by the natives for use
[196] as fuel. We traveled the basin for several hours. There were ibex above us on the canyon walls to the west, feeding off and on, then stopping to watch us, but always keeping a thousand yards or more distant. The storm that had been making up to the north swung east and then south, leaving us in brilliant sunshine all the way.

777 I stopped to put some flowers in my plant press and before mounting my mule made the announcement that I was tired of wearing my glass helmet. "Does anyone want to wear it?" I asked.

Rahul spoke up, so I gave it to him. We moved on—Rahul, the glittering white helmet, and the dappled gray mule in the rear. In an hour we had climbed a slight rise in the broad basin and faced Pagmur Pass to the north and a host of granite peaks and ice fields to the northwest. A storm that was brewing among the peaks soon moved toward us. It came faster than a horse

could run, sending out in front rough couriers of cold wind and 777
sleeting rain. These couriers seemed to be on a hunt, for they 136
chased before them a herd of wild asses. They were beautiful animals about the size of Missouri mules, with long tails, light tan bodies, dark brown splotches on their backs and heads.

They are animals that are very hard to domesticate. A young 136
one touched by man seems to have the mark of pestilence on it,
for it will never be reclaimed by its mother. Its meat[1] is said to [262]
be very palatable; the Moslems of Ladakh have indeed a great fondness for it. Rup Singh up front rode to within thirty yards of the herd that had just come over Pagmur before they broke and ran. Before I could get my movie camera and telescopic lens into play, black clouds rolled over Pagmur like a wave and washed down on us. Photographing the wild asses was impossible. We leaned forward in our saddles, hugging the mules for warmth.

I shouted to Rahul, "The hat has lost its magic." 777

"With *me* it has," he laughingly replied. "*You* must wear it after this."

That night the word went through our camp (just below the north side of Pagmur) that Rahul did not have the magic, only Sahib. It poured that night, raining so hard we had to dig trenches around our pup tents for drainage. The morning was soggy; visibility was cut to a few hundred yards; the air was heavy with mist and the duffel bags heavy with moisture. I thought Budh Ram handed me the hat with extraordinary eagerness this morning, an eagerness that nevertheless was mixed with some doubt. There seemed to be working in his head a conflict between his desire to get rid of the rain and his fear of stretching the magic of the hat beyond the point where it could be effective. Certainly it seemed dubious if any power could protect us from the weight of the clouds that hung low over Pagmur. Today may be the end of my act with the hat, I said to myself. In a little while everyone will know this hoax for what it is.

The magic, however, held. A south wind streaked down from

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[1] [I.E. WILD ASSES -- ANALYST]

Pagmur Pass, cutting a corridor of clear sky for us. A part of the storm veered to the east; a part went northwest. Clouds hung low around the peaks on all sides of us. But in an hour we were in sunshine, and by the time we had gone the eight miles to Zara, where we got horses and yaks, the day had the brilliance of a cloudless sky at sixteen thousand feet.

And so each morning after Pagmur, Budh Ram would hand me the hat as we broke camp. Each morning there were threatening clouds. But each day we passed through a dry corridor, the rain falling all around us. On and on we went toward Leh. As the miles passed, I grew more and more tired of the hat.

"You carry it," I said to Budh Ram one morning. "And if you tire of it, hang it on a horse."

"May I wear it?" he asked.

"No, no," Rahul interposed with a grin on his face. "It has magic only when the Judge wears it. But the magic may still be strong if you carry it or hang it on a mule."

And that is the way we handled the matter. Thereafter the white glass helmet was never packed. Budh Ram either carried it or tied it on top of a pack in full view. Rain clouds swept the ridges around us, dousing them with cold water. But the rain never touched us.

Budh Ram explained it to the goatherds and villagers we met. His eyes were always wide as he said, "It never rains when Sahib wears the hat. And the magic is so strong that when we carry it we are always dry."

And when the clouds would gather at the head of a canyon or the top of a ridge we were climbing, Rup Singh would turn to me with his infectious grin, point to the clouds, then to the hat, and shake his head. The hat was a talisman of good luck that lightened the burden of the trail and gave each man a sense of security even on high passes where rain and sleet and snow operate under an evil command to strike men down.

CHAPTER 9

SHEEP ARE THE GOODS TRAINS

There is an old Tibetan saying that "sheep are the goods trains, ponies and mules the mail trains." It was above Jispa where the court had been held and not far below Baralacha Pass that I saw the first sheep train. 000

The trail north from Jispa follows the narrow, winding Bhaga canyon. After a few miles the juniper thins out, leaving hills that are mostly barren in August. Jispa, which lies at 10,500 feet, is dry and dusty; but there are basins in the towering canyon walls that are 16,000, 17,000, 18,000 feet high which show touches of light green. There are wild roses along the trail—white and blue. A host of tiny saxifrage grow in the rock fields. These delicate white flowers are hardy and widespread; yet I found an occasional dwarf mountain dandelion even higher than the saxifrage. The Bhaga canyon shows no other colors in August—no color other than the monotonous browns and grays of the slate and granite that dominate the ridges. /133 [137]

The trail skirts bleak cliffs that drop hundreds of feet to the

133 milky Bhaga, and at times climbs so high that the roar of the river (which drops 125 feet per mile) is lost. Clear water pours out of springs and snow fields high on the ridges and washes the trail; and occasionally a waterfall drops off ledges in cool spray that touches the faces of those who pass. But the total effect of the canyon is dryness and bleakness—a parched land that offers no shelter or shade.

499
492 Eleven miles above Jispa the canyon widens into a sloping bench on the far side of the Bhaga. That is Patseo, which means Stone Bridge. The stone abutments of an ancient bridge across the Bhaga are, indeed, still standing. Today the bridge is a flimsy wooden affair that trembles and shakes when a man or animal walks it. It is only safe for passage one at a time. Each of our mules—wise in all hazards underfoot—sniffed at it and took a few tentative steps before taking the full risk. Ram Chand, the muleteer with the high forehead, thin face, and scrawny mustache, stood guard, letting only one animal on the bridge at a time. Each mule seemed to be as relieved at his safe crossing as I was at my own.

000 Patseo has the last dak bungalow on the way to Leh, a two-room building that sits close to the canyon wall without shade or grass. We did not stay there, as our destination was Zing Zing Bar, which lies six miles above Patseo and six miles below Baralacha Pass. We stopped at Patseo only for lunch and for a visit to the Patseo fair.

443 Bleak and barren, Patseo (12,400 feet) is an ancient market place. Merchants from Leh, Yarkand, and Tibet bring their produce there. Merchants from Kulu come up with freight. There bargains are made and barters effected.

492 Patseo is where I saw my first sheep train. Sheep and goats, a hundred or more in a band, were coming down from Baralacha Pass, loaded with little bags, one on each side, filled with salt. Up front was a big billy, aristocratic in his bearing. He kept to the trail, while the band that followed him was strewn above and

below, snipping every green morsel as it dropped down to Patseo. 492

Most lakes in Tibet are salt; great crusts of it can be dug 438
up from the shores. It is this coarse, unrefined salt that the sheep
caravans bring down. The bags are of coarse wool sewn at the
top with heavy twine. They are held on the sheep with a light
cinch and a small rope that functions as a breast collar. These
bags are seldom taken from the sheep in transit. The designation 804
of an animal's load in this part of the world is a *khal*, and the
khal of a sheep is 32 pounds. The *khal* of a horse is 128 pounds;
the *khal* of a yak, 188 pounds. These sheep I saw carried perhaps twenty pounds apiece.

Sheep trains also bring wool down from Tibet. For many years 492
Lahuli men have gone north in the late spring with sheep that 438
were sometimes loaded with merchandise, sometimes not. They 221
grazed as they went, and when they reached Tibet they bartered
their merchandise or brought produce for cash; then, loading
the wool in tiny bales on their sheep, they made the long return
trip to Patseo.

The sheep and goats I saw coming down from the north with 492
salt were unpacked at Patseo, the bags being piled in walls to 439
form small corrals where the sheep would bed down at night.
The sheep caravan had more than salt to offer. The sheep and
goats brought wool, too, the wool on their backs; and the shearing started shortly after the caravan was unpacked.

The sheep caravan had not yet been unloaded before a train of twenty mules came swinging down the canyon. These were powerful, rangy animals carrying huge bales. Some of the bales contained wool from Sinkiang *via* Tibet; some, tea from China. A few of the mules packed salt and borax; a few, dried bundles of wild onion (*junbu*), which is used as a spice in India, marmot skins, and silk. The bulk of the freight of the mule caravans was wool—the special Sinkiang wool from the underbelly of the goat, the wool that is used to make soft Kashmir scarves and shawls. It was unsacked and piled in the sun before weighing, in order

492 439 to rid it of the moisture collected from the storms it had been through during its long journey.

Several mule trains had arrived from Manali carrying cereals, tobacco, cloth, pepper, ginger, and sugar. These products from the south were exchanged for those from the north.

[804] 437 It is a rule of thumb that five sheep loads of salt are the equivalent of four sheep loads of barley or corn. There were scales at Patseo—crude scales that looked like miniature teeter-totters. The wool and salt were weighed; the corn and barley were weighed. Then the exchanges were made. This day—August 4, 1951—wool was selling at Patseo for two and one half rupees (fifty cents) a pound. Some money changed hands. But the bulk of the trading was by barter.

The sloping bench above the river at Patseo was dotted with tents, made mostly from pieces of canvas or cloth stretched on poles to form a roof. The walls were the sacks of grain, tea, or salt the merchants had brought to the fair or had purchased. They were piled on three sides as windbreaks. Each tent had a fire of dung. Tea was being brewed in large copper kettles; and *chapattis*—the thin, unleavened bread of India—was being baked on convex copper plates.

492 One mule train started down the trail to Kyelang and Manali loaded with salt and wool. Another started toward Leh heavy with grain. And just before we left for Zing Zing Bar a sheep train that had been at Patseo for several days started its long return journey north. The sheep looked thin and gaunt, for they had been sheared. The little bags they carried on their backs were now filled with grain. A billy was up front, leading the way. And the rest of the sheep were spreading out, looking for nibbles they had missed on the way down.

133 137 Zing Zing Bar (14,000 feet) is a vast rock field on the Bhaga, spewed from draws that run four thousand feet or more up the mountainside. These rock slides are a mile or more wide, devoid

of all vegetation except red, yellow, and gray lichens and a few 133
of the sturdy saxifrage. 137

At one time there had been a serai at Zing Zing Bar with rock walls and a galvanized iron roof stretched on steel rafters. But the weight of snow had crushed the serai, making it uninhabitable. I found a level spot in the vast rock field where I put my 040
bedroll. And after inflating my air mattress and getting everything in condition for the night, I joined the muleteers.

They had piled some of our baggage in the form of an L to provide a windbreak, and they had a fire of mule dung going. They were making tea, a tea unlike anything we of the West 272
know. It is called *gur gur cha*. The correct and proper way to make it is to brew the tea (which is kept in a bag) the day before, adding a pinch of soda and letting it simmer until it has a pinkish tinge. The next day put the brew in a churn, add salt and yak butter (*gie*), and mix thoroughly. Then heat the mixture until it is piping hot and serve.

Rup Singh omitted the first step. He had a tall, cylindrical, wooden churn in which, with the use of a plunger, he mixed water, salt, and yak butter. After the butter was dissolved he poured the contents of the churn into the teapot. When the tea had boiled, it was ladled out in cups. It sounds repulsive and sometimes is, when the yak butter is rancid. But Rup Singh's *gur gur cha* was good. A cold wind was sweeping down from Baralacha, chilling us. The *gur gur cha* seemed to have a special warmth. It was nourishing too. We sat in silence for perhaps a quarter hour sipping it.

Then the muleteers ate their supper. They had a sack of flour 252
made from barley that is cut when slightly green, then baked 262
and ground. This flour is carried in every caravan that travels Lahul, Ladakh, or Tibet. It is the mainstay of each meal along the trail. My muleteers ate it in the customary manner—they put a handful of it in a cup of *gur gur cha* and stirred it up until

252 it made a thick paste. This is the famous dish that is called *sattu*
262 in Ladakh and *tsamba* in Tibet. My muleteers ate it with spoons, as we would eat porridge. Ram Chand had a method of his own. He mixed the paste so thick that he could dish it out with one finger as if it were cake dough.

262 This was the muleteers' dinner—*gur gur cha* and *sattu*. It was dinner in every caravan that was camped along the trails of the high Himalayas. It was Rup Singh's dinner every night during our trek—every night except the time we bought eggs and chickens and the day we were presented with rabbits as big as any in Arizona or New Mexico. *Gur gur cha* and *sattu* were also breakfast for the muleteers. But at breakfast they would also have *chapattis*, and each morning they would bake enough of them for lunch along the trail.

I talked to Rahul about the monotony of that diet. He agreed that it was monotonous, a monotony which the Lahulis, Ladakhis, and Tibetans try to break as frequently as possible with meat. "But it is a nutritious diet," he said. "*Gur gur cha* and *sattu* carry most of the natives over the Himalayas. There is energy in it. And look at their teeth! *Gur gur cha* and *sattu* may be flat and dull but they do not cause tooth decay."

000 I lay in my sleeping bag in the rock cairn at Zing Zing Bar watching the sky. Earlier I had seen a dipper teetering on a rock by the Bhaga River. Now a gray-backed shrike raced by. A few clouds showed in the west. Venus rode the skyline briefly to reappear hours later in Oregon. A wave of homesickness swept over me as I relived wonderful sunset hours in the Wallowas. Then Venus was gone. The wind died down and a whole host of miller moths descended on me, whirling around my head. They visited me very briefly, leaving as quickly and as mysteriously as they had arrived. Thousands of strange stars gradually appeared. A shoulder of Baralacha to the north blotted out the Big Dipper, though I thought I saw the end of its familiar handle sticking out above a lofty range. The stars kept coming out until it

seemed that the firmament would burst. They hung low, scraping 000
the peaks. All was quiet except the roar of the Bhaga below me.

I lay there for perhaps an hour, absorbing the quiet beauty of the scene, when I heard music. It was a woman's voice, and it came from the trail a hundred yards or so below me.

Sheep caravans make leisurely treks. Their produce will not 492
spoil no matter how much time is spent along the trail. The caravan may start at a distant northern point in June and return in September. The profit of the caravan is not only in the wool and salt carried south and the grain carried north; but the sheep while en route must eat, and so the treks are designed to provide the summer's grazing as well. Well-traveled trails are abandoned for routes that will provide grass for the sheep. The daytime may indeed be spent grazing ridges adjacent to the trail, while the nighttime is used for travel.

That night at Zing Zing Bar a sheep train passed down the canyon. How large it was, how small, I do not know. I only heard the rustle of feet and the voice of a woman who accompanied them. She sang of love; and the song she sang was an old, 539
old love song of Tibet. I learned the full song later. This night I heard only snatches of it.

Like the fine and silky hair of our goats
Which climb up very high on the peaks
Of inaccessible Karakoram
So fine and silky is the hair of my girl.

Her eyes are soft as the eyes of the goats
That call their males on the mountain,
Her eyes are soft as the eyes of the goats
That hold the heavy teat to their young.

Her eyes have the color of topaz
With which she decks her head and neck
And this topaz has the soft color
Of the soft eyes, very soft eyes of our goats.

Beyond the High Himalayas

539 *Her body apt for work is slight and supple,*
As slight and supple as the bounds
Which our goats make, when they leap
On the curved flanks of the summit of Dapsang.

Her cheeks are ever fresh to my lips,
Fresh like the milk I draw daily
When the goats come back to the stable
From the swelling udders that sweep the ground.

000 The voice was a beautiful contralto, and I could hear her faintly above the roar of the Bhaga long after she had passed our camp. It was a haunting melody that she sang, a melody conveying a sense of loneliness in a deep Himalayan canyon already drenched with loneliness.

CHAPTER 10

NEHRU'S HORSEMEN

It was 3 P.M., August 9, 1951, and we were making camp at Pagmur. There was hustle and bustle in the air. Pagmur had good feed for the mules, and we were hurrying to unpack so that they could graze. The meadow at Pagmur was not lush as we know meadows in our West. But the sod was solid, not broken; and it ran for perhaps fifty yards on each side of a small clear-water brook that poured down a shallow valley that looked like a wrinkle on the shoulder of the mighty range towering in the south. Pagmur was green, and the meadow was decorated with cinquefoil fresh and bright after the storm.

Another reason for the hustle and bustle was the weather. Pagmur sits at the head of a V, the valley widening as it runs away to the north. Far to the north were jagged fingers of granite and glaciers piercing the sky. Around these peaks another storm was gathering, and we could see long streamers of it stretching along the ridges that formed the sides of the V in which we sat.

12: Douglas T-3 (1951)1953 AJ4 W. Tibetans AJ4

two We were going to be doused again. So we hastily put up pup tents and the canvas roof for the kitchen.

This job was finished and I was sorting the baggage when I looked down the valley. Here came four horsemen on a dead run. Their suits were gray, their hats squat, and over their shoulders they carried rifles. Their ponies were white. Three stood in their stirrups, leaning slightly forward; one bounced awkwardly on his horse and tried to keep up with the others. I went out to meet them, and in a few moments they reined up in front of me. The leader, a non-commissioned officer, dismounted, came three paces in front of me, brought his right heel against his left in a resounding click, saluted vigorously, and then addressed me in Hindustani.

I did not understand a word he said until he came to the last word, "Douglas."

"Douglas?" I said. "*Ha gee, ha gee* [Yes sir]."

He saluted again, turned sharply, walked to one of the horses, untied a large cardboard package, returned with it, saluted again, and delivered the package to me. Then he made another speech and presented me with a letter. The letter was from the adjutant of the Indian Army Post at Leh, explaining that at Nehru's request he was forwarding movie film and mail to me by courier and requesting a receipt for the package.

I went to my pup tent and opened the package. I fondled the movie film carefully—fifteen hundred feet of 16-millimeter colored film that had been misdirected to Bombay and that Nehru had promised to forward. The new supply lifted my heart, for I had none left. The letters from home were precious and gave me a gnawing sense of loneliness and homesickness, compounded by the realization that the weeks in which I was completely out of touch with the world still had substantial time to run.

By the time I rejoined the four horsemen, their baggage train had arrived—yaks driven by Ladakhis and supervised by another soldier on horseback. I invited the soldiers to make camp with us and to eat with Rahul and me. I had Budh Ram draw on our 000 reserves—our only can of cheese, our last can of butter, one of the last tins of fruit. The non-commissioned officer gave orders and his men went out and shot rabbits—big, rangy rabbits, "coyote size." They brought back six of them—enough for the entire camp—and Budh Ram outdid himself in preparing a stew.

At dinner we learned how they had found us, and we talked of plans for the morrow. It seems that they had ridden hard for eight days, covering at least thirty miles a day, searching the caravan trails and the byways. We were on a detour, and it was only by chance that they had looked up this narrow V-shaped valley for us. Their instructions were to comb the country south of Leh and then to wait on the main caravan route at Toche Phirche for eighteen days. If they did not find us by then, their orders were to return to Leh.

Before dinner was over I learned I was a fool for going into this vast Trans-Himalayan hinterland unarmed. We did not have a gun or revolver in camp. I had secured the necessary permit to carry a rifle and a shotgun and to shoot game as we traveled and had arranged to borrow the guns in New Delhi. But at the last moment a friend dissuaded me. We would be safe, he thought, without guns. We would be traveling too fast for hunting, anyway. 7 So I left Manali unarmed. My boldest weapon was the butcher knife.

I had become a bit apprehensive once we crossed Baralacha Pass. The next day at Serchu I saw my first armed Tibetans. Serchu (which means "gold water") is a bleak, flat basin, perhaps five miles wide, that lies around fifteen thousand feet, hemmed east and west by naked ridges and peaks reaching twenty thousand feet or higher. We had stopped for a brief visit with two Ladakhi women and two Ladakhi men who were returning on foot 240 miles to Leh after a shopping trip to Manali—characters whom I shall introduce in more detail later in this chronicle. As we visited I saw two tiny specks come round a point

12: Douglas T-3 (1951)1953 AJ4 W. Tibetans AJ4

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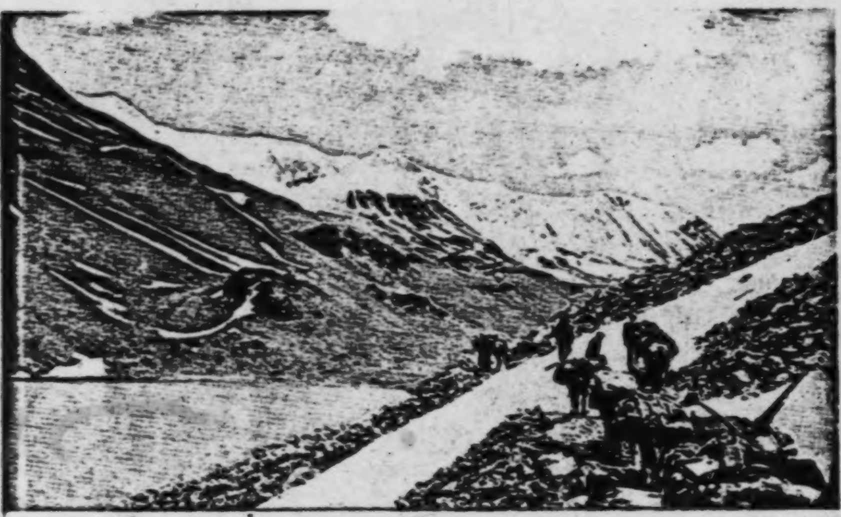

Above Zing Zing Bar and before Baralacha Pass, the trail enters a long valley and looks down on a blue and sterile lake called Suraj Dal, or Sun Lake—a lake with nothing but clay and rocks along its shores.

Kyelang, green and lush, lies like an oasis in granite, snow, and ice.

133

[facing p. 96)

0-0 of land on the north end of the basin. They were hard-riding horsemen on white ponies, and as they drew close I could hear the bells on one. They soon pulled up in front of us in a flurry of dust and took the initiative in conversation.

"Where do you go?" "Who is the white man?" "Is he American or British?" "What is he doing here?" As Rahul talked with these Tibetans I surveyed them. They wore tight-fitting coats that came down over their thighs. One wore a nondescript cap, the other a tall-crowned hat with a small, turned-down brim. They both wore dark glasses and carried revolvers on their hips. I shook hands with each of them, giving them the Tibetan salutation, "*Ju Le, Ju Le*"; and the older of the two smiled in return, showing prominent front teeth. Then they were gone, whirling their horses on a dime and racing with the wind toward Baralacha.

"What's their destination?" I asked Rahul. He had not been
484 able to find out. They were on a fast journey to Lahul. The Indian-Tibetan border is mostly unsurveyed. Until August 1951, it had few security outposts. The people of southwest Tibet moved south into India freely and without restraint. Some went
[281] on commercial missions, taking caravans to Indian centers. Others moved north to Tibet in the summer and down to India in the
[788] fall, grazing sheep as they went. Others went on Buddhist pilgrimages to shrines in India. And many Indians went on pilgrimages to shrines in Tibet. The truth is that the Buddhist holy places in this area have no nationality; long custom and practice have made them common property to all Buddhists. People by the thousands have moved with ease across this border from time immemorial. The men I met at Serchu did not seem to be pilgrims. Perhaps they were traveling on a commercial mission and hurrying in order to return to Tibet before the Tibetan-Indian border was closed.

484
648 In early August 1951, that border was still open. The Dalai Lama was still at Yatung on Tibet's southern border, negotiating with the representatives of the Red Chinese government. The

12: Douglas T-3 (1951)1953 AJ4 W. Tibetans AJ4

695

My Sikh friend, Mihindar Singh Randhaw the Tehsildar of Kyelang, held court at Jispa, fourteen miles above Kyelang.

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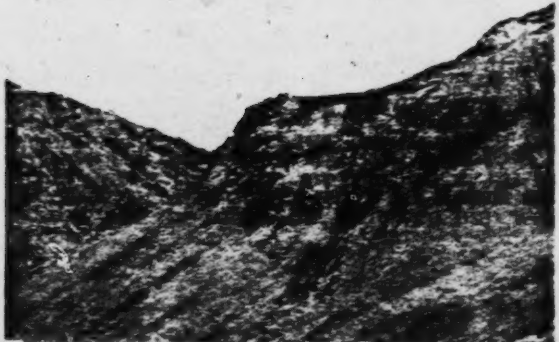
Moti was content to be the laziest, the most irresponsible, the least worthy mule in all of Lahul or Ladakh.

133



The day we left Chakchu we climbed steadily through strange and exciting country, headed for Gongrechen Pass and La Chulung La Pass.

[facing p. 97]

484 question whether he would return to Lhasa was still undecided.
648 Pending that decision, the Chinese Army was waiting a respectful distance from Lhasa. When the Dalai Lama reached Lhasa on August 17, 1951, the Chinese Red Army moved into action. Communist contingents poured into Lhasa and then fanned out racing across Tibet to posts on its southern frontier. But until that date the border was open.

000 I had seen again and again between Baralacha Pass and Pagmur these fast-moving Tibetan horsemen going like the wind and armed with either rifles or revolvers or both. There were a dozen or so in some bands. None had molested us. But the idea grew that perhaps some marauding band might.

579 This night at Pagmur I learned more startling news from my new Army friends. There were somewhere in this region two hundred armed bandits who had raided for years in Sinkiang and Tibet but who had moved south as the Communist influence became strong up north. These were the famous Kasak bandits who for years had made their living by raiding. They would kill if they were resisted. But their pattern of raiding was only to run off all livestock, to seize all guns and ammunition, to take all the food of a camp, and then on a selective basis take what other articles of clothing or equipment suited their fancy.

000 The rifles of these Indian soldiers looked more and more comforting and appealing to me as the story of the Kasak bandits was related at Pagmur.

"When do you return to Leh?" I asked the officer.

"In the morning."

"What will you do when you reach Leh?"

"Be assigned to garrison duty."

"Isn't it more fun to be on the trail, camping out every night?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then stay with me. We'll all go to Leh together."

"But my orders read—"

000 I interrupted. "I'll make it all right with your commanding officer, with the General of the Army, and with Nehru himself."

The officer talked with his men, stood and saluted, and said, "Very well, sir."

And the apprehension of banditry faded away completely from the trek.

That is the way we rode to Leh from Pagmur—armed soldiers ahead and behind, a gay, happy lot. We had dinner together in every camp and lunch together along the trail. The officer in charge would usually ride far ahead, advising villagers of our coming and arranging hours in advance for musicians to play and dancers to perform for my movies and for my tape recorder. These were hard-riding, efficient, capable mountain men. They did their work well; and they also had an eye for relaxation and camaraderie. The officer saved a bottle of rum for one evening and with it entertained the whole camp. It had an electric effect on morale. In a little while the muleteers were singing, Budh Ram was happy, and Man Das, who had tired of the trek before we crossed Rothang Pass, now agreed it was a wonderful journey.

When we arrived at Leh, I met General R. O. Karve of the Indian Army, who had arranged the scouting party. I was his guest at the Officers' Club at Leh. Shortly after my arrival, we sat on the lawn of the club having tea and admiring the great range of snow-capped peaks that stand perhaps twenty miles opposite the club across the wide valley where Leh is located.

I expressed to General Karve my appreciation for the film which he had sent me. I praised the four horsemen and inquired how he had selected them. It appeared that when the messenger had arrived by plane with the parcel for me, Karve lined up his regiment and announced in his booming voice that somewhere in the mountains to the south was an American judge who was headed for Leh.

"He must be found. I am not sure of the trail he is taking because the route he gave the Prime Minister is partially blocked.

My orders from General Cariappa [K. M. Cariappa, Commander in Chief of the Indian Army] are to find him and deliver an important package. Who will volunteer?" 000

The officer who headed the party stepped forward and saluted.

"Who else? I need men who are not afraid, men who know the mountains to the south. This is wild terrain, filled with high passes, bandits, and storms."

Another stepped forward; then a third and a fourth. And that is how the four horsemen were chosen.

There was a silence after General Karve finished giving me this account. An orderly poured black tea in large china cups and passed coarse sugar lumps, milk, and English cookies. Then Karve, gracious in every respect and generous to the smallest detail, turned to me and said, "We are proud of you, Judge. The Army figures on twenty days for your trek. You did it in fourteen days of actual travel. It's a new record."

And so my misdirected film and Nehru's mission had paid dividends which no master planner could have conceived.

CHAPTER 11

HORSES, MULES, YAKS, AND MOTI

484 The ideal way to travel Central Asia is by horseback,
492 unencumbered by any pack train. That is the way
the Tibetans and Ladakhis travel. They ride the small Tibetan
horse that stands about ten hands high, has husky shoulders and
small feet, and possesses great endurance. The natives travel for
weeks on end in this way. They have no pack animals to slow
them down. Their only baggage is what they carry in saddlebags
415 or in the roomy pockets of their heavy wool coats. One of them
484 will have a pot and another a small wooden churn for mixing
574 *gur gur cha*. Each will carry a bowl, usually one of wood inlaid
with silver or gold. Indeed one who travels Ladakh or Tibet without a bowl usually gets no food when he visits another's camp.
The guest is supposed to hand the host his bowl if he wants the
hospitality of the camp. These fast Tibetan or Ladakhi travelers
carry salt, tea, butter, and flour in small woolen bags. They make
fire with flint rather than with matches, and the fuel is usually
the low *dama* bush that burns even when green.

Camp is made at night wherever there are water and grass. 484
The men lie out in rock cairns. Their heavy woolen clothes are [291]
their night clothes too. They sleep on the ground, and are gone in the morning when the sky first turns to gray. They streak across high basins on a fast canter, climb the steepest pass with hardly a pause, and walk downhill, leading the saddle ponies.

I had seen my first Tibetans at Patseo—men, women, and boys 484
in charge of salt caravans. As I related earlier, I saw my first 205
armed and fast-riding Tibetans at Serchu. I kept seeing them day after day, going like the wind on their tiny ponies, taking short cuts across uncharted mountains, or eating their *sattu* and drinking their *gur gur cha* at their camps on sparsely green meadows. They would always be gone by daylight, moving fast and mysteriously, covering more ground in a day than we would often cover in three with our pack train. They had none of the conveniences of travel—no air mattresses, no tents, no canned food, no medical kit. But they could go with the wind, be swallowed up in deep canyons, streak like lightning along a high ridge, climb to the steepest pass, pick their way down rocky defiles, and shortly be cantering across a basin remote and isolated from all trails.

That is the way postmen in Ladakh have traveled from time immemorial. The head of each village furnishes a carrier to carry the mail from his village to the next one. And so it goes on horseback, twenty to thirty-five miles a day and, in emergencies, even farther.

That is the way I want to travel Central Asia. Being bogged 000
down with a pack train has its disadvantages.

I briefly experienced that kind of travel when Tashi took us out of Koksar. I rode most of the way from Gundala to Kyelang, keeping ahead of the pack train, racing along the narrow trail that threads along the Chandra. My pony and I traveled fast, and I felt for once the joy of a good horse under me and Central Asia and its vast reaches out in front.

Most of the way to Leh, Rahul and I traveled with the mule

000 train. There was one other exception, when we traveled from
Pagmur to Leh with Nehru's horsemen.

133 About eight miles below Pagmur at a place called Zara we got
361 horses and yaks. Zara is a barren, rolling basin that lies at the
confluence of three bleak valleys. There is no mark of habitation
at Zara except a few tents. Zara is indeed only a rendezvous for
the goatherds of Rupshu—a region as remote from civilization and
even from caravans as any place in Central Asia, an area inhabited
by migrating tribes who have and enforce their own law quite
independently of the central government at Leh.

136 Rupshu has large, fat marmots (called wild dogs by the natives), who peer curiously at all travelers. They pop in and out
of their holes, running awkwardly. Then they stand and whistle in
[825] a tantalizing manner. The natives believe the marmot has the soul
[757] of a man who is mischievous and malicious. The fat* is used externally for rheumatism.

Rupshu also has some geese and ducks, the burrhl or blue sheep, the big-horned *Ovis ammon*, a snow cock, and gazelles. Big brown wolves raid the flocks of the miserably poor people, called Rupshupa or Changpa, who roam its almost barren basins and ridges.

137 This area has bunch grass, the mossy *burtse*, the low *dama* bush,
and a small sage-colored bush that the Tibetans call *jyapshen*.
But one takes a long step between clumps of grass. The mark of
735 overgrazing lies heavily on Rupshu. The mark of poverty is on
511 the people and their possessions, as well as on the land. Their
[291] brown pup-like tents are often in tatters. The Rupshupa go barefoot, wrapped in heavy brown coats that reach to their ankles.
The black hair of men and women alike hangs in a tangled mass
down their foreheads and necks. Their skin has ground in it the
dust of hundreds of storms, and they carry the look of people who
have not bathed for months on end.

000 We met the Rupshupa at Zara on a small piece of green
meadow by a clear-water brook that comes down from the east.

*[of the marmot--Analyst]

They were friendly and hospitable, and curious over my camera 000
equipment. They were curious over me too—the first American
ever through Rupshu. These people[1] are not farmers; they are 233
pastoral people who live on their herds of sheep, goats, and yaks.
They run the small Purik sheep that have a fine wool and that
lamb twice a year. They are primarily meat-eaters; and they stood
grinning at me, showing front teeth missing.

They had good fast horses which we took to Leh. We wanted 492
to reach Gya that night, thirty-two miles from Pagmur and
twenty-four miles from Zara. The mules could not stand this
grueling trip in one day, for we had Staglang La Pass, nearly
eighteen thousand feet high, to cross. So we unpacked the mules,
put their baggage on eight yaks, took saddle ponies for ourselves,
and headed for Gya. We paid well for the service—three rupees [465]
eight annas per stage per animal, or $1.40 per animal from Zara
to Gya, plus one rupee (twenty cents) for each of the six herders
of the yaks.

The yak is an ox, low and powerful. It has large, sweeping horns 231
and long fur, usually black. There are some wild yaks in Ladakh 492
and Tibet. But most are domesticated. Their milk and butter are
widely used. The butter is indeed indispensable for *gur gur cha*; [757]
and when rancid, it is considered not only especially good for
gur gur cha but for the massaging of aching muscles as well. The
dung is used for fuel; and it burns with a hot, light blue flame and
no crackling. The yak's tail is sold commercially as a whisk to
keep off flies or as a beard for Santa Claus.

The yak is *Bos grunniens*, and, true to the name, it does groan as it walks. The natives have no halter or bridle on a yak, only a ring through its nose, which always seems to be bleeding. Yaks can carry huge weights—250 or 350 pounds. A yak thrives on high altitudes; the higher the better, it seems. It can go practically anywhere in the high Himalayas, as high as man can go. It does not have man's great adaptability, for it would perish at even the relatively high altitude of Manali, 6,400 feet. It is at its best from

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[1] [The Rupshupa -- Analyst]

231 15,000 feet on up. Here it finds the velvety yak grass that is hardly 492 visible at a distance. Here it also finds moss and lichens, of which it is especially fond.

I found out how sturdy the yak is. I climbed aboard one to sample its riding qualities. I sat for a while on its broad back, my legs sticking out rather awkwardly. Then I hung onto its thick hair with one hand as I urged it into a walk with my heels. Suddenly the powerful beast, with a quick motion of its hind legs, tossed me as neatly as my mountaineer friend—the late Roy Schaeffer of Oregon—used to flip a flapjack. And before I could rise and restore my dignity, the yak turned, gave me a glowering look, and went groaning down the trail.

The yak does not move fast. It took our yaks eleven hours to go the twenty-four miles from Zara to Gya. They got a late start and did not arrive until 1:30 A.M. But they came through on a steady grind that took them through a blizzard atop Staglang La Pass, a blizzard that swept the peaks shortly after our horses and mules had crossed, a blizzard that at the altitude of Staglang La Pass might well have killed animals less sturdy.

000 The hard, fast ride I had on my Tibetan pony from Zara to Gya was exhilarating—as exhilarating as most (though not all) of the moments aboard Moti were dull.

Moti was my mule, a bay with a few white spots. Why I drew Moti from the musical eleven that we met in Kyelang I never knew. Perhaps it was because Rup Singh thought Moti met the requirements of the typical American mule and therefore would seem familiar and friendly to me. Perhaps it was an unkind fate that turned Moti toward me. Perhaps it was some old association with Moti's mottled nose—an association going back to the trails of Oregon or Washington—that caused my hand to caress it. Whatever the cause, Moti was mine a few minutes after the mule train met us at the dak bungalow. Moti was mine almost until "death do us part." And Moti did not wait long before flirting with destiny.

12: Douglas T-3 (1951)1953 AJ4 W. Tibetans AJ4

The first dramatic moment with Moti happened on the way to 000 Jispa. I had waited until the pack train had passed me to get some pictures of the caravans coming down from Patseo. When I was through, the pack train was perhaps a mile ahead. Moti, almost as anxious to catch up as I was, hurried. There were washouts across the trail, and at one point we had to climb several hundred feet on an improvised trail, skirt a cliff eight hundred feet or more high, and then drop down again to the established trail. Moti made the climb all right and was negotiating the cliff when the accident happened. The improvised trail as it skirted the edge of the cliff was only a few feet wide. The drop-off was, for all practical purposes, straight down. There was no apparent danger in this stretch of trail; the footing was secure, Moti was at a slow walk, and there was ample room for a loaded animal. How Moti got her two rear feet off the trail and over the edge of the cliff I do not know. The trail swung out to the corner of a shoulder of the mountain and then swung sharply back. It was on the turn that half of Moti left the trail and I found myself on a mule, hanging over an eight-hundred-foot cliff. Disaster raced through my mind. There was no opportunity to dismount without dropping hundreds of feet. What I did I did instinctively—I remember leaning forward on Moti and grunting. I remember starting a prayer, "Oh, God—" I remember the empty feeling in my stomach as I hung over eight hundred feet of air. I could hear Moti's hind feet scraping the sides of the cliff; I could hear rocks dropping into the pit below us. Then Moti was back on the trail, shaking herself. Neither then nor now could I give Moti any credit for the rescue. How she got back on the trail, how we were saved from complete destruction I do not know. My heart was racing like a trip hammer. It was several minutes before I was calm. Then I delivered myself of a lecture to Moti. The lecture started with the words, "You old fool," and ended with resounding kicks in Moti's ribs.

This matter of life and death, the agonizing ten seconds we

000 were suspended in space, seemed to make no difference to Moti. She was calm and relaxed and at once plodded forward at perhaps two miles an hour.

Shortly thereafter the trail took a deep swing into a ravine, and I stopped to take movies of the pack train as it came onto the trail opposite where I stood. When I resumed travel, the mule train was once again far ahead, and I urged Moti to hurry. My urging was not the cause of the second accident, for when it happened Moti was slowed to a snail's pace. At this point the trail had been washed out by a swollen stream. The temporary trail climbed fifty feet or so above the permanent one and crossed the stream at a broad, shallow point. The trail was wet, and the micaceous soil was slippery. Those are the extenuating circumstances for Moti. But she deserves no sympathy for what happened.

I had believed that a mule was the safest transport for mountain travel. The ones I knew in the States were both safe and comfortable. A mule might stumble, one foot might slip—accidents happen to every living thing—but I never dreamed that all four feet would go out from under a mule, except perhaps on ice. Yet that is precisely what happened to Moti. She was on the wet stretch of trail and about to cross the stream when all four feet went out from under her, and she fell on her left side.

As she went down, I kicked my right foot free of the stirrup. But my left foot was caught, for Moti lay on top of me. There was much thrashing and splattering of wet earth as Moti struggled to her feet. I tried to kick my left foot free; but the stirrup had twisted, holding my foot in a vise.

I called "Whoa" to Moti while I tried to kick loose. But Moti did not heed me, perhaps because she understood only Hindustani, not English. She started to cross the stream at her conventional speed. I was on my back, yelling and protesting and issuing idle commands while Moti dragged me through the creek. It was big enough to get me thoroughly soaked, rough enough on my back and hips to make me very angry, and yet not deep enough to be dangerous. The danger started as Moti reached the other 000 side and broke into a canter. I had not believed she had that energy. But it came in a flash. I was now shouting, screaming, threatening. I was also struggling with the stirrup. Though my screams were futile, by some miracle I was successful with the stirrup. My foot came loose, and I lay in the trail with a sprained wrist and a bruised back.

"Whoa, you old fool," I shouted. Moti turned to look at me, and I thought I detected a grin on her face. She played the role well, for now she broke into a full gallop, running with all her might and looking backward once in a while to see how close I was.

I did not pursue. I sat in the trail nursing my wounds and shaking my fist at Moti. And as I sat there, I thought of the minister in the Steens Mountain country of southern Oregon who went to that vast and desolate region to serve as an itinerant preacher. Some cowboys played a trick on him—they sold him a pair of balky mules—mules that refused to cross any rise in the road. The minister would whip them, shout at them, push them, get out and try to pull them. But he never succeeded in getting them up the first hill. One day, after an exasperating hour, he stood in front of the team and said, "If I were not a man of God, I'd tell you — — — exactly what I think of you."

The memory of this yarn made me laugh out loud in spite of the indignity I had suffered. So I brushed myself off and ran after Moti. But I caught the beast only after she had caught up with the pack train.

That night at Jispa I looked at Moti's feet. She had no shoes. We found some in the pack and put them on. But Moti was still pregnant with accidents. At Kilung, on the far side of Baralacha Pass, Moti was walking on flat, level ground with not a stone nor a stick to interfere. Suddenly she fell down, all four knees hitting the ground. She was up awkwardly in a flash. The fall must have done something to her pride, for she laid back her ears, bit the mule in front of her, swerved to the side of the trail, and for

000 the first and only time while I rode her actually galloped. She galloped until she passed the lead mule, holding her head high as if to say, "So you think I can't even stand up. Well, I'll show the whole blooming lot of you that I can run faster than you can."

Once Moti passed the mule train, she settled down to her steady pace, and the mule train soon passed her. The mule train went two and a quarter miles an hour. Moti went one and a quarter miles an hour. I could outwalk Moti anywhere in the Himalayas and frequently did. But Moti never seemed to mind. She was not aroused by my outdistancing her on foot—no matter how invidious I made the comparison. Except for that one competitive spurt, Moti was content to be the laziest, the most irresponsible, the least worthy mule in all of Lahul or Ladakh.

After Moti fell on her knees with me aboard, I examined her legs. There seemed to be tenderness in the joints of her rear legs. The next morning one of her rear ankles was swollen. Rup Singh carried a needle about eight inches long which he used to sew up the sacks of food and clothing he carried in his personal pack. There was, I suspect, a tingling sense of joy in me when we borrowed that needle and with one hard, deep thrust punctured the pocket of water and drained it. But Moti did not seem to resent the assault. She limped for an hour or more and then stepped along the trail with more snap and vigor than she had ever displayed before.

We were talking about the episode at camp that night. "You see," Rahul said, "it is the flesh, not the spirit, of Moti that is at fault."

"I do not believe it," I growled, remembering the devilish look in Moti's eye the time she dragged me. And I felt my appraisal was the correct one by reason of what happened below Serchu.

The Tsarap River was swollen from rain the day we crossed it. It was black and angry and fordable only at one place. One had to pick his way carefully, because the water was so deep and so fast it could easily carry a man or an animal away.

The mule train crossed, leaving Moti and me on the bank. I 000 kicked and I pounded. I shouted and I implored. Moti stood still, debating whether even to make a try at the crossing. In about five minutes Moti moved into the water. She went carefully and slowly, her movements being almost imperceptible. I kept my heels pounding her ribs so as not to lose the momentum of even the slow pace. In a few minutes we were in midstream and my stirrups were in water. To protect my feet, I lifted them onto Moti's shoulders. I talked to Moti, at first softly, then more loudly, until I realized I was fairly screaming. Moti stood still in the middle of the stream, the water washing her belly. I kicked her on the shoulders with my heels; I used threatening language. Moti stood still. I lashed at her with the tips of the leather reins. Moti stood still. I slipped the belt off my trousers and used it as a whip on Moti's flanks. Moti stood still. I repeated the series of verbal and physical assaults on Moti. Moti continued to stand still. My legs ached from the kicking, my voice was hoarse from the shouting, my arm ached from the whipping. Moti stood still. Now all was quiet, only the rush of the water against Moti's side. I looked at my watch and timed the performance. A full ten minutes passed and I was still on Moti in the middle of the Tsarap River.

I do not know what Moti was thinking about. I like to think it was something uncomplimentary to me. For my thoughts were dark and ugly. Finally I said in a low voice, "Moti, you are sadistic. You are trying to punish me for fancied insults. You like to see me suffer." There was again complete and utter silence. Minutes passed. I spoke again. "Moti, if you think you are going to make me get off and walk to shore, you're a mistaken mule." Perhaps those words stirred something deep inside Moti, demanding action. Perhaps she finally realized there was no use bluffing me. Perhaps, as Rahul later suggested, she had cooled off her undersides sufficiently in the water of the Tsarap. Whatever the reason, Moti finally moved; and slowly, almost painfully, she brought me to the far side.

000 "What is this name, Moti?" I asked at dinner that night.

"Moti means Pearl," Rahul replied. "Don't you think Moti is the real pearl of Ladakh?"

"Pearl?" I replied in disgust. "Pearl? Why, I can't even imagine that Moti's own mother in her most tender moment of motherhood would call her that."

Rahul laughed and said, "Moti should receive *some* credit."

"For what?"

"For not dropping you off the cliff, for not dragging you to death."

I presented the case against Moti with passion. When I ended, Rahul said, "Be charitable. Accidents happen to everyone. Remember the yak?"

The yak train was in a narrow canyon threading its way along a precipitous hillside above Serchu. Yaks are the most sure-footed animals in the Himalayas—as sure-footed as the ibex. But one of these yaks stepped on a loose rock, lost its footing, and rolled over and over and over. It was headed for destruction in the roaring Tsarap. It had less than twenty feet to roll before it would be over a cliff into the stream. There was a level spot a few feet from the abyss. As quick as a flash—as quickly as a cat comes to her feet—this yak straightened up, stuck out its feet, held its balance, and stopped rolling. It shook itself once or twice, nibbled at some grass along the water's edge, and started up the canyon wall to rejoin the pack train.

"Mountains *are* full of adventure, aren't they?" Rahul said, turning to me.

"Yes, and so are bathrooms," I replied, remembering my list of friends who had been more seriously injured in and around their own tubs than the yak, Moti, or I had been hurt in the high Himalayas.

CHAPTER 12

THE SPIRIT OF SATAN

Rup Singh's smile was infectious. It was the thing 000 that had captured us when he arrived hours late at Kyelang. We had been cross and impatient and had planned to take him to task for his delay. But his beaming face and cheery attitude won our hearts and made us forget our complaints. His smile and the music of the bells of our mule train augured well for the journey. Moreover, he had a happy way with him, singing as he worked and handling the men in an easy manner.

I did not see the other side of Rup Singh—the ugly side—until we reached Patseo. We had agreed to camp at Zing Zing Bar the morning we left Jispa. When we reached Patseo shortly after midday, Rup Singh changed his mind. He said there was grazing at Patseo and not at Zing Zing Bar. But the only grazing visible at Patseo was on benches three or four thousand feet above the valley; and horse feed certainly would not be any higher on the canyon walls at Zing Zing Bar, a scant six miles upstream. The real reason for his revolt was never disclosed. Perhaps there were

000 traders at Patseo with whom he wanted to dicker for caravan freight. Bales of wool, brought down from Tibet and traded for corn and barley, were stacked to form long, high walls as they waited for mule or horse transport to arrive from Manali. Perhaps Rup Singh saw a greater profit in a deal on that transportation than he did on the contract with me. Rahul suspected that was the reason for Rup Singh's change of mind. Perhaps he had seen at the Patseo fair some woman who promised excitement of the hunt and who was worth the expenditure of an evening. Perhaps the long, arduous trip to Leh seemed less attractive to him now that he faced Baralacha Pass than it had when we employed him.

Whatever the reason, Rup Singh went on strike. He sat down on a rock, dug angrily with the heel of his shoe, and spoke rapidly and contemptuously. Patseo was the best place to camp; he didn't like our attitude; these were his mules and they must be well fed; he and his men were tired, and a good rest at Patseo before tackling Baralacha would be the best for them. That was the tenor of his talk. I sought the shade of a tremendous rock while Rahul negotiated. Rahul won out, although it took an hour of heated argument to win Rup Singh over. Even then he was not convinced. Now the smile was gone, and he was sullen and quiet.

He wreaked some of his revenge at Zing Zing Bar. One of the muleteers took the animals across the Bhaga and turned them loose to graze. It was apparent that by morning they would be three thousand feet higher, on a green bench which I could see—a lush-looking pasture around sixteen thousand feet high. Since we were to be on the trail at 7 A.M. Rahul arranged for one of the muleteers to go for the mules at the first streaks of dawn. Rup Singh countermanded the order. He sent Ram Chand at seven; and we were not on the trail until close to noon.

/33 There was much perpetual ice to cross above Zing Zing Bar, dirty ice a dozen or more feet thick. The trail now threaded through great fields of shale broken from the ridges above us and flowing down the canyon walls. This debris filled both sides of the canyon for miles on end. The monotonous brown and gray of /33 the rock, the bright snow on the high reaches, the dazzling sun, the absence of even a breath of wind made the ascent a grinding, laborious ordeal. It seemed an interminable time before we reached what seemed to be the top. At this point the trail enters a long valley and looks down on a blue and sterile lake called Suraj Dal, or Sun Lake, a lake with nothing but clay and rocks along its shores. Above the lake were huge drifts of new snow. The snow blocked the trail and was too soft to hold a mule. Some of the smaller mules had to be unpacked; and even the more rangy, robust ones foundered awkwardly in the drifts. One got stuck and in his violent struggles to get loose somehow threw his head against the corner of a pack box, cutting a huge gash just below his right eye.

In about a mile we came to Baralacha Pass, lying 16,200 feet. Baralacha is a barren, rolling amphitheater, not a saddle. This day it was touched with snow and dripping wet. The peaks that surround it were gripped by ice but now looked no higher than the White Mountains of New Hampshire, for at this altitude they were 23,000-foot giant peaks shrunk to small, irregular ones.

We stopped at Baralacha to repack the entire mule train and 000 to attend to the wound of the injured mule. As we were about to commence the rocky descent to Kilung, Rup Singh, pointing to a sheep train headed for Patseo, told Rahul, "We have had so much trouble that it is time Sahib bought us a goat. We could have a real feast tonight if we had a goat."

"Sahib may not be in the mood to buy you a goat today," Rahul replied.

"Why not?" Rup Singh asked, his eyes blazing.

"Because you would not start today until noon and Sahib wanted to be on Baralacha by noon to get the best pictures."

Rup Singh was sullen all the way down the rocky trail that tumbles off Baralacha to Kilung in a steep funnel of a canyon. He was cross at the mules and at the caravans we met. But a

000 Tibetan, who carried a prayer wheel in his hand which he spun endlessly as he marched south with a caravan we met, beamed on all of us, including Rup Singh and the clouded face he wore.

Rup Singh was still sullen that night at Kilung, a sullenness much deeper than his headache and slight fever which I treated with my medical kit. He was also sullen the next morning as we started the easy and gradual descent down the long, winding canyon to Serchu. When we reached Serchu—a wide, bleak basin with thin, skimpy grass, lying at 14,000 feet—Rup Singh called a halt. We would camp here; he would go on to no other place.

"But we have come only nine miles," Rahul replied. "There's good grass below Chakchu and we can make that in a few hours." Rup Singh was adamant. "What difference does it make to you?" Rahul inquired. "Sahib pays you by the stage, not by the mile. Kilung to Serchu is one stage; Serchu to Chakchu is another. You earn as much whether you cover that distance in one day or in two days."

Rup Singh was silent for a few minutes. Then he changed his tack. He spoke to Budh Ram and Man Das, and they spoke to us.

"The Tsarap is too swollen to cross," Budh Ram said.

And Man Das, always homesick and easily frightened, quickly added, "We might be drowned crossing the river or lose a mule."

"But the water will be as high tomorrow as it is today," Rahul replied.

"Not in the morning," Budh Ram replied. "Rup Singh says there's not much snow water in the Tsarap in the early morning." It seemed as if we were about to lose our argument when the two armed Tibetans, whom I have already mentioned, appeared on their fast ponies. They had crossed the Tsarap within the hour.

"Any trouble fording the Tsarap?" Rahul asked the Tibetans.

The leader shook his head.

"How deep was the water?" The leader touched his knee, indicating two or three feet.

Rup Singh had nothing more to say. He lit one of the American cigarettes I had given him at Kilung and smoked it in silence. ooo Then he mounted and turned the mules toward the river.

I have related the difficulty I had with Moti the mule on this crossing. I did kick Moti with my heels until the water washed the stirrups and then I rested my legs on her shoulders and pounded with my heels. All this was to no avail; Moti stood in midstream for over ten minutes and finished the crossing only when her mood dictated. Rup Singh had at first waited for me on a high cliff towering about a hundred feet above the river bed. Then he came down to the water's edge and shouted futile commands to Moti. When Moti finally reached the shore, Rup Singh's face was a black cloud. There was anger in his voice, and his words lashed at me.

"You have ruined Moti," he said to me in Hindustani, Rahul doing the translating.

"How?"

"By kicking her in the sides."

"Moti was already ruined."

"She was an excellent mule until you rode her." Nothing more was said until we had almost threaded our way up the winding path to the top of the cliff. Then Rup Singh turned in his saddle, his face still clouded, and shouted, "You have done at least eight hundred rupees' [two hundred dollars] worth of damage to Moti by kicking her."

"Tell Rup Singh that Moti, and her mother, and her grandmother wouldn't be worth eight hundred rupees. Maybe it's about time I gave Rup Singh a piece of my mind," I said to Rahul.

"Don't do it. He might use it as an excuse to dump our baggage right here on the desolate banks of the Tsarap."

"But I can tell him in English, which he will not understand. And it will do me good to get it off my chest."

"Anger, like love, is understandable in any language," Rahul wisely said. And so we rode along the north bank of the Tsarap in silence most of the afternoon, dropping slowly down a barren

000 canyon blazing in sunshine. No one said a word. The musical mule train was up front. Rup Singh and I brought up the rear; and Rup Singh, usually anxious not to be the last in line, now studiously kept behind me, counting the times my heels pounded Moti's ribs.

/31 It was eight miles from Serchu to the tall stone marker which indicates the boundary between Lahul and Ladakh. We swung by that in silence after I had attempted to resume a friendly conversation with Rup Singh. We went another three miles, keeping mostly a hundred feet or so above the river. Now the twisting canyon was becoming more narrow. The trail climbed steeply and then dropped again to a nulla (ravine) where a clear, cold stream ran—a place called Banglang Zu. This nulla was almost fifty yards wide and covered with a solid floor of round, smooth rocks.

000 The muleteers stopped to let the mules drink. Rahul and I, after watering our own mules, rode through the nulla, climbed the opposite bank, and started down the trail to Chakchu. We had gone only a short distance when I turned around and immediately shouted to Rahul. What I saw was disturbing. The muleteers were unloading the mules, throwing the baggage in the rocky bed of the nulla. We went back to see what was wrong.

"We go no further," Rup Singh said.

"This is no place to camp," I replied.

"This is the end of the trek," he answered. "We leave the baggage here and return to Kyelang in the morning."

"Don't leave the baggage in this river bed," I replied. "We can't make camp on the rocks. Bring it up to the shelf where the ground is smooth."

"Carry it up yourself," Rup Singh replied. "I am finished."

Turning to Budh Ram, I said, "You and Man Das load the baggage on the mules and bring it up to the shelf."

Budh Ram told Rup Singh what the orders were.

"No," shouted Rup Singh, his eyes blazing. "You cannot use my mules to move your baggage."

Rahul and I had a conference. It was clear that we were in a serious predicament. We were four days' hard travel from Kyelang, the only place to the south where we could possibly get new transport. It was four days to Kyelang by mules or horses; it would be longer on foot. Ahead of us was vacant country with no villages. It would, in fact, be a week or ten days of travel to the north before we reached another village. The chances of getting transport along the trail were slight. All caravans we had met or passed were loaded. We could not possibly carry the camp on our backs, for without the muleteers there would be only four of us; and the baggage weighed about eight hundred pounds. Our only hope was to wait here until a caravan came along and arrange for it to return for us after it had finished its journey. We estimated that with good luck we could leave this nulla in ten days. Unless I abandoned the trek and our baggage, we might really be here for two or three weeks and consume our whole food supply in this bleak and desolate spot. 000

I called Budh Ram and gave orders to him and Man Das to bring the baggage by hand to the shelf above the nulla where we would camp. Rahul and I walked over to the muleteers. I put out my hand to Rup Singh and said, "Good-by, I hope you have a safe and pleasant journey home." Then I turned to go.

He called after me, "I want to be paid right now."

I came back to where he stood and said, "You don't get paid one rupee. You broke your contract to take me to Leh. If a caravan comes along tonight or in the morning that will take me to Leh right away and will not charge me more than your rates, then I will pay you. If one does not come by morning, I will not pay you. I may be forced to abandon the trip. I may lose my baggage. I may be put to great expense because of you. The chances are the damage you cause me will be many times more than what I owe you."

Rahul and I then climbed to the shelf and sat down, where we waited for more than an hour. Below us was the Tsarap, white

12: Douglas T-3 (1951)1953 AJ4 W. Tibetans AJ

Beyond the High Himalayas

Below us was the Tsarap, white

133 with clay, very swift, and a hundred yards or more wide. On the opposite canyon wall was a band of white sheep grazing in green basins several thousand feet above us.

This canyon where we now sat was once covered by a great sea that stretched far north, overrunning all of Tibet. That was one hundred million years ago. About fifty million years ago, great horizontal forces bore down from the north. What these forces were is still unknown. Perhaps they resulted from the earth's contraction; perhaps from a change in the rate of the earth's rotation. But whatever their origin, they were so powerful that in time they made wrinkles running east and west for fifteen hundred miles and rising to an average altitude of nineteen thousand feet above the Ganges plain. There was great volcanic action about fifteen million years ago. Granite intruded. Then came lava flows. The granite cooled under the surface, and its original covering was blown and washed away. The Himalayas rose to form the highest mountain range in the world. Their greatest growth ended two million years ago; but since that time they have been rising, and their upward movement continues even to this day.

The ridges of the canyon where we camped had been cut into weird shapes by wind, frost, and rain. Some had points as sharp as needles. Stretches of the skyline were saw-toothed. Great massive walls rose four thousand feet or more almost straight up and down. They were colored yellow, green, and brown. Some had purplish streaks or reddish tinges. There were large areas of micaceous rock in this canyon, rock that looked wet as it glistened in the sun. Sandstone, limestone, granite, and slate were mixed in helter-skelter fashion to produce as exotic color patterns as one will find in our own Southwest or in the Hindu Kush of Afghanistan.

000 Now the sun was setting. The sky was brilliant with gold, blue, gray, brown, pink. The shades would quickly change as clouds first broke and then rearranged themselves. Soon the clouds were

low on the ridge. Now the whole sky was rich in colors—as rich 000 as Arizona could produce. Then in one swift moment it was dark. The Big Dipper showed to the northwest, close to the skyline, with its handle standing almost erect. The cold south wind —the prevailing daytime wind in Ladakh—had been whining down the Tsarap River from Baralacha Pass. Now it began to die down. In a few hours the prevailing nighttime wind—the chill wind from the north or northeast—would pick up. The white sheep across the canyon had bedded down. A tiny light high in a ravine marked the camp of their shepherd. Rup Singh and the muleteers were still huddled together in the nulla.

Rahul and I sat mostly in silence. Only once did we talk, and then it was about Rup Singh. We agreed to wait him out if it took all night. We speculated on Rup Singh's background and character. Rahul said, "I am a Buddhist, and Buddhists believe 775 in transmigration of souls. We never speak of a man's dying; his soul merely leaves his body and goes to some other body. The important thing is not only what a man is but what he was before his present self. Is he better or worse? Is he going up or down the ladder?"

"What do you reckon Rup Singh was before he was Rup Singh?" 000 I asked.

"R. S.," Rahul said as if talking to himself. "R. S. are his initials. Let's see what they might stand for."

"I have it," I shouted. "R. S. means the Reincarnated Satan." We both roared. And as we roared here came Rup Singh and his assistants and the mule train. He was beaming all over, as pleasant and gracious as the day we first met him at Kyelang.

"Speaking of the devil," I said teasingly. And before I could finish Rup Singh asked, "Is it all right if we camp with you? Then we can get a real early start tomorrow."

"To Patseo or to Leh?" I asked.

"To Leh, of course," he answered, a bit surprised that I need question it.

12: Douglas T-3 (1951)1953 AJ4 W. Tibetans AJ4

Beyond the High Himalayas

000 When we made camp the Big Dipper had dropped from sight and millions of new and strange stars were out. The cold wind had died. The faint roar of the Tsarap filled the canyon. The muleteers sat around a small fire of horse manure, laughing and talking. After a while Rup Singh came over for a conference.

"Make believe you are talking with Uncle Joe Stalin," I said to Rahul. "Be firm and precise."

In half an hour Rahul came over to my sleeping bag.

"Everything is wonderful," he said. "The Spirit of Satan is in a good mood. He knows he can't hold us up, for I refused to increase the rate of pay, and I gave him a lecture on morality. I did, however, agree that we would camp early tomorrow at Chakchu and give him the rest of the day off. But I made him agree to deliver us in Leh ten days from now—August 16. That's fast travel, for we stop two days at Hemis Monastery, and we are now 120 miles from Leh."

157 Thereafter Rup Singh was a happy, carefree, smiling young man. No shadow ever crossed his face all the way to Leh.

Three days later we were discussing the transformation at Pagmur.

"You are the foreigner in Asia," Rahul finally said. "And Rup Singh is the kind of a man who has to find out what kind of mettle the foreigner has."

"He won't go on strike again?"

"No. He's found out he can't scare you or blackmail you. And, moreover, from now on he would rather go to Leh than to Kyelang."

"Why?"

"Simple arithmetic. We're now closer to Leh." And then Rahul laughingly added, "You can with safety rely even on the word of the Spirit of Satan when your program matches his self-interest."

CHAPTER 13

PASS POISON

The critical altitude for mountain sickness is usually ten thousand feet. If one is not sick at that height, he probably will not be sick (except in the event of great exertion) until he passes his own effective altitude. That altitude varies with individuals. Rahul figures his at twenty-five thousand feet. I figure mine somewhat lower. Mountain sickness has seldom touched me, and I have been to eighteen thousand feet.

One who goes slowly to the heights acclimatizes himself gradually. The capacity of the human body to adjust itself to the thin air of high mountains is amazing, as the records of the Everest expeditions show. Mallory, Irvine, Smythe, and the others could in a few weeks bring themselves safely to twenty-eight thousand feet. At that altitude man is always tired and depressed and moves in somewhat of a trance. If he were suddenly dropped there without a supply of oxygen, or if, reaching there with oxygen, he had a failure in his oxygen tank, he probably would die. It takes time to adjust the body to altitudes above ten thousand feet. But if

164 one goes slowly and takes his time in the early stages, he need not experience any great difficulty, so far as altitude is concerned, on any Himalayan trek.

Mountain sickness does not always come over one suddenly. Nor does it always start with nausea or headaches or dizziness. It may indeed start with a feeling of great exhilaration, as if good wine had suddenly gone to the head.

000 When we reached Baralacha Pass, it was late afternoon and we still had several miles to go to Kilung. We were anxious to be on our way; yet I was eager for pictures and anxious to search the pass for wild flowers for the plant press. We took a half hour on those missions. Baralacha lies at 16,200 feet; and at that altitude any human being must slow down. I, however, was so absorbed in my errands that I forgot to do so. I was dashing here and there taking black-and-white and color stills and color movies, and pressing plants. This altitude, I thought, was nothing to worry about. It seemed to me that I had licked that problem. I was good. I must be extra-good, I thought. Altitude bothered some people, but it certainly did not bother me. I was confident, elated, and relaxed. It seemed as if I walked on air. I felt wonderful. Imagine anyone worrying about altitude! Pshaw! It's largely mental attitude.

Those were my thoughts as I walked and ran here and there on my various errands. I did not seem to be out of breath. "I am in better shape than I thought," I said to myself.

I had packed my cameras and plant press and was ready to mount Moti, the mule. I put my left foot in the stirrup, took hold of the saddle, raised myself, and threw my right leg over. At that moment I almost blacked out. I was all right in a second or two, and the dizziness quickly passed. So did the feeling of confidence and exhilaration. I now had a slight headache that grew and grew and was pounding when we reached Kilung.

In those brief seconds when I almost passed out the words of a friend came back to me. A few weeks earlier I had had dinner with him in the Gilgit area of northern Pakistan. In 1950 he was 000 flying the Karakorams. His orders were not to fly above fourteen thousand feet without his oxygen mask. He tried fifteen thousand feet and felt no ill effects. He climbed to sixteen thousand feet and felt fine. Still without his oxygen mask, he went to seventeen thousand feet. He flew at seventeen thousand feet for fifteen minutes or so and did not put on his oxygen mask. "These rules are made for other men, not me," he said to himself. "I've apparently got this altitude problem licked." He felt wonderful. He felt like the champion who had had many drinks and was sure that one more would be just right for him. He felt a bit like Superman.

That was the last he remembered. He woke up twenty-three days later in a hospital in the Kingdom of Swat. His plane had gone into a spin and crashed, breaking most of his bones and causing a brain concussion.

Altitude, like alcohol, sometimes gives a false sense of strength, power, and poise. One who is not aware of this phenomenon may walk the high ridges like a fool.

The hill people of the Himalayas are aware of the grosser 753 aspects of mountain sickness. They have seen horses and mules drop dead from overexertion at high altitudes. They have seen the minor symptoms of sleeplessness and the loss of appetite, and the major ones where the body swells, the lips turn black, the head and heart ache, the throat becomes parched, and the temperature falls. They know that one who has suffered one major attack of mountain sickness seldom survives another.

My trek produced no major mountain illness, although someone [776] in the party was slightly ill after each pass we crossed. But the risk is prominent in every native's mind. This is pass poison. Passes are unhealthy places. One never stops there long; he hurries over. The places are occupied by gods and goddesses, some of whom are evil. They produce the storms that fell man and beast and leave their bones to bleach on these high and un-

753 healthy places. They also send poison to make men dizzy and sick at the stomach, to make them bleed at the nose and swell in the joints, to make them faint and unable to walk.

753 Whenever one gets over a pass without being afflicted by pass
782 poison or without suffering any other injury or disaster, the gods
778 have been good to him. And so he always celebrates the event. He does it in several ways. He builds a pile of stones at the pass—called *obos* in Ladakh and *oris* in Lahul—and each time a traveler passes that way he adds a stone. And so the piles grow into huge collections. Everyone adds to them. A lama of distinction who is carried across a pass in a chair or who rides in state will not go by without having a rock added to the pile. A servant will hand him one from the ground, and he will drop it with his own hand. And he more than likely will add a prayer banner to the rock cairn or stop and burn incense there. The *obos* is a dominant ornament on every pass; and it is found also in other dangerous places such as in the steep and treacherous gorge between La Chulung La Pass and Toche Phirche.

The *obos* usually has streamers of colored cloth tied to the rocks or fastened to sticks that are planted in the rock pile. Prayers are written on these pieces of cloth, and each wind that blows makes the cloth flutter, and each flutter sends the prayer winging to the god or goddess of the pass.

133 The day we left Chakchu we climbed steadily through strange and exciting country, headed for Gongrechen Pass and La Chulung La Pass. There had been no trees north of Baralacha. The whole stretch of land seemed to be desolate and heavily eroded. Now the marks of erosion were lying heavier and heavier on the land. Once these mountains and valleys may have been lush. Now there was only an occasional patch of grass standing like a tiny island in a sea of slate pumice. Many buttes mounted the canyon walls. They were brown, yellow, green, and red; and the highest of them were flecked with snow. There is much sandstone in this stretch of country; the wind had whipped it and the rain had

worked it into odd shapes—tall columns, peaked cones, cathedral- 133
like towers. Weird formations stood in stately rows along the skylines for miles on end. And one massive butte, streaked with color, towered over Gongrechen Pass.

On the pass was an *obos* flying dozens of prayer flags. Ram 788
Chand, one of the muleteers, brought a new streamer in his pocket. He stopped at the *obos* and reverently added it to the collection. His was a prayer for safe passage for himself.

My muleteers never failed to perform the ritual. Neither did Budh Ram or Man Das. Rup Singh went about it eagerly, doing with vim and vigor what most did in a perfunctory way.

The habit is deeply engrained. It goes back to the ancient re- 177
ligion of the Himalayas, to the practice of the Shaman religion. 788
Shamanism was a form of animism that is traceable in the rites 779
of North American Indians. One cult piled stones on passes and other dangerous places to appease the spirit of the pass. Hinduism came up from the south; Buddhism came down from the north. The new institutions of religion absorbed the old. Shamanistic elements, including the *obos*, were taken over by the new churches. Thousands of years ago men piled stones at the dangerous places; they pile stones there today, and will pile stones there tomorrow. For the old superstition is so strong it survives all religious change. And today the lamas indeed teach the old and young alike that this ancient superstition should always be observed.

Another rite is performed on the passes where poison works up 788
into a potent force and often strikes men and animals down. It is a shout that every traveler gives as he reaches the highest point. *Ki-ki so-so lha gyalo* is the Tibetan version—Let the gods conquer. It rings from the lips of every traveler, young and old. I heard Rahul, Budh Ram, Man Das, Rup Singh and the other muleteers shout it. On pass after pass the same words rang out—*Ki-ki so-so lha gyalo.*

I had seen enough, as we neared the end of the trek, to ap-

12: Douglas T-3 (1951)1953 AJ4 W. Tibetans AJ

788 preciate the sentiments behind these words. There is a power lurking in these Himalayas greater than any man. It slays and suffocates; it brings on dizziness and death; it causes men and beasts to stumble and fall and to lie gasping for breath while blood runs out of their noses or mouths. This power exacts a heavy annual toll. Before the trek's end I began to feel the relief the hillmen feel when I crossed a pass and started the descent. The relief was a natural feeling, whether one feeds on superstition or on cold reason. I found myself less and less inclined to make fun of the rites my men performed. I began to stop and reverently watch them add to the *obos*, tie up another streamer, or lift their faces to the sky and shout, "*Ki-ki so-so lha gyalo.*" I was coming to be on an understanding basis with them.

000 I did not need to accept their spirits, their Shamanistic gods in order to respect their feelings and attitudes. One walks so far above the world, in a place so remote from civilization, at an altitude so high, that he feels the need for spiritual strength. We were 15,000 feet or higher for over a week. Perhaps that elevation makes those of us who were born and raised in the softer altitudes tense and nervous. I found myself on edge. I found myself preoccupied with worries that would never bother me in the Wallowas or Cascades. Perhaps that was another reason for my growing tolerance of the natives' superstitions. Perhaps I too was feeling a growing need for sustenance from a Power, wiser, more powerful and resourceful than man. Whatever the cause, when we reached Staglang La Pass, our highest one (17,479 feet), I too was caught up by the mood of the rite. I was on a gray Tibetan pony that, along with yaks, I had rented at Zara. It was a fast, sturdy horse, about ten hands. It had trotted most of the way up the long, narrow, sloping valley leading to Staglang La. The day was cool with a high, piercing wind coming off the pass. Storms had threatened all the way, spreading out on both sides of us and leaving us untouched. It was a good day for travel, and my pony and I made the best of it. We were the

first to reach the long switchbacks that climb two thousand feet 000 from the head of the valley to Staglang La. And my pony was in such good shape that he stopped only once during the ascent. We were the first on top and stood a few moments waiting for the rest.

Soon they all assembled, and I turned to the man behind me—the officer in charge of the Indian Army unit that had brought me my movie films—and said, "Let's do it all together." And then I shouted, "*Ki-ki so-so lha gyalo.*" He beamed as he caught on and, turning, shouted to Rup Singh, "*Ki-ki so-so lha gyalo.*" And so it went from man to man until I heard the booming voice of Rahul far in the rear shout, "*Ki-ki so-so lha gyalo.*"

We all knew this was the last pass, that from here on it was an easy downhill to Gya, Upshi, Hemis Monastery, and Leh. Each knew he had conquered the great hazards of the journey and would survive. Each was, I believe, a God-fearing man—from me, a Scotch Presbyterian, to Rup Singh, a Shamanistic Hindu, to Rahul, a devout Buddhist. And each in his own way knew that he did not travel these trails alone, that there was a God who oversaw the whole journey and was mindful of the woes and struggles of each of us. The adversities we had shared, even our little quarrels, had given us a unity. *Ki-ki so-so lha gyalo* on top of Staglang La was the final binding cement.

Ki-ki so-so lha gyalo was not a heathen shout meaning only "Let 778 the gods conquer all the evil spirits." It was a thanksgiving prayer. It meant "Praise be to God." Our shouting it was an act of fellowship, a religious service as moving as any I have ever attended. And yet there were no candles, no altar, no organs, no stained-glass windows. All around us were soaring peaks, gripped by 000 massive glaciers, and decorated with dazzling snow fields. Canyons a mile or more deep yawned at our feet. A howling wind blew like a blast from some Tibetan funnel over the coarse sand that covers Staglang La. The solitude and quiet were so deep they were overwhelming; there was grandeur as far as the eye could see. Staglang La was indeed a church, the most beautiful perhaps in all the world. It was there we worshiped. We stood alone before God and His startling creations and bowed in prayer.

132

There is a power lurking in these Himalayas greater than any man.

142.

My most interesting patient was an old Ladakhi woman.

153

As one passes a mani wall, keeping it on his right, all the prayers engraved on the stones are said for him:
Om Mani Padme Hoom,
Om Mani Padme Hoom.

[Facing p 128]

CHAPTER 14

MY MEDICAL PRACTICE

c'00

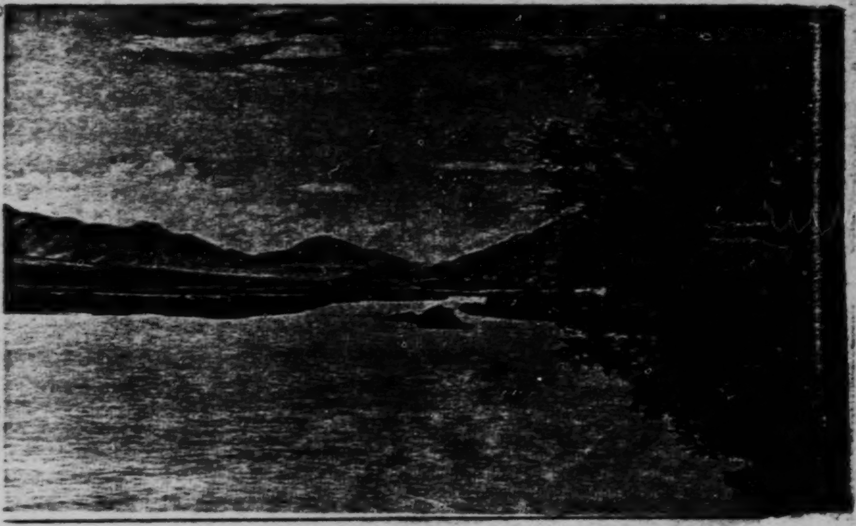
My medical kit had been assembled with a view to providing me and my staff with remedies for most of the ills or injuries which any of us might encounter. It included adhesive tape, bandages, gauze, absorbent cotton, iodine, scissors, spirits of ammonia, and the other customary articles in a first-aid kit. There were soda mints, aspirin, Empirin Compound, penicillin in disposable syringes and a few sleeping capsules, some Demerol tablets for pain, and a few eye lotions and salves. I had sunburn preventives and sunburn lotions (all of which mysteriously disappeared between Washington, D.C., and Manali). I had Atabrine and Aralen for malaria. I had no laxatives, as my anxiety was with dysentery and diarrhea. I had many bottles of water-purifying tablets, halazone, which kills practically all of the bacteria harmful to man except the amoebic sept. I carried bismuth and paregoric—bismuth to stop diarrhea, paregoric to stop the pain. My doctor, Hill Carter, assembled a variety of other drugs—sulfasuxidine, chloromycetin, aureomycin, strepto-

778

On Gongrechen Pass was an obos flying dozens of prayer flags. Ram Chand, one of the muleteers, reverently added a new streamer to the collection.

The valley below Upshi is several miles wide and the land lay mostly unused, the vast potential of the Indus being largely untapped.

133



[facing p. 129]

000 mycin, and even the newest of the antibiotics, terramycin. And en route through Europe I put in a supply of Entero Vioform.

My emphasis was wrong in two respects. In the first place, I discovered that diarrhea and dysentery did not necessarily carry the grave threat I had imagined. In the previous two summers I had been ill at least once a week as I journeyed through the Middle East and Asia. I maintained that average no matter how much care I took. But I learned a valuable lesson in Karachi from 757 Mrs. Avra Warren, the wife of our Ambassador to Pakistan. It seems that the native remedy for diarrhea and dysentery is the psyllium seed. Mrs. Warren learned that the psyllium seed is also an excellent preventive. Take a small handful once a day for thirty days; then take that dosage once a week. Americans have learned that one who follows that routine seldom if ever has the intestinal disturbances that plague Asia. I learned by happenstance that one Entero Vioform tablet with each meal serves the same purpose. I followed that routine on my Himalayan trek, and I was never ill from stomach or intestinal troubles.

759 In the second place, I learned at Manali from Dr. H. W. Williams of the Lady Willingdon Hospital that my medical kit should have been designed not only for me and my staff's needs but for the needs of the natives as well. A foreigner who goes to these remote regions enters territory where doctors have never been. There are no medicines, no first-aid stations, no hospitals. A man coming from the outside world is expected to have medical remedies. The natives flock in at every camp for treatment.

But I learned this too late for me to enlarge my medical kit to any extent. I did, however, get several hundred aspirin from Dr. Williams as we left Manali. And that day was not gone before I started dispensing them.

164 The storm that caught us before we reached Koti the first day of the trek was a cold, devastating one. All of us, including the porters, were soaked through and chilled to the marrow. That evening at Koti six of them lined up in front of me.

12: Douglas T-3 (1951)1953 AJ4 W. Tibetans AJ4

"My back aches, Sahib," the first one said, indicating the muscles along his spine. Prescription: two aspirin now, two at bedtime. 164 157

"My legs ache, Sahib," said the second, rubbing the muscles of his thighs. Prescription: two aspirin now, two at bedtime.

"My head aches, Sahib," said the third, touching his temples. He had no fever. Prescription: one aspirin now, one at bedtime.

The next two had simple headaches but no fever. Prescription: the same.

The sixth one puzzled me. He had a severe headache around his eyes and his temples. I had no fever thermometer, but I knew from his forehead that his temperature was well above one hundred. He had a nasty cough that sounded dry and rasping. The man was sick, and I was stumped. I decided to roll him up by the fire, give him two aspirin, and then see him again in an hour.

His son, aged ten, had followed him from the village of Koti, apparently apprised of the father's illness. As the man lay before the fire, the son sat at his head and massaged his temples. In an hour I asked the patient how he felt; but before he could reply the son spoke up.

"This is a cruel world. You are rich, we are poor. We have to work hard for our living. Father gets up at dawn and works until dark. So does Mother. We all work hard. It is not fair. It is not fair that you are so rich and we are so poor." 565 208

Turning to Rahul, I asked, "What is the meaning of this?"

"Communist propaganda," he replied. "In this part of the world the Communists try to plant simple and troublesome questions in the minds of the young."

"Ask again about my patient." [illegible]

Once more the son responded, complaining of the gulf between the rich and the poor.

"I don't care right now about your political philosophy," I replied. "How's your father?"

000 The man spoke. "Your medicine has made me ill. Now I am worse than I was."

"Why do you say that?"

"Because my arms itch all over. They did not itch until you gave me the medicine."

"Maybe the man is allergic to aspirin," I said to Rahul. And so I changed the prescription: one Empirin Compound now, one more in an hour, one in case the patient wakes up during the night.

In the morning I saw the patient. The headache and fever were gone; but the dry, rasping cough was still there. He agreed with me that he should return to Manali and not attempt Rothang Pass. Rahul, my disbursing officer, paid him off, and I gave him several more Empirin Compound in case his fever returned. As he left with his son, he gave me the gracious Hindu salute and said, "Sahib, you are a wonderful doctor." And his son chimed in, "There is no one to take care of us poor people. The rich have all the medicines."

As long as the porters were with me, several of them came each night for simple treatments. When Tashi joined us at Koksar with his horses, I treated my first case of boils. Tashi had them on his arms. They were not ripe for lancing, so I bathed and dressed them and furnished him with salve, gauze, and tape when he left us at Kyelang.

Because of the wind, the dust, and the sun, sore eyes are one of the chief afflictions in Lahul and Ladakh. The sun in this dry altitude where the humidity is low has an intense burning power. Among dark-skinned people the eyes are the first to be affected.
293 Every traveler of the high trails wears sunglasses if he can get them. The natives sometimes make them with crude wooden
000 frames and horsehair stretched across for a lens. At Gundala a woman came to me with sore eyes. I bathed them in a solution of boric acid and filled them with a penicillin salve.

164 An old man, a Moslem, came to me at Gya with the earache. I

warmed some Auralgan, put drops in each ear, and left with him a good supply of aspirin.

There were cuts and bruises, aches and pains of the head and of numerous muscles, red and burning eyes, light fever, colds of the head and chest. These I treated daily.

There was also pass poison. The night we reached Kilung after crossing Baralacha everyone in camp was sick. I was sure no one's head could be throbbing worse than mine, but I had to care for my patients first. They lined up, and each got either an aspirin or an Empirin Compound, depending on the severity of his headache. Kilung, like all other stations north of Baralacha, has no dak bungalow. But, unlike most of the others, it has shelter. Under a huge cliff there is a crude stone serai with a galvanized iron roof strung on iron rafters. It has a few rooms with cement floors and open windows, and a courtyard for the animals. When we arrived several other parties were there, perhaps six people in all. They had come over Baralacha and they too had pass poison. When they learned that medicine was being distributed, they joined the line and received the ration of aspirin and Empirin Compound.

One afternoon Budh Ram came to me complaining. He felt sick; he was afraid he would die. He had indeed an awful fever; and, dark-skinned though he was, he looked ghostly. I immediately gave him two capsules of chloromycetin and ordered him to take two every four hours until the next night. By then the fever had gone and his appetite had returned. I gave him soup, continued the chloromycetin, and kept him in bed. The following morning he was bright and gay.

"Sahib, you are a wonderful doctor," he said. "My wife will be glad I lived."

"Tell your wife that you are the first man in Kulu or Lahul or Ladakh to be saved by chloromycetin."

"Chloro who?"

"Just tell her chloro saved you. And if she asks what chloro looked like, say she was swift, graceful, and had magic."

164 "Yes, Sahib," said Budh Ram, his eyes dancing with pleasure at the prospect of teasing his bride about mysterious chloro.

My concern with diarrhea and dysentery at the time I made up the medical kit later caused me embarrassment. As I have said, I did not include a single laxative. Yet constipation is most common among the natives. Constipation, eye trouble, intestinal worms, venereal diseases, colds, and goiter are the chief ailments. There seems to be little tuberculosis or cancer. The importance of constipation was impressed on me with amazing clarity by Rup Singh.

Rup Singh stood before me, the corners of his mouth turned down and sorrow written on his face.

"I am sick, Sahib."

"What's wrong?"

"I feel sick here," he replied as he placed his hand on his stomach.

"Pain?"

"No, Sahib, no pain. I am constipated."

"How long since you had a bowel movement?"

"One week."

Here was a man who needed a simple medicine, a laxative; and I had none. I was puzzled. I had to do something, for my reputation was at stake, and one of my valuable men was ill. I fumbled in my medical kit, pretending to be looking for something as I tried to think of a remedy. As my hand touched a bottle of paregoric, I had an inspiration. Paregoric, undiluted in water, is raw and burning; it is supposed to have the opposite effect from a laxative; it indeed helps stop diarrhea. But I had learned of psychosomatic medicine from my friend, Dr. George Draper of New York City; and I knew that the mind and the subconscious play a powerful role in medicine. I also knew that Rup Singh lived in a world where spirits rule and where magic and mysticism play an important role. And so my decision was instant.

I borrowed a tablespoon from Budh Ram and poured it brim-ful of paregoric. I held it before Rup Singh and said, "This will taste awful. It will burn all the way down. It will burn as badly as you imagine a powerful devil might burn if you swallowed him. But it won't hurt you. It will help. And the worse it tastes, the more good it will do." 164

Rup Singh nodded assent and understanding. He opened his mouth, and I poured the medicine down. His face showed the revulsion he felt; he gasped and sputtered and coughed. The next morning I asked him how he was. He beamed all over as he replied, "Sahib, you are a wonderful doctor."

And so my reputation as a doctor grew; and the word of my ability to cure constipation spread. Man Das was my next patient who suffered from constipation. I gave him the same prescription, and it had the desired effect. Goatherds, villagers, chowkidars, muleteers lined up. And to each I gave paregoric for their constipation. And with each dose of paregoric I gave an incantation, calling upon all the forces in the foul-tasting medicine to come to the patient's rescue. It always worked; and my worries on that phase of my medical practice disappeared so long as the paregoric held out.

My most interesting patient was a woman. I had first seen her at Serchu where she, a younger woman, and two men were resting on their packs beside the trail. I came to know them two nights later when we camped at Chakchu, in Ladakh. (*Chak* means "flint" and *chu* means "water.")

Chakchu is a rough, narrow defile on a hogback of a Himalayan 133 range. It lies at 15,800 feet and is the most unlikely spot for a camp one will find in any mountain. There is only one level piece of ground at Chakchu, a spot big enough for a couple of sleeping bags. There we put the kitchen. Rahul and I scrambled down a cliff and found, about a hundred feet below the ridge, a small shelf big enough for two bedrolls. This bedroom of ours had the shelter of an overhang of granite rock gaily painted with lichens. Below us was a yawning pit several thousand feet deep that ran

133 to the Tsarap River. Great jagged peaks dominated the skyline to the south and west. Tremendous chasms that grew in depth with lengthening shadows twisted and turned for miles on end where drainage of thousands of years had cut through rocks and sediment.

Not far below us a clear, cold stream dropped off a cliff and spattered the trail with a soft spray. It was the reason why Chakchu was a popular camp site. There was indeed no other good water for miles and miles. Chakchu was much used, carrying the black scars of many campfires.

136 We made camp early and then sat on our perch watching every movement of life in the vast canyons below us and on the high peaks above. A horned lark visited us—a bold bird, gray underneath and white on top, with two pointed tufts of black feathers above the eyes. Two huge, coal-black Tibetan ravens and an eagle with an eight-foot spread caught currents of air as they swooped below us and sailed gracefully into the void, looking with sharp, cold eyes for carrion. A finch with a black head hopped along the ridge, flying short distances, and feeding as he went.

000 There was no noise, no wind, not even a humming of the *dama* bush that colored the slopes with dark green splotches. There was solitude so deep one could almost hear his thoughts. This was a place so far removed from all my people and my problems, it seemed I was in another world. It seemed I sat in the heavens apart from the earth. It seemed that Chakchu was the place where man could best come to know his relations with his God, his relations with the diverse forces and powers within himself that produce discord where harmony is needed.

I sat for perhaps an hour lost in these thoughts, when my eye caught a movement along the trail below me. The trail cut a thin white line in the side of the mountain for a mile or so until it disappeared around a gargantuan shoulder of rock thrust out into the canyon. The figure was a man with a pack on his back. In ten

minutes or so he was at the waterfall below us, making camp and 000
starting a small fire with the *dama* bush which he rooted up with his hands from the canyon wall.

In another ten minutes a woman turned the bend on the trail and shortly joined the man. She too had a pack; and after resting a moment she untied it, pulled out a kettle and some food, got water from the cliff, and started supper. In perhaps a half hour another woman appeared far down the trail. She was long in coming, for she stopped every fifty feet or so and rested. She too had a pack, and as she got nearer I noticed that it pressed heavily on her. When she rested she sat on the high bank bordering the trail, leaned forward, shifting the weight of the pack, and rested her head on her hands.

Before the second lady reached the waterfall, another man appeared far down the trail; and when these two joined the other couple, I went down for a visit.

Tibetans usually look younger than they are. To me the two 145
men appeared to be in their late thirties or early forties. The younger woman, short and stocky with a square, pleasant face, looked thirty-four. The other lady, who had lost many of her teeth and had a deeply wrinkled face toughened by sun and storm, was well over seventy. She wore heavy trousers and a skirt which was 291
part of a black wool dress with long sleeves. These clothes were heavy, for they served not only as protection against the weather, but as night clothes too. She had a moccasin-type shoe made of sheepskin, and over her shoulders she wore a shawl of the same material, which protected her back from the rain and served as a pillow or covering at night. It was the only blanket she had. To this point the old lady and the young one were dressed alike. But
the old lady, unlike the younger one, had a distinctive headdress 291
known as the *perakh*. A *perakh* is a piece of leather six or eight 301
inches wide and about two feet long that is worn on the head. It runs from the forehead down the back of the neck to the shoulders. It is inlaid with stones, usually jade and turquoise. The

291 Queen of Ladakh (who is titular only now that Ladakh is a part
301 of Kashmir) is reported to have the most valuable *perakh* in this part of the world. But the one worn by the old lady at Chakchu seemed fancy enough. Its jade and turquoise were not polished, but they were well proportioned. Some were as large as fifty-cent pieces, some the size of quarters; others were circular and still others were cut into odd and irregular shapes.

291 The old lady also wore huge side flaps made of black wool, which looked like gargantuan ear muffs and stood out like sails. From a distance they made the woman look like a wolf. The *perakh* and the side flaps are typical Ladakh headdress. I never traced the origin of the *perakh*. But legend has it that the side flaps go back to articles designed for an ancient queen of Ladakh who had the earache. The flaps not only cured the earache; they proved to be so decorative that they became part of the conventional headdress.

164 I no sooner reached the camp of these Ladakhis than the old lady lay on her side and started to moan. I inquired if she were ill. She was; so I sent Man Das up to our camp to fetch my medical kit.

While he was gone I made my diagnosis. The old lady had perhaps a degree or two of fever and a splitting headache caused, I believe, by her supreme exertion at high altitudes under a burn-
484 ing sun. This old woman, her daughter, her son-in-law, and her neighbor lived near Leh. Last June, as soon as the passes were open, they started on foot to Manali, a trek of about 240 miles.

"Why did you go?" I asked.

"To do some shopping and to visit friends."

"Did you reach Manali?"

"Yes, and now we are returning home."

"How long will it take you?"

"Perhaps a month."

"What did you buy?"

"Talcum powder and hair oil."

I reached over and picked up the old lady's pack. It weighed 484 at least forty pounds. I tried to lift the young lady's pack with my right hand, but I couldn't without an extreme exertion, for it weighed at least eighty pounds.

The old lady had climbed from 6,400 feet to 15,800 feet to reach Chakchu. She still had to climb to nearly 18,000 feet with her forty-pound pack. What women, I thought! What stamina and endurance! A shopping trip almost 500 miles on foot. A shopping trip that meant hiking over the Himalayas with a pack. I particularly marveled at the old lady, for I knew that she could probably outwalk me.

I gave her one Empirin tablet and a hot cup of *gur gur cha* 600 and stretched her gently on the ground, using the edge of her pack for a pillow. I left two Empirin tablets with the daughter, one to be taken when the sun dropped below the ridge, the other to be taken if the old lady woke in the night. She was soon sound asleep.

I turned to the daughter and the men and offered them small packets of sugar. They took them and then handed them back, the young woman saying, "Salt would be better." They did, however, accept crackers, cookies, and cigarettes. The young woman was the first to light up. She sat by the small fire smiling as she inhaled deeply and blew the smoke from her nose.

"Do you smoke often?"

"Whenever I can get a cigarette."

"When did you have your last one?"

"Oh, several weeks ago at Manali."

They had *gur gur cha* and *sattu* for supper. Shortly they let their fire go out and bedded down for the night. They lay huddled together on the ground in their clothes, a piece of sheepskin under them, their arms for pillows.

My food was more nourishing, more appetizing than that of these Ladakhis. My down sleeping bag, laid on an U. S. Air Force air mattress, was warmer and much more comfortable than theirs.

000 And yet they could outdistance me, or anyone in my camp, for that matter. They were hardened to the trail; and even the seventy-year-old lady was as tough as nails. They had precious little, but they lived to the utmost of it. They were true to the old 538 Tibetan proverb, "Eat according to the height of your meal bag and walk according to the width of your track."

It seemed to me that civilization had made us soft and flabby. We were fat and weak in our protective environment. We had become so engrossed in living a life of ease that we had sacrificed our health and vigor. If we had the endurance of this old Ladakhi lady, there would be a profound effect on the spirit as well as on the flesh. Then we would regain our adventuresome spirit; then we would want to live boldly and dangerously; then we would not be caught up in the great drive for security. Security? What security has this old lady of Ladakh? What ~~is~~ security? Is not the greatest security the strength of the spirit?

And then I was asleep in a tiny alcove of a mighty cliff of the Himalayas, dreaming of strong, husky women who laughed and giggled at Rahul and me as we struggled to keep up with them along a tortuous Himalayan trail.

When I awoke the sky was turning gray though the sun was over an hour from the ridge. Already the Ladakhis were stirring in the camp below us. Their fire was going, and a pot was steaming. The sun was not yet on the trail when they loaded their packs and started to climb toward us. The old lady came first.

"How's my patient?" I asked.

The old lady bowed graciously and smiled, indicating complete recovery. And so I gave her the traditional Tibetan salutation on farewell, "*K'ali phe,*" which means, "Go slowly."

The one who leaves is then supposed to answer, "*K'ali shu,*" which means, "Sit slowly."

The old lady did not, however, give me that salutation. Instead she smiled and said, "*Sawp* [which is Tibetan for Sahib], you are a good doctor." And the young lady, who had now reached us, spoke up and said, "Mother is right. We have a request to make of you. You must come with us." 000

The farewell was touching. These Ladakhi folks, who had carried tremendous packs on a five-hundred-mile shopping trip, had reached my heart. There was pride in my eyes as I saw them follow the old lady up the steep trail that led to La Chulung La Pass (17,000 feet).

Those are the highlights of my medical practice on my Himalayan trek. I expected a dental practice too and I had in fact come well prepared for dental emergencies. Dr. Thomas Thompson of Walla Walla, Washington, assembled a dental kit for me. I had cement to replace fillings, a supply of a temporary filling, a liquid which, dropped in a cavity, would stop a toothache for a couple of days, and fancy dental tools. And my pride and joy were the forceps.

Dr. Thompson had given me a lesson in their use. I was particularly fascinated with the lesson he gave me for pulling a lower tooth. I was to sit the patient on the ground, hold his head with my knees, and then pull with all my might. I will not disclose the technique of pulling which I was taught, beyond the advice, "Once you grab hold, never let go."

"How about Novocain or some anesthetic?"

"It's too complicated and dangerous for your use," Dr. Thompson had explained. "Anyway, the Himalayan hill people will appreciate your services more if you hurt a little bit."

I boasted of my dental kit to Rahul at Manali. At night I would take out the forceps and go about camp looking for customers. None appeared. Day after day, week after week, I looked for customers.

"Budh Ram, doesn't your tooth ache?" "Man Das, ask that man coming toward us with the pack train if his teeth don't need pulling." "Rahul, how are your teeth today?" These were my inquiries; and the answers were always negative and disappointing.

I became tooth-conscious. The first thing I'd notice about a

000 man or a woman I'd meet in a village or along the trail would be
164 his or her teeth. Once in a while, as in the case of the old lady at Chakchu, I'd see that teeth were missing. But the teeth I saw were all glistening, gleaming teeth—perfect specimens.

"Not a cavity in a carload," Rahul would say with a chuckle. Village after village produced no dental patients, showed no dental problems. "It's the barley they eat," I said to Rahul. "It's the barley that is standing between me and a dental practice."

There are toothaches in Ladakh; and when the pain is acute the villager usually relies on the blacksmith for tooth extraction. But I found neither a throbbing tooth nor cavity all the way to
000 Leh. I ended by presenting the kit to Dr. and Mrs. Norman Driver of the Moravian Mission at Leh, a mission that for a century has rendered a fine medical service in remote Ladakh.

One night at Leh I was talking with Rahul about the frustration of my dental practice.

"Yes," he grinned, "but you can get great satisfaction from your medical practice."

"I think I did alleviate pain and restore courage and confidence." And then I added, "You're right. I do have a new medical record, a notable one. I didn't lose a patient."

"Don't boast about that," Rahul said, his eyes twinkling. "After all, we broke camp almost every morning. You seldom saw the same patient twice."

CHAPTER 15

HEMIS MONASTERY

After crossing Staglang La Pass we dropped about 133
two thousand feet almost straight down a mountain wall and followed a narrow, winding canyon to Gya, the first village we had seen since we left Jispa seven days earlier. Gya, with a dozen or more flat-roofed stone houses, was plain and ugly though it sat in a waving sea of lush barley fields. Below Gya the canyon widens out until in twelve miles it opens into the Indus Valley. We followed a small clear-water stream, ideal for trout, all the way down. The canyon was bleak and bare, more sterile-
looking than anything Arizona can offer. There were partridge or [136]
chukar in the canyon—buff-colored like those in Persia and a bit smaller than our grouse. The walls and slopes of the canyon were 233
being combed by goats herded by barefoot girls dressed in rags. 411
These girls had long slingshots made of string and leather which 231
they whirled, throwing rocks at the goats to turn the herd and shift its direction.

133 This clear, cold stream runs into the Indus; and at their confluence sits the bleak village of Upshi.

The Indus rises in a Himalayan basin nearly seventeen thousand feet high. Once it was fed by numerous lakes. Now these lakes are mostly landlocked and turning to salt. The Indus is a powerful stream, cutting its way through the Ladakh range of the Himalayas. The Indus is an international waterway; it rises in Tibet, flows through northern India, traverses the length of Pakistan, and empties into the Indian Ocean near Karachi. It is cosmopolitan in character, giving its waters to a greater number
[823] of races than any other stream in the world. The Indus is a legendary stream. The Tibetans call it the River of the Lion, since it is said to flow from a lion's mouth. The folklore is that those who drink the water of the Indus will be heroic like a lion. And the bed of the river is thought to be covered by sands of diamonds.

This day in August 1951, the Indus was swollen with snow water and running dark with clay. It poured through narrow channels with an angry roar and spread wide where the channel
[311] flattened out. Crude irrigation canals led off to fields of barley and corn. The valley below Upshi is several miles wide; and the land lay mostly unused, the vast potential of the Indus being largely untapped.

About five miles below Upshi is Marchelang, a village of a few hundred people—a garden in a washed and rock-strewn land. At this point the Indus Valley runs east and west. A wide canyon opens to the north, a canyon leading to Tibet and China over the 18,370-foot Chang La Pass. To the south there is a small canyon
792 or nulla. It was to that one we turned, and in a few miles came
346 to Hemis Monastery.

Many monasteries in Ladakh and Tibet are castellated buildings perched on high cliffs and thus protected from marauders and invaders. Hemis, founded about A.D. 1047, holds no such strategic position. It lies deep in a narrow nulla which is from a

quarter to a half mile wide. The canyon walls rise over Hemis 792
three or four thousand feet to peaks eighteen thousand feet and 346
more high. There are springs of pure cold water in the nulla; and thick stands of the Lombardy-type poplar fill the deep hollow with shade.

The main monastery building is a crude three-storied affair built in typical Tibetan fashion—low doors, rock walls, wood rafters, mud floors, and flat mud roofs. This massive building houses most of the lamas who make Hemis their home and headquarters. It feeds them in great dining halls and sleeps them in tiny cells. There are numerous small houses scattered along the nulla, residences of the Incarnate Lama, the higher-ranking lamas, and lamas who are married (Hemis is a monastery of the Red Sect, which, in contrast to the Yellow Sect, permits its lamas to marry). There is one house reserved for visitors. It lies in deep shade by a brook that runs below the main monastery building. It has one large room with a dirt floor and a covered veranda that opens on a grassless yard. The lama who greeted us took us there, and we were about to unload our pack train when the order was countermanded. We were invited instead to the residence of the Incarnate Lama.

We dropped to the creek bed and then climbed sharply to a 792
poplar orchard on the far side of which were several low houses. 231
Tibetans have a custom of chaining mastiffs to their houses. The Ladakhis follow suit. These mastiffs spend their lives tied by a chain fastened to massive collars. As a result of their confinement, they develop ferocious qualities. They lunge at passers-by, straining at their collars and growling viciously. There was such a mastiff on the top of the veranda of the house next to the home of the Incarnate Lama. Our coming produced a terrific uproar. The dog seemed to be almost choking with rage as he jumped at us again and again. The sight of us set up such a powerful turmoil in him that he barked the whole of the two days we were there. Every time I woke in the night he was still barking.

792 Since the Incarnate Lama is a young boy of eleven, there is an older lama who serves as his teacher and *alter ego*. This lama is called a Lobon or Guru.

The Lobon is a famous institution in Lamaism. The Incarnate Lama is always a young boy who is trained by the Lobon. During the minority of the Incarnate Lama, the Lobon is regent. He is, in other words, head of the monastery until the Incarnate Lama comes of age. His authority is supreme in temporal and spiritual matters. He is also master of his pupil. He teaches the Incarnate Lama the Scriptures, or Buddha's sayings (of which there are 108 volumes), and then the Commentaries (of which there are 225 volumes). The Lobon is with the Incarnate Lama day and night, training him in the mysteries of Lamaism, speaking for him, acting in his stead, prompting him, and keeping him under constant surveillance. In Lamaism beatings of pupils by teachers are common. Even an Incarnate Lama can be beaten by his teacher. But when that happens, the teacher prostrates himself before the student to show there has been no disrespect of the person. And then the student prostrates himself before the teacher, thanking him for the punishment.

The Lobon met us at the entrance to the garden of the Incarnate Lama's house. He was sixty or more, a learned, devout man named Ngatun Phuntzog. His full, round face was beaming as he greeted us. His eyes are deep-set and lively. He has a thin, silky mustache and a skimpy beard. His voice is a deep guttural.
292 His hair is gray and thin. He wore the heavy, dark red gown, which gave the effect of a bathrobe, the red girdle, and the red sandals of the lamas of the Red Sect.

000 While Budh Ram and Man Das were sorting the baggage, Rahul and I sat on the porch with Phuntzog. The porch opened on a walled garden green with grass and fringed with poplars. From one side wall a small cataract poured through a pipe, filling the place with music. All else was quiet except for the barking of the chained mastiff.

A dark, swarthy man in his forties, wearing the long, red robe 272 of the lamas, brought *gur gur cha.*[1] His face and head were 792 Mongol. He was barefooted. His black hair was long and unkempt; his skin was dark and grimy; he was the picture of the man who never bathed. In Ladakh, as in Tibet, the monks of a monastery are in various callings—from high priests to gardeners, to cooks, to coolies. This man in lama dress was apparently a novitiate in the monastery who served as a bearer for Phuntzog. He poured [576] the *gur gur cha* in large earthen cups; and as he handed them to us, he held a rag over his mouth (Tibetan fashion) to protect us from any foul breath he might have. The yak butter gave the tea a creamy appearance and a rancid taste. It was not tasty like the *gur gur cha* Rup Singh had made along the trail. It was indeed repulsive, something to which my tongue and stomach took an instant dislike. It was worse than any medicine I had ever taken or dispensed. I gulped half of the cup and had the uneasy feeling that I may have pushed my stomach beyond the point of tolerance. It was touch and go for perhaps a minute. I sat back in my chair, happy only in the thought that I had met the requirements of protocol. But I did not reckon with the eager novitiate who worked from sunrise to bedtime in order to please his master and his master's guests and to get merit in the next life for himself. This man was as quick as a cat and at once took on a sinister aspect. I had no sooner leaned back in the chair, wondering if the bitter liquid would make peace with my stomach, than he filled my cup again.

This time I did not thank him. I may even have given the good man an ugly look. For Rahul broke in with a chuckle and said, "This can go on for hours."

"You mean I must now drink more?"

"Certainly."

"This evil-looking bearer can force a gallon on me?"

"Certainly," said Rahul, laughing out loud.

"How do I stop him, short of insults and assault?"

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[1] [A Kind of tea -- Analyst]

272 "Just put your hand over your cup."

792 And so I poured another bitter libation into an angry stomach and by sheer will power kept it there. Then I gripped my cup, holding it in a vise and keeping it covered with my hand. Now I was resolved to defend it to the death and to ward off this evil spirit who flitted about like a big bird with a kettle of hot tea in his hand. He *is* a big bird, I thought—a big, Tibetan raven who watches every move of every living thing to see if it is going to drop dead. Dropping dead under the evil influence of rancid yak butter and *gur gur cha* seemed to me the worst of all possible deaths.

792 While my battle with the bearer was going on, Rahul and
521 Phuntzog had settled down to a serious conversation. They both spoke Tibetan; but, as is customary, a formal conversation between a high lama and a foreigner is carried on through an interpreter even though the host and guest speak the same tongue. (That is why high Tibetans talk with such low tones.) One of the Indian Army cavalrymen who had brought me my movie film acted as interpreter. Rahul spoke Tibetan to the cavalryman, who in turn spoke Tibetan to our host. When I joined the conversation, the dialogue became more complicated. Phuntzog's reply came back through three persons to me. The jokes I told Rahul were heard by Phuntzog twice. Once he laughed out loud both times. But Phuntzog, knowing that protocol required him to hold his laughter until the joke was told him officially, thereafter kept control of himself. At times he would swallow his laughter in his beard. But always his eyes would dance with merriment on the first telling. When the soldier told him the story officially, he would throw back his head in a hearty laugh. This Lobon was a healthy, outgoing person. He enjoyed life and was anxious that those around him share in the enjoyment. He was a relaxed, happy extrovert—an ideal teacher.

792 We talked for perhaps two hours. He told about the founding of Hemis Monastery, the organization of the lamas in the monas-

12: Douglas T-3 (1951)1953 AJ4 W. Tibetans AJ4

tery, the lama dances, the Incarnate Lama, and how he was discovered. 792 He told how the Incarnate Lama is first taught the Scriptures—the text of what Buddha said—and then the Commentaries. This religious training is followed by reading, writing, and arithmetic. And when the boy reaches thirteen or fourteen he goes to Lhasa for ten years of indoctrination. Phuntzog, teacher to the present Incarnate Lama, was also teacher, as a young man, to the predecessor Incarnate Lama.

From these topics we turned to Communism, to the relation 521 between the monasteries and the people, and to the host of problems of concern to Ladakh and Lamaism in 1951. The Lobon spoke freely and without restraint about all subjects but one. The 421 one on which he froze was the land problem in Ladakh—the extent of the holdings of the monastery, the work of the lama who serves as the business head of Hemis, the system of land tenancy, and the rents which Hemis as landlord collects. On this subject he was silent.

Then, and at other times when there was a pause, I would bring the conversation back to the Incarnate Lama and Phuntzog's role as teacher. Near the end of our conversation, I told him about one of my own great teachers, Harlan Fiske Stone, who was Dean of the Columbia Law School when I enrolled as a first-year student in 1922. I took my first course in law from him, the course in Personal Property. When I graduated from law school, Stone was an Associate Justice of the United States Supreme Court. Fourteen years later I joined him there; and in a few years he became Chief Justice. As Chief he presided at our Saturday conferences where all the cases argued during the preceding week were discussd and voted upon. Stone, as is customary with every Chief Justice, stated each case and led the discussion on it. More often than not, Stone and I ended voting together. Sometimes we were on opposite sides of a case. Once when the vote was close, Stone looked down the table at me and said with a twinkle in his eye, "Douglas, I can understand how some of our brethren

521 go astray and vote as they do. But for the life of me I can't understand your vote in this case."

I replied, "Chief, all the law I ever knew, I learned from you."

Stone then pounded the table and, raising his voice, said, "By golly, you never learned *that* from me."

That story delighted Phuntzog. His eyes danced with merriment during its telling, and he roared when it was finished. After a pause he said quite gravely, "In Buddhist history the disciple very often has outpointed his master." And then, bowing his head, he said in tribute to the Incarnate Lama, "Rinpoche [*n* pronounced as *m*] will surpass me."

CHAPTER 16

AN INCARNATE LAMA

The founder of Hemis Monastery was Stagtsang 792
Raspa, a lama who in the eleventh century came to 175
the nulla where Hemis now stands, looking for a retreat where he could pray and commune. This nulla, narrow, secluded, and quiet, was ideal for his purpose. Willow, poplar, and alder trees shaded it. Clear, cold water poured from springs in bounteous supply. There was solitude broken only by water pouring over rocks, by wind in the trees, and by the harsh churr-churr of the mountain finch. Stagtsang Raspa spent many months in this primitive retreat, trying to make contact with his deity or god-protector (Yidam), who would lead him to the Highest Blessful State.

The lovely nulla visited by Stagtsang Raspa is no longer the quiet place he knew. It is today filled by a thriving monastery of
five hundred lamas who keep the place bustling with energy. And 534
twice a day the canyon is filled with hundreds of deep-throated 792
echoes that seem to come from the bowels of the earth. These are the blasts of twelve-foot horns blown from the roof of the monastery to open the day at 5.30 A.M. and close it at 8 P.M.

12: Douglas T-3 (1951)1953 AJ4 W. Tibetans AJ4

792 tery to open the day at 5:30 A.M. and close it at 8 P.M. The monks of Hemis sometimes follow the example of their founder and go into retreats, taking vows to immure themselves for three years in barren, single-room houses that have no windows, no furnishings, no utilities. Here they sit in prayer and meditation for three long and lonely years. Those who complete the three-year vigil are held in high esteem by monks and laymen alike. Few, however, come out alive because of the rigors of the ordeal. Yet those who start do not turn back, for in the Buddhist world one who violates his vows degrades himself and is held in contempt by the community. Hemis, the first monastery in all of Ladakh, is still an ideal physical setting for a retreat; and over the centuries it has become rich not only in lands and other wealth, but in legends as well.

538 One of these apocryphal tales concerns Jesus. There are those who to this day believe that Jesus visited the place, that he came here when he was fourteen and left when he was twenty-eight, heading west, to be heard of no more. The legend fills in the details, saying that Jesus traveled to Hemis under the name of Issa.

778 This is a land where legends readily grow. Hindus and Buddhists are, of course, not alone in believing that holy men have made certain places sacred. But they have a special theory about the phenomenon. The presence of holy men and the prayers they have recited have created spiritual vibrations that dominate the place. Pilgrims who go there and stay at least three nights can feel these vibrations and thus enrich their psychic and spiritual
776 life. Many places of pilgrimage are common to Hindus and Bud-
778 dhists alike e.g., Mount Kailas and Lake Manasarovar in Tibet.
These places usually have a presiding deity and many dozens of demigods. There are said to be about 500,000 deities around Mount Kailas alone. But only the pious can see them. These gods are mountain gods, river gods, tree gods, family gods, field gods, house gods. They are the gods and spirits of the ancient religions on which Buddhism became engrafted. They and Buddhism have

776
today been mixed in a religion which Buddha himself would 778
hardly recognize.

Buddha (Siddhartha Gautama), whose home was in Nepal, 779
lived from about 560 B.C. to about 480 B.C. He designed a beautiful religion, a religion more intellectual than emotional, one that made wisdom its main faith and righteous conduct its code. Buddha taught the "Noble Eightfold Path": (1) right views; (2) right aspirations; (3) right speech; (4) right conduct; (5) right livelihood; (6) right effort; (7) right mindfulness; (8) right rapture. This philosophy demanded (1) freedom from superstition; (2) noble thoughts worthy of the intelligent man; (3) speech that is truthful and generous; (4) conduct that is honest and peaceful; (5) actions that bring no injury to any living thing; (6) self-control that subjects the passions to control by the mind; (7) a mental attitude of active watchfulness; (8) deep meditation on the principles of life.

Buddha's tenets were based on the notion that the cause of all 779
suffering is desire and that desire results from ignorance. Buddha 775
believed in life after death, or rebirth. The Hindu belief in rebirth preceded Buddha in India. Man does not die; his soul merely leaves his body and moves on to take possession of another body. One can, by his acts and mental attitudes, become reborn into a higher and nobler form; or he can debase himself and return to earth in a lowlier condition. He can, unaided, effect his own deliverance and gradually, in successive reappearances on this earth, attain the status of an Arhat or perfected man. This, briefly, is the doctrine of reincarnation. Every event is the result of prior causes and itself the cause of future events. What is done in this life shapes what happens in the next. One who lives a life of good works and good thoughts will move in the next life one step closer to Nirvana. But one who violates the teachings of the "Noble Eightfold Path" will in the next life move down the ladder; then he will have to start over and regain the ground he has lost in his struggle toward perfection.

779 This, in barest summary, was the teaching of Buddha; and it
177 became the main religion of India for the four centuries beginning in 300 B.C. Later it became corrupt and in India was supplanted mainly by Hinduism and by the faith of Islam. Buddhism moved south, east, and north. By 243 B.C. it had come to Ladakh and by A.D. 400 was the established religion there. It gradually spread north, going to Tibet about the middle of the seventh century. Meanwhile Buddhism, as Bell in *The Religion of Tibet*[1] shows, had absorbed much of the magic, mythology, rituals, and metaphysics of Lamaism and became clothed in garments that Buddha himself would not have recognized. But the central core of the religion was intact—the "Noble Eightfold Path." And the doctrine of reincarnation, originally derived from Hinduism, continued to flourish.

779 But the doctrine of reincarnation took a special twist in Tibet.
775 In the fifteenth century it was especially adapted to maintain the
792 authority of the priesthood and perpetuate the power of the
177 lamas in a peaceful way. The theory was developed that each Grand Lama was at once reborn in order to resume his life's work. The soul of the deceased lama took possession of a boy born shortly after his death. The problem was to identify the boy, raise him in the faith, keep his power in a regency until his maturity, and then turn over the power to him. The line of authority thus became clear. There was now no longer any contest among ambitious lamas who wanted to be spiritual leader of all Buddhism. The discovery of the baby to whom the soul of the deceased had passed answered all the questions and settled all the quarrels.

By the year 1542 this system had been adopted in Tibet for selection of the Dalai Lama. And it then became the method for determining the succession of spiritual sovereignty throughout the various lower echelons. The head of every monastery became an Incarnate Lama, who was the reincarnation of the holy man who had originally established the monastery. That is what hap-

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[1] [See Source No. 4, AJ1 Tibet AJ1- ANALYST]

pened at Hemis. The boy of eleven with whom we stayed at 792
Hemis is the sixth Incarnate Lama of Hemis, the reincarnation of 775
Stagtsang Raspa, who founded the monastery. And Phuntzog, 779
his teacher, finally told me the secrets of his discovery. 177

The boy is short for a lad of eleven. His face is Mongol—sensi- 792
tive, expressive, with eyes that are quick and alert. His hair is 292
black and close-cropped. He wears shoes turned up at the end, a
dark red robe without sleeves, and a yellow shirt. He came out to
greet us as we sat on the porch talking with Phuntzog. Rahul, a
devout Buddhist, touched the boy's feet with his hands and gave
him the salutation reserved for an Incarnate Lama, "Peace be
with Thee, Most Blessed One."

The boy sat for a while and joined in the conversation. But his 792
participation was at a very formal level, as is all his discourse with 159
strangers during the regency. I asked, "What books are you study-
ing now?"

He murmured an answer which was audible only to his Lobon, who then addressed the Rinpoche's answer to us. The boy stood stiffly for a minute or so and then turned and ran into the house. The windows of his room had small panes, which were covered with cloth and isinglass and opened on the porch. Soon I saw one of them swing open and Rinpoche's head come out. As soon as he saw me watching him, he ducked back. Over and again it happened, the Rinpoche peeking as any eleven-year-old would do to see what was going on, who these strangers were, what they wore, and the like. Soon he raced across the porch after a tiny dog, caught up with it, gave it a healthy kick, and then raced back across the porch into the house.

Rinpoche had one intimate playmate, a novitiate in his teens, who came out of the house with the boy. This playmate was a tall, gangling chap with heavy eyebrows and dark, matted hair cut close. His red robe came only to his knees, and the toes of his bare feet looked like talons. Rinpoche gave him an order, and the young man raced into the garden, where Rinpoche's toys were

792 scattered on the lawn—a tin airplane, a jumping jack, and a bow
159 and arrow. He came flying back with the airplane, and Rinpoche
held it in his hands, rushing about making a noise like a dive
bomber. Then he disappeared with his companion, and I did not
see him again until Rahul and I were eating our evening meal.

792 The house[1] had a central hall that ran its length. My room was
346 on the right as one entered, Rinpoche's on the left. The door to
the room was a heavy drape that hung to the floor. My room was
unadorned except for a small table, a few chairs, and a carpet.
The toilet was in a detached, primitive outhouse in the rear.
Rahul and I laid our bedrolls on the floor and unpacked our
duffel, and a lama brought hot water in a basin for washing. Another
262 lama brought food from the kitchen. It was an orthodox
Buddhist meal, strictly vegetarian in accord with the teaching of
the Gautama that no man should kill any man or animal—not
[576] even sheep for mutton, cattle for beef, or trout for fish. Our dinner
consisted of beans, potatoes, and corn, cooked together in a
highly spiced dish, boiled rice, *chapattis*, and *gur gur cha*. And
as the grimy lama served us, he held a cloth over his mouth.

792 Previously, while we unpacked, I had seen the curtain covering
159 our doorway move. Looking up, I saw Rinpoche disappear. He
had been watching us. In a few seconds he peeked again, his eyes
wide with excitement as I inflated my air mattress. He disappeared
every time I looked at him. Then curiosity got the better
of him, and at last he stood inside the room, feasting his eyes on
all our equipment. He appeared over and again as we ate the
frugal evening meal, his friendly face showing for a brief second
in the doorway, his eyes dancing with merriment, as if he were
playing a game with us.

792 The next morning I paid an official call on Rinpoche to tender
431 him presents. As Lowell Thomas, Jr., describes in *Out of This
World*, the customary present that a guest gives his Tibetan host
and that a host in turn gives his guest is a white scarf, which
signifies the purity of friendship. That is true in Ladakh as well.

[1] [i.e., Hemis Monastery— ANALYST]

The day we left Hemis the Lobon summoned Rahul and me, 792
and as I stood before Rinpoche with outstretched arms, he descended from the dais and placed a white silk scarf across them. 431
I then placed the scarf around my neck. The Lobon presented me with a package of tea. The same gifts were presented to Rahul in the same ritual.

I did not, however, have a white scarf (*kathak*) to present. The gift I wanted especially to give was a fishing outfit. I had a fine, steel telescopic rod with a light reel, nylon line and leaders, dry flies, wet flies, and bait hooks. This, I thought, was the ideal gift for a boy, especially a boy who lived in remote Hemis, days and days of travel from the nearest city where such luxuries might be obtained. I inquired of the Lobon if that gift would be fitting. After weighing my question an appropriate minute he said no. Buddha's teaching was not to take life. All life became sacred, the [779]
beasts of the field and the fish of the rivers included. The Lobon thought that if Rinpoche were to be raised in the Buddhist philosophy he should not have a fishing outfit.

"It might tempt him to catch fish," he stated.

"Tempt him?" I said, turning to Rahul. "It would create an irresistible impulse." And so I tendered less disquieting gifts: dried milk, sugar, candies, raisins, plastic spoons, tins of jam, crackers, and, to the special delight of Rinpoche, an air mattress.

It was an interesting and simple ceremony. Rahul and I took off our shoes and entered Rinpoche's room. He was seated on a dais, his back to the window. The Lobon, Phuntzog, sat on cushions below the level of the dais and to the left of the Rinpoche. I presented the gifts one at a time, handing them to the Lobon, who in turn gave them to my host, explaining each time what they were. The little fellow's eyes danced with excitement with each gift; and he was almost beside himself when the air mattress was presented, and at once insisted to the Lobon that he sleep on it that very night.

That afternoon after I had presented my gifts to the Rinpoche 000

Beyond the High Himalayas

792 That afternoon after I had presented my gifts to the Rinpoche
796 the Lobon invited Rahul and me to attend Rinpoche's prayers. Rinpoche has two prayer meetings daily. The lamas of the monastery have three. They are held in the chapel. Rinpoche, during his minority, holds his prayer meetings in his room.

Rahul and I, our shoes off, sat on the floor facing Rinpoche. He was on a dais opposite us, his back to the window. Phuntzog sat on cushions against the wall to the left of Rinpoche. Next to Phuntzog sat two lamas. Against the wall to our left and facing the Lobon was the teen-age acolyte who was the playmate of Rinpoche.

792 A drum about two feet in diameter stood on a pedestal before
796 the Lobon, and attached to the drum were cymbals. A small bowl
534 of corn was at the Lobon's knees. Each of the lamas on his left had a large Tibetan trumpet. The acolyte across the room had a horn shaped like a hunting horn but made of silver. Before each person was a typical Tibetan prayer book—a collection of sheets of paper about six by eighteen inches, unbound, and held between two long, narrow boards.

On a low stand in front of Rinpoche was a gold *dilbu* or bell (female symbol of wisdom); a gold *dorje* or thunderbolt about six inches long, solid in the middle and slightly bulging and open at the ends (male symbol of method); and a feather duster in a holder.

The Lobon played the cymbals and beat the drum with a stick bent in the shape of a huge question mark. The two lamas blew on the trumpets; and the young acolyte tried to outdo them all by vigorous management of the silver hunting horn. The music filled the room with a deafening sound, for the space was small, not more than fourteen by eighteen feet. It was a rather monotonous chant, a simple tune played over and over again for an hour and a half. With the music came the prayers. Sometimes the prayers would cease while the music went on. Sometimes the music would cease while the prayers continued. But for the most part the prayers were read to the accompaniment of the music.

Once in a while Rinpoche would ring the gold bell with his left 792
hand or with his right hand take the feather duster out of its 796
holder and then put it back. Once in a while the Lobon would 534
toss a few grains of corn across the room in front of Rinpoche.

These were incidental. The main effect was in the music and the chanting. It was an almost magical effect. The beating of the drum and the cymbals, the sound of the trumpets and the horn became a primitive exercise and stirred something deep inside me. It seemed that these musicians were trying to call out the devils in all of us. Then came the incantations in pursuit, driving harder and harder, faster and faster, unending in their effort to suppress the evil forces. The voice of the Lobon was deep in bass. His words poured in a mad rush of syllables to form recitations almost unintelligible. On and on he went, supplying greater and greater emphasis. His deep voice rose and fell—rising in supplication, falling to a whisper, mounting to indignation, dropping to humble praise. Over and over again went the refrain.*

There was something at first harsh and repelling in the music. Then the horn and trumpets, though louder than any of the instruments, somehow faded to the background of consciousness. The cymbals, too, seemed to come from afar. The room was dominated by the drum, the rhythmic beating, beating, beating. And with the beating, beating, beating of the drums came the chant of the Lobon—deep and guttural, up and down, sad and plaintive, loud and demanding, soft and pleading.

It was a hypnotic ritual. The words seemed to be meaningless incantations, falling from the lips of the Lobon in indistinct guttural sounds. The words and the drum set up curious vibrations and cast a spell. Many times I have had the experience of being lost in the music of a symphony, carried away on clouds to worlds remote from the hall or library where I sat. This prayer meeting was different. This music and chanting were holding a man, drawing him like a magnet, pulling him into a strange, psychic vortex

*See page 333.

12: Douglas T-3 (1951)1953 AJ4 W. Tibetans AJ4

346

Hemis, the first monastery in all of Ladakh, is still an ideal physical setting for a retreat; and over the centuries it has become rich not only in lands and other wealth, but in legends as well.

The lamas put on their dances, and even the most stupid person can see Lust, Anger, and ~~Greed~~ in all their ugliness.

535

[Facing, p. 160]

792 796 534 until he was swallowed by the beatings of the drum and the chanting of the Lobon.

I had read Forman, *Through Forbidden Tibet*, and his account of how sorcerers one day had conjured up before him and a group of lamas Yama, the King [illegible] Hell, and the attendants at Yama's court—Lust, Greed, and Anger. Forman with his own eyes thought he saw Yama, with his thirty-four arms and nine heads and a garland of human skulls about his shoulders. Perhaps he experienced mass hypnotism. Perhaps it was human television.

I had no such experience. But as I sat in Rinpoche's room with my head bowed and my eyes closed, listening to the beating of the drum and the incessant, liquid mutterings of the Lobon, I knew at once that hypnotism was real. I felt the power of music and the human voice and for the first time knew its vast potentiality. Though there was some force fastening itself onto me, I did not try to rebel. For an hour or more I submitted to its decree.

792 *In the name of the Triad! O divine Lord,* Mun!
796 *In the name of the Triad! O Lotus-bearer,* Hun!
529 *In the name of the Triad! O Scepter-bearer,* Hun!

In the name of the Triad! O immortal Being, adoration!
In the name of the Triad! O wrathful Vajra, flame-necked, hu-lu!
—hu-lu!—hun!—Phat!

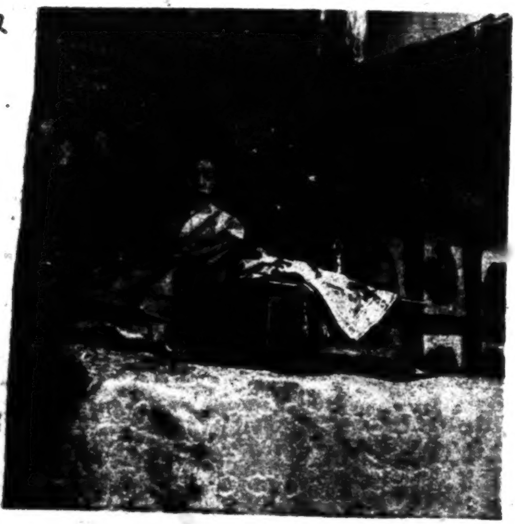
In the name of the Triad! Universal Wisdom, adoration!
In the name of the Triad! Ah! Teacher of Supreme Intelligence,
Holy-one, Hun-hun!

O Mani, Mani, Great Mani, SAKYA-Mani, adoration!
O Lotus-bearer, hun!—*O fierce and greatly angry,* Hun-phat!

O Pleasure, Pleasure, Mighty Pleasure, adoration!
O Intellect, Intellect, Understanding, adoration!
O MAITREYA, *Maitreya, Great Maitreya, venerated Maitreya,*
adoration!

12: Douglas T-3 (1951)1953 AJ4 W. Tibetans AJ4

292



The boy of eleven is the sixth Incarnate Lama of Hemis, the reincarnation of Stagtsang Raspa, who founded the monastery.

788

At Hemis there are a half dozen or so prayer wheels set in the left-hand wall along rough rock steps leading down from one wing They are filled with prayers which are repeated incessantly day and night, week after week, year after year.

535

The lama dances, like the old morality plays in Europe, were a church service in the true sense of the term.

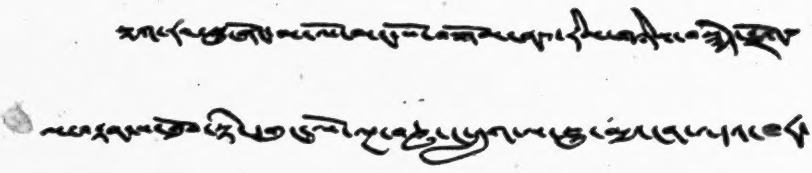
[Facing p. 161]

[539] 796 *O Divine Lord,* Mun! *O Lotus-bearer,* hun! *O Scepter-bearer, hun!*

792 This was the chant. Over and over, on and on, it went. It had a primitive rhythm, an incessant beat that held me. It was the music of a trance, an incessant repetition whose monotony produced a numbness. The noise of the orchestra filled the room. But it was mostly the Lobon that I heard—the deep, musical bass of Phuntzog. And high above his voice was the piping tenor of Rinpoche, coming lightly along behind the measured beat of his teacher.

After an hour or more I looked up. The chant was still in progress, the drum and cymbals still beating, the horns blaring. The Lobon was bowed in prayer, his lips barely moving as the guttural sound poured out. Rinpoche was as alert as a bird teetering on a rock. He kept up with the chant, his shrill voice now carrying above the Lobon's. As he chanted he weaved slightly to and fro. And all the while he kept peeking out the window where Rup Singh and Budh Ram were standing, watching the ceremony. And Rinpoche seemed to be telling them with his eyes that he hoped to get this business over with soon and come outdoors and join them.

792 159 The morning of the day we left Hemis I induced Phuntzog to tell me the story of the discovery of the Rinpoche; i.e., how the soul of Stagtsang Raspa was traced to this boy. He went into his room and was gone an hour or more. When he returned, he handed me the following manuscript in Tibetan script which he had prepared; and he recited it on my tape recorder.



792
159 [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

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[illegible]

[illegible]

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[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

An Incarnate Lama

[illegible] 792 159

[illegible]

[illegible]

A free translation of this account is as follows:[1]

"The last Stagtsang Raspa told the senior lamas of his monastery 787 [the Hemis Gonpa], when he was over fifty years old, that he 792 was soon going to leave this world and that they should look for 159 him in his new life after a few years' time somewhere in Tibet. Two years after 'the retiring of Raspa to heavenly fields,' the personal attendant of our Rinpoche and I, Ngatun Phuntzog, visited the Lhasa oracle, who told us vaguely of the rebirth of Raspa to a noblewoman who lived in the middle part of the U province of Tibet, a little to the northeast of Lhasa. After finding the family, we learned that the child Raspa began to say 'Ladakh, Ladakh' soon after he was reborn. The Gelung and I saw a sign on his left wrist which we recognized to be the sign of the watch of our last Rinpoche. We recognized the scar of a boil on the back of his neck and other familiar signs on the person of our Master. And when we told his noble parents that their child was the reincarnated Raspa, whom we had come to take to Ladakh, they gladly agreed to our request. When we returned to Lhasa, the Netchung [the oracle] approved our discovery of our Rinpoche. The Gyawa Rinpoche, the Dalai Lama, blessed the two-year-old Raspa and permitted us to take him out to our monastery in Ladakh. When we returned to Hemis, the present Raspa recognized the main gate of the monastery, the entrance to his personal rooms, etc. We installed him here at the age of six years and have been blissfully happy in the return of our Guru to Hemis."

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[1] [See pp. 161-163 for Tibetan text. -- analyst]

792 Phuntzog talked at length about the discovery. He said that the
159 soul usually wanders two years before it decides what life to
787 enter. Two years from the date when an Incarnate Lama passes
775 to heavenly fields is, therefore, the critical date. The high lamas of the monastery then go to the oracle at Lhasa and say, "Two years ago on this date, this man retired to the heavenly fields. What life has his soul possessed?"

The oracle then describes the place in general terms. When that place is found, there may be more than one baby boy who fits the description. In that event they have to make a selection. They customarily bring along some of the possessions of the predecessor. They put these on a table and bring the little candidates in. One may touch a watch and say it is his. One may inquire about his favorite hat and describe it or say where it was last hanging. The lamas may question the boys about the events in the life of the predecessor. They keep up the search until they are convinced they have found the child who has been possessed by the soul of the deceased.

I asked why Phuntzog relied so heavily on the scar of the boil and the mark of the wrist-watch band. "They are not there now," I said.

He went on to explain that the predecessor had had a nasty boil on the back of his neck and that a native doctor had burned it off, leaving a deep scar. The mark was unmistakable. The mark of the wrist-watch strap was also plain. The man had seldom removed the watch; and when he did, a lighter-colored strip of skin was plain for all to see.

That was not all. This predecessor had spoken Arabic and English. "Only the other day," Phuntzog said, "Rinpoche, who has had no lessons in Arabic, started speaking it."

"How can that be?" I asked.

"The knowledge of the predecessor is in the boy," he replied. "It has to be revived. Some stimulus has to bring it to consciousness; but it is all there."

As we talked we walked through the vast poplar grove and 792
came to the main monastery building. A lama sat under a tree 159
from morning till night, day after day, reciting his prayers in a 787
singsong way. Our passing did not interrupt him. We climbed to the rooms of the Incarnate Lama—the rooms Rinpoche would occupy when he reached maturity. These were the rooms occupied by the predecessor. His portrait, done in oils, stood on the mantel. Phuntzog turned to me and said, "When Rinpoche first came to Hemis, he asked for his rooms; and when I brought him here he kept pointing out various articles that he recognized."

We walked to the mantel where the oil portrait of the predecessor stood. There was silence for several minutes. Then Phuntzog, turning to me, said, "The resemblance of the Rinpoche is plain, isn't it?"

I nodded, and then I looked to Rahul and saw that he nodded too. And Rinpoche, who had been eying us closely, grinned from ear to ear and, whirling on one foot, dashed out of the room, his little red robe flying.

CHAPTER 17

OM MANI PADME HOOM

788 *Om Mani Padme*[1] *Hoom* is the mantra or devotional formula of Buddhism. In Ladakh it is repeated by all people while sitting, walking, or traveling. It is a mystic formula whose letters have a symbolic importance which I learned but did not understand. The repetition of these mystic words sets up a vibration. Some say the vibration improves one's physical health; some say it gives a spiritual benefit. I learned in Ladakh that it was supposed to do both.

Om Mani Padme Hoom—Om Mani Padme Hoom—Om Mani Padme Hoom—these are the words that I heard all the way along the 240 miles from Manali to Leh—on wind-swept passes, beside cool springs, at fords across angry rivers, in villages, beside shrines, in monasteries. These were the magic words on the lips of men, women, and children everywhere I went.

778 They also appeared on the *mani* walls. I saw my first one on
788 34b the south side of the Himalayas between Koti and Rothang Pass.

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[1] The *d* is silent, the first *a* is short, the second long.

It was about six feet wide, three feet tall, and fifteen feet long. 788
This rectangular pile of stones had been built by some lama on 778
his travels. He had placed on top several slabs of slate and en- 346
graved on each of them *Om Mani Padme Hoom.*

Rahul told me at the time that this would be the smallest *mani* wall I would see. And it was. It seemed that the closer we got to Leh the longer the *mani* walls became. There were *mani* walls from ten to twenty-five yards long near every village. At Toche Phirche, where we camped in the rain, there was a *mani* wall fifty yards long against which we stretched rubber tarps to form lean-tos. At Gya—the first village north of Jispa—there were many *mani* walls, some one hundred yards long. And outside of Leh there was a *mani* wall fully a mile in length. It was a massive thing, perhaps five feet high and twelve feet wide. Its top was strewn with flat rocks on each of which had been engraved by some lama, *Om Mani Padme Hoom.*

One who passes a *mani* wall murmurs, "*Om Mani Padme Hoom.*" And he always keeps it on his right. For there is an old Tibetan saying, respected in Ladakh, "Beware of the devils on the left-hand side." And as one passes a *mani* wall, keeping it on his right, all the prayers engraved on the stones of the wall are said for him. *Om Mani Padme Hoom, Om Mani Padme Hoom.*

The *chhorten* is associated with *mani* walls, a large one tower- 346
ing perhaps thirty feet or more; a smaller one, ten. It is of pyramid
design, made of stones and clay, and usually whitewashed. The
architecture of the *chhorten* is symbolic of the basic five elements:

the lowest cubical part is the earth,
the spherical part is water,
the triangular part is fire,
the crescent part is air,
the moon on top is ether.

There are 108 different designs of the *chhortens.* They can be plain, simple, mud affairs, or they can be beautifully built out of

346 hewn rock and adorn[illegible]e top with gold or copper. Sometimes they are merely a memorial in honor of a person of distinction. More often than not they are sepulchers.

764 I was told that sometimes the body of the deceased is placed
346 on the ground and a *chhorten* erected over it. That is not cus-
[775] tomary, for the lamas say that the soul cannot leave the body until the body is destroyed. Cremation is preferred. The ashes are made into an image of the deceased and placed in a *chhorten*. But in Ladakh fuel is scarce. So the bodies are laid out in a special funeral service, and the lamas call the vultures. When the vultures have picked the bones clean, the bones are crushed, sometimes mixed with corn, and fed to the vultures. And the attending lamas stand as witnesses to this celestial funeral, chanting all the while, "*Om Mani Padme Hoom, Om Mani Padme Hoom.*"

The *chhorten* usually contains some of the ashes or bones of the deceased or cakes made from the ashes of a holy man. They usually guard the entrance of a village or a monastery or an estate. When the departed one is a man of wealth, there will be placed in the *chhorten* an urn that contains (1) wheat, barley, rice, and peas; (2) pearls, coral beads, turquoises; (3) gold, silver, copper, iron; (4) rolls of prayers and holy writings; (5) pieces of juniper and sandalwood—red and white.

788 And when travelers reach the *chhorten*, they keep it on their right, chanting as they go, "*Om Mani Padme Hoom.*"

[792] Lamas often have special services in which they walk around *mani* walls and *chhortens*. They walk in single file, with flutes and trumpets blowing. They always walk clockwise around *mani* walls and *chhortens*, and as they walk they chant in unison, "*Om Mani Padme Hoom, Om Mani Padme Hoom.*"

The prayer wheel is a small cylinder on a stick that is whirled with a twist of the wrist. It has prayers inside, prayers written on cloth or paper. And outside and inside are printed the words, *Om Mani Padme Hoom*. The wheel must always be turned clockwise. I saw my first prayer wheel just over Baralacha Pass as we

were following the small Yunan River down to Kilung. A Tibetan 788
who was bringing a caravan to Patseo twirled it as he followed rangy mules loaded with wool and marmot skins. And as he twirled it, he kept murmuring to himself, "*Om Mani Padme Hoom.*"

In the main monastery at Hemis there are a half dozen or so prayer wheels set in the left-hand wall along rough rock steps leading down from one wing. They are perhaps eight by eighteen inches and filled with prayers. They too are engraved with *Om Mani Padme Hoom.* One spins them clockwise as he goes up or down the stairs, waiting, in case another has preceded him, until the earlier spin has ended. And as each spins, he murmurs, "*Om Mani Padme Hoom.*"

Some prayer cylinders are spun by the wind. There is a large one at Hemis, about three feet long and eighteen inches wide, hitched up to paddles and turned by water. It too is filled with prayers that are repeated incessantly day and night, week after week, year after year. And the prayers say millions upon millions of times, "*Om Mani Padme Hoom.*"

There are practically no doctors in Ladakh. Although each 759
monastery will have a lama trained in native medicine who will 793
take care of the illnesses of the monks, there is no medical service 756
for the people. A villager who is sick sends for a lama. A child or the wife makes the journey to the nearest monastery (perhaps thirty or forty miles) and brings back a lama. The family gives the lama his board and lodging and pays him as much per day as it can afford. A man with a special attachment to the lama may turn his wife over to him for the duration of the visit. For these considerations the lama prays. He sits by the bed of the sick person for hours, for days on end, driving away the evil spirits that have caused the illness. And as he sits, he chants endlessly, incessantly, "*Om Mani Padme Hoom, Om Mani Padme Hoom.*"

Buddha did not believe in mortification of the body as a means 779
of salvation. But that belief is a religious longing deeply rooted 783
788

779 in Asia, rooted so deeply that it cannot be dislodged. Lamaism
783 believes in it. A lama may walk years on his knees to atone for his
788 sins. In Ladakh, as well as in Tibet, he may do a prostration pilgrimage. He lies flat on the ground, both hands extended. He marks the point, stands up, steps forward to the mark, stretches flat again, and repeats this exercise again and again. It is common to find people doing a prostration pilgrimage around monasteries or holy places. A prostration pilgrimage of thirty or fifty miles is not unusual. It may last for weeks. One may do it for his own salvation—to get merit by sacrifice—or he may be hired to do it for another person or for the soul of a friend or relative.

One day I saw a lama coming up the Hemis nulla in a prostration pilgrimage. He was barefooted, with pads upon his knees. His robe was pulled up and fastened high. His hair was close-cropped, and he was filthy with dirt. Down he went on his stomach, then up on his knees and to his feet; then down again. And with each prostration he said twenty times, "*Om Mani Padme Hoom.*"

788 The lamas gather in the chapel three times daily for prayers.
796 I did not attend any of these services at Hemis, but students of the subject say that the ritual is somewhat reminiscent of that of the Catholic Church. There is, however, usually the music of trumpets, drums, and cymbals. There is always the burning of incense. And as the lamas kneel in the pews, the hum of "*Om Mani Padme Hoom*" fills the place.

796 These monasteries observe monthly festivals and four annual festivals, from each of which they get revenue. The people bring
[777] gifts of grain, or goats, or cash. The lamas sell amulets, talismans, idols, and sacred paintings. They sell paper strips and pieces of cloth filled with symbolic figures.

The most notable of these festivals is Losar, the New Year's Feast, observed in February. It celebrates Buddha's victories over the heresies—the triumph of the true religion over infidelity. People come from far and wide to the monasteries and celebrate for days on end. There are dancing and the exchange of presents; 796 there are prayers before images of the deities, prayers in the chapels. There is no distinction between clergy and laymen, rich and poor, men and women. Beggars kneel in pews next to the elite. And the whole audience murmurs in unison, "*Om Mani Padme Hoom.*"

At the entrance to the main chapel of the Hemis Monastery 788
there is painted on the right-hand wall the wheel of life, sacred in 778
Buddhist symbolism. It has been beautifully described by Suydam 531
Cutting in *The Fire Ox and Other Years:*

"The 'wheel of life' is a spoked disk, painted on a scroll. On the hub are painted a cock, a pig, and a snake, standing for lust, greed, and anger, the three vices that torment human beings. The rim is divided into twelve segments, representing such metaphysical concepts as 'sense surfaces and understanding,' 'indulgence,' and 'fuller life.' The area between hub and rim is divided into six compartments, sharply divided by the spokes. At the top is heaven, at the bottom hell. The other four spaces are devoted to human life, animal life, purgatory (tormented spirits), and titans.

"Closer inspection reveals a dolorous prospect—a multitude of pictographs illustrating Buddha's doctrine that suffering is inevitable—'All is transitory, painful, and illusory.' Life is an endless, wearisome round of rebirths. The pictographs illustrating human life, for instance, show birth, old age, sickness, death, ungratified desires, struggle for existence, punishments, bereavements, and offensive objects and sensations. Hell is no less graphic. There are eight hot hells and eight cold ones, with an additional outer hell through which escaping spirits must pass without a guide. Each of these has special tortures to suit various crimes and misdemeanors.

"The 'wheel of life' is held in the claws of a monster who symbolizes 'the hideousness of clinging to life,' and beyond the rim is shown Buddha, who has escaped the round of metempsychosis."

788
778 As the lamas passed this scroll, I heard them mutter, "*Om Mani*
531 *Padme Hoom.*"

788 To the center of the main chapel is an altar covered with bowls
782 filled with water and cereals. They are offerings to various gods. For the sake of prosperity, they are supposed always to be filled. I met the lama who attends them, a scraggy, barefooted man, and as he passed the altar I heard him mutter, "*Om Mani Padme Hoom.*"

There are thirteen large urns at Hemis, about four or five feet tall and three feet wide. They are filled each year with yak butter by some friend or benefactor, and lighted wicks stand in the middle. Each urn is supposed to burn a year. If the flame goes out, it is bad luck. The lama who had the main urn under his surveillance hovered near, wrapped in a soiled, red robe. As I went by I heard him murmur, "*Om Mani Padme Hoom.*"

778 In the center of an adjoining chapel is a life-size statue of
788 Buddha, where the devout bow in worship, murmuring, "*Om Mani Padme Hoom.*"

785 Around Buddha are images of lesser deities and of Incarnate Lamas. There is one of Stagtsang Raspa, founder of Hemis. There is one of Mila Repa, the famous Tibetan poet who lived for eighty-three years and attained Buddhahood in that span even though
[754] his early life was sinful. He had learned how to kill people by magic and for a while walked the path of darkness. Then he did penance under a Lobon (Guru) by the name of Marpa. Marpa made him build a house of stone, then tear it down and carry the stones back to where he had found them. He did this over and again, one time building and tearing down a house nine stories high. Marpa beat Mila Repa and gave him impossible chores to do in penance for his sins. Finally Marpa gave him the Initiation and the Teachings, and launched Mila Repa on a life of mortification of the body. He became a hermit in a cave on a high mountain, where he lived on nettles. He renounced food, clothing, and

12: Douglas T-3 (1951)1953 AJ4 W. Tibetans AJ4

speech. He pondered on the lives of the saints, the causes and 785
effects of actions, the ends of worldly existence.

This poet-saint is loved in all Ladakh. His strong face, carved in stone, looks down on the inhabitants of Hemis. It shows tremendous concentration and an indomitable will. All who pass [788]
Mila Repa's statue at Hemis murmur, "*Om Mani Padme Hoom.*"

One day while Mila Repa was moving to a new cave high on a shoulder of Mount Everest his only worldly possession, an earthen pot, broke. The loss was welcomed, not deplored. And Mila Repa, the poet, wrote:

The earthen pot now is, and now is not.
My sole possession.
By breaking it has become a lama,
For it has preached an admirable discourse
On the impermanence of things.

And near the end of his life he wrote:

May the prayer regarding the death of this beggar
Be fulfilled for the benefit of all beings.
In a rocky cave in an uninhabited country
There will my mind be fully content.

The Buddhist world is filled with legends of Mila Repa. There 538
is the story of the frightened deer being pursued by a dog and a 788
hunter. The deer, crossing a ridge, saw Mila Repa in his cave and heard him chanting, "*Om Mani Padme Hoom, Om Mani Padme Hoom.*" The deer paused to listen and was so spellbound by the spiritual vibrations that its fears were forgotten. Shortly it lay down beside Mila Repa, serene and relaxed in the spiritual atmosphere of the place.

Along came the dog, who, seeing the deer, whirled to the attack. Then the dog heard Mila Repa chanting, "*Om Mani Padme Hoom, Om Mani Padme Hoom.*" The dog stopped and listened; it too became calm and serene, and shortly lay down beside the deer.

538 Then came the hunter, who, seeing the deer and the dog lying
788 down together, believed the dog had been bewitched. So he drew his sword to kill the dog. As he approached, Mila Repa began to intone, "*Om Mani Padme Hoom, Om Mani Padme Hoom.*" The hunter was strongly affected by the chant. He stood undecided and torn. Before long he returned his sword to the scabbard and, approaching Mila Repa, prostrated himself before the Holy One.

535 A lama dance (*chham*) is built around these characters[1]—a play
796 illustrating the old Tibetan proverb and Buddhist teaching, "There is no sin so great as killing."

Phuntzog put on some lama dances for us. But the act of the deer, the dog, and the hunter was not included. The dances we saw, like the old morality plays of Europe, were a church service in the true sense of the term.

They were performed in the courtyard in front of the main monastery building. Opposite the stairs leading down from the monastery sat the Rinpoche and the Lobon. Each of them is usually dressed in a long, flowing, dark red robe, wrapped toga-like around him so that his right arm is bare. Now the left arm was bare, and a bright yellow shawl was draped over the shoulders and around the waist. Rinpoche wore a peaked red hat that had no brim but came down over the back of his neck. Phuntzog wore a big red hat whose brim flared up and stood like great sails sewn together. Rinpoche sat on a dais with the gold bell and gold *dorje* in front of him. Phuntzog sat on his right. Farther to the right was a great array of musicians—trumpeters, drummers,
and two men who blew giant horns. They were bedecked in gaily
[534] colored clothes and tall red hats of various designs. The trumpets
were of the clarinet type, made of wood and brass. The drums stood on edge, held four or five feet off the ground by a pedestal, and attached to them were cymbals. The drums were struck by sticks bent into the shape of huge question marks. The two horns (*shawms*) were each twelve feet long. The larger end was about eighteen inches in diameter. It rested on the ground.

[1] [From legends. See p. 173 -- ANALYST]

The two lamas who played these horns were extraordinary men. 535 796 To be able to blow the horns at all seemed to me remarkable. The fact is that one man cannot blow one horn for many consecutive seconds. That means that the other horn must come in and pick up the pitch where the first horn leaves it. This requires great skill, as one relieves the other over and again, hour after hour, while the orchestra drones on and on.

It takes hours to present the lama dances. The pageantry is superb; the story, exciting; the plot, simple; the moral, plain. They have been described by Ted Shawn in *Gods Who Dance*. The characters were all masked. Some wore masks of people; [532] others wore masks of lions, stags, oxen, and yaks. These masks—carved from solid blocks of wood and colored with a glossy and brilliant enamel—usually had grotesque expressions. Their hideous features, their terrifying grimaces led early European visitors to the monasteries to call these the Devil Dances. That is a misnomer. The dancers represented the forces of Good as well as the forces of Evil. The main emphasis of the theme was the struggle between the two. After a few serious scenes, the producer of the dance changed the pace and sent in comedy relief. These were gay, carefree, burlesque-type characters. After they left, the serious took up again. Apart from these interruptions, the story marched steadily onward—Good gaining the ascendancy; Evil gradually being routed.

A triangle had been drawn on the cobblestones of the courtyard and inside this triangle there was a small black image representing a human corpse. Dancers dashed madly around it, engaged in a foray of sickles and swords as they tried to snatch this corpse from the triangle. The lesson was plain—man is helpless and guideless; he lives among vast unkind elements of earth and sky that seek perpetually to destroy him. Only Dharma, man's good action in life, can guard him against the evil designs of the spirits.

The final act was put on by two characters representing virtue—the Stag and the Yak. The heads worn by the lamas in this dance

796 were huge and realistic. The Stag and the Yak each had swords.
535 It soon appeared that their main objective was the Evil in man, who was represented by a dummy stuffed with straw. The act ended with the Stag and the Yak cutting this prostrate figure to pieces.

I was dashing about filming this dance and making a recording of the music. Once I stepped close to the Rinpoche and the Lobon. The Rinpoche, I noticed, reached out every few minutes and rang the gold bell. Its sound was drowned out in the tremendous rumblings from the giant horns, the clash of cymbals, the beating of drums, and the shrill of the trumpets. But I could distinctly hear above all the clashing sounds of the orchestra the deep guttural of Phuntzog and the piping tenor of Rinpoche, chanting, "*Om Mani Padme Hoom, Om Mani Padme Hoom.*"

788 It was at the beginning of my trek that Rahul first told me about this mantra. *Om Mani Padme Hoom* means "O Jewel of the Lotus." The lotus is the most beautiful of flowers, though in India it grows out of mud and filth. The lotus thrives in the most unattractive places; it adorns spots seared by plagues; it blossoms in an environment of oppressive poverty; it furnishes a breathless purity in yards contaminated by man and his creations.

Buddha was born in a lotus. Like it, he brought glory, purity, and beauty to oppressed and poverty-ridden people. Buddha, like the lotus, lived above his environment. He showed that the spirit of man can rise beyond the lowliest and filthiest source and find perfection even among the dregs of the earth. He showed how goodness can come out of misery, poverty, and dirt.

This is the immortal message of *Om Mani Padme Hoom.* It is on the lips of millions every minute of every hour. People who never saw a lotus chant it endlessly. Though its meaning may be lost to most of the millions who use it, in this part of the world it is the medium for communion, the symbol of reverence, the devotional exercise, the pious prayer, the sign of the cross.

I remembered that Rahul had said that holy men along the trail in Ladakh and Tibet murmured it to passers-by, that it was a greeting often given. And so it was that I used it as a salutation at Koksar. A red-hat lama was at Koksar, en route to some place of pilgrimage in the manner of the lama made immortal by Kipling's *Kim*. Rahul was talking with him as I came up. When I was introduced, I murmured, "*Om Mani Padme Hoom.*" 188

That night as we ate dinner, Rahul said, "You made quite a hit with the lama."

"How come?"

"Since you addressed him with *Om Mani Padme Hoom,*" Rahul said with a chuckle, "this lama thinks you are a lama from America."

"Did you disabuse him?"

"Certainly not. *Om Mani Padme Hoom* is going to help us through this country."

"Just how does *Om Mani Padme Hoom* help out?"

"These are peaceful people all the way through Ladakh and Tibet," Rahul explained. "They seldom use violence. Yet they are obedient to their lamas."

"I still do not understand how *Om Mani Padme Hoom* gives protection against a ruffian."

"No Ladakhi or Tibetan would move against a stranger unless directed by a lama. And no lama will ever give the order against a visitor who reverently greets him with *Om Mani Padme Hoom.*"

CHAPTER 18

HOW MANY HUSBANDS DO YOU HAVE?

595

Polyandry is a form of polygamy. But instead of the husband having several wives, the wife has several husbands. Ladakh is not the only place in the world where polyandric marriages have existed. But it is one of the few places where they still thrive. They thrive there despite the fact that Kashmir has outlawed them.

595 Some say polyandry exists where there is a scarcity of women; 182 that when there are not enough women to go around, a social-religious institution is created enabling one woman, with propriety, to do double or treble or quadruple service. That was probably the origin of polyandry in the plains of India where long ago there were in places a scarcity of women owing to female infanticide. Others say that polyandry was introduced into Ladakh and Tibet to take care of the special needs of family life there. The man of the house customarily spends more than half the year away from home with caravans, or with sheep and goats, or on pilgrimages. There is the need to protect the women and

the children during his long absences and to maintain a standard 595
of connubial fidelity. So the wife is given protection and com- 182
panionship of extra husbands. Teddy Roosevelt, Jr., who passed through Ladakh about thirty years ago on a hunting expedition, reported in his book, *East of the Sun and West of the Moon,* that polyandry served greatly to ameliorate the lot of the woman in this region. I found no evidence of that. The woman in Ladakh is the work horse of the family. When she marries she takes up the great burden of children, the house, and the fields. Unmarried women are spry, pretty, and gay. Married women are old by thirty. A few years of married life makes them bent and silent and wan. Polyandry, if designed to cater to the woman, has failed in its purpose.

In some regions polyandry may have been designed to cut down 595
the number of babies. The scarcity of food is thought by some to 168
have been the reason for the introduction long ago of the polyandric marriage into a few remote sections of the Kulu Valley. A related reason is sometimes advanced for the introduction of polyandry into Tibet and Ladakh. The view is that it was imported by the lamas as an instrument of control. This region does not produce much food. If the population curve were to go up, there would not be enough food to go around. Population is held in check by reducing the number of wives. That means more food for everyone as fewer babies are born. That means that the monasteries, bulging with food, need not fear a growing discontent among the masses who starve so that the lamas may eat. The purpose, if such it was, is lost in history. But the effect of polyandry is plain. The population of Ladakh has long remained practically stationary; and the food supply of the lamas has in no way been threatened.

Another theory behind polyandry also traces to a purpose that 595
serves the interest of the monasteries. The idea is that if a woman 182
has several husbands there will likely be discontent and rivalry 792
among the men. The wife will have favorites; and there will be

595 some husbands who will not share fully in the connubial bliss.
182 They will be apt to turn their backs on marriage and retire to the
792 monasteries to become lamas.

595 All of these reasons* may contribute to the invention and spread
428 of polyandry in Ladakh and Tibet. But the chief reason is the law of primogeniture. In this region the land, on the death of the father, passes to the eldest son. That has the advantage of keeping an estate intact, of preventing it from being pulverized into many pieces. Otherwise, family units might become so small as to be
[735] uneconomic. Proponents of primogeniture say that if the estates were pulverized, starvation would be the fate of those who, even with large farms, barely keep at the subsistence level.

But if all the land goes to the eldest son, the younger ones are cast out and nothing is left for them. New land in this bleak and barren country is not readily had. There are no frontiers where untapped, fertile land can be opened to settlement. And there will be none unless vast irrigation projects are undertaken. There is no industry to which the younger sons can turn. There are precious few trades that will absorb them. The economy is almost exclusively agricultural. The younger sons must look to the land for their livelihood unless perchance they become lamas, or try to develop caravan routes, or leave the country completely.

The problem, therefore, was to keep all the sons on the ancestral plot of ground and yet preserve the old home place as a unit. If each son moved in with a wife, there would probably be trouble. Even if there were no trouble, there would be many babies and an increasing number of mouths to feed.

595 And so several reasons may have combined to build each generation of sons around one wife. This woman, who became the wife of the eldest son, became the wife of each of his brothers. The first-born son—whatever husband be the father—became the
[601] heir. The eldest husband is called Father; each of his brothers is called Little Father. In the eyes of the law, each has equal access to the wife and she has equal obligations to all the brothers. In

* [See p.179 -- ANALYST]

practice she may reject the husbandly advances of any of the hus- 595
bands or she may demand the husbandly attentions of all of them.

But the polyandric system in Ladakh is not a pure and unadul- 595
terated one. It bows to expediency. In theory, there is only one 178
wife. Often there are two or perhaps three in a family. The first wife may be sickly. Or she may be so busy bearing children that she cannot work in the fields. Or the burden of the children, the house, and the fields may be too great for any one woman. And so another woman is brought in as wife; and the bedroom acquires a communistic cast.

At times there will be no son to inherit the land. In that event 595
the eldest daughter takes all. Yet, if she has sisters, they too must 428
be provided for. And so the institution of the *magpa* was invented. The father who has no male heir looks around for a likely son-in-law. When the father finds a suitable candidate, he makes a proposition to him. If the chap will give up his family name and take the family name of the other family, he can marry the eldest daughter and their son will inherit the property. If this chap marries the eldest daughter, he automatically becomes the husband of all of her sisters. He becomes the *magpa*, the new head of the sonless family. And so when Mr. Gyalang marries Miss Dombos, he becomes Mr. Dombos.

Thus primogeniture in Ladakh and in Tibet has produced both 595
polyandry and polygamy. These institutions today have a great 428
hold on the people. The Kashmir government is not proud of 182
them. The educated people look down on them. The best families in Leh do not like to discuss the problem. But the roots of polyandry are deep; they are tied to the economy as well as to the customs of the people. And behind the scenes the lamas give the system spiritual and moral support. For the institution of primogeniture has long been thought to be sound in a land where the margin between subsistence and starvation is so narrow. And polyandry is sound by the standards of the lamas, who measure

595
428 the welfare of the state by the security and well-being of their
182 religious order.

595 The marriage of a woman to plural husbands, like the marriage
585 of a *magpa* to plural wives or the marriage of one man to one woman, is a simple affair in Ladakh. The relatives escort the bride to the groom's house, where prayers are read by a lama. The prayers are in part directed toward a separation of the gods of the bride's house from the gods of the groom's house. We of the West are not, in some respects, as wise as those of the East. But we do know that when the house of the bride is too closely associated with the house of the groom, trouble may ensue. We have our own terminology for the problem. The Ladakhis may be more realistic than we. They tackle the problem vigorously, though perhaps indirectly, by having the lamas exorcise the spirits of the house of the bride and keep them from the house of the groom. They know, as well as we do, that house gods can be troublesome. What the lama does is this. He has a vase in which he puts various charms. Then, after pronouncing incantations over the vase, he breaks it and thus destroys the entrance of the bride's house gods into the house of the groom.

The marriage ceremony is simple. It is merely a declaration by the lama that the couple are man and wife. Several days of entertainment follow, with the lamas reciting prayers every morning.

595 Divorce is even more simple. The wife in a polyandric marriage
586 or the *magpa* in a polygamous marriage gets a divorce merely by walking out. If the brothers want to get rid of their joint wife, the procedure is almost as simple. They merely tell her to go hence and, as damages, present her with a cow. But they must be unanimous to make the divorce that easy. If one brother wants her to stay, she need not go. If sisters decide their *magpa* is a poor bargain, they can dismiss him and present him with a horse in lieu of damages.

The wife of a polyandric marriage can get her divorce by getting up and walking out at any time. The husbands may send a

horse to fetch her back. But if she returns the horse and does not 595
come, that is the end of it. The divorce is final. The wife in a 586
polyandric marriage, on the death of her eldest husband, can get
a divorce from the younger brothers by tying a thread to the
finger of the deceased and to her finger and then cutting the
thread.

Though marriage is a concern of the lamas, divorce is purely a concern of the families.

This was the story of polyandry and of the *magpa* that I heard discussed along the trails and in the villages of Ladakh. But I wanted to see for myself how the institutions flourished and functioned.

I learned that the polyandry system breeds prostitution. There 595
are in Ladakh about as many women as there are men. In Leh, 548
which has a population of 4,000, the men and women are about
equal in numbers. There are sixty prostitutes in Leh. They cater
to the caravans and to the Army garrison.

I also learned that polyandry among Buddhists has increased 595
the flow of Buddhist women into Moslem marriages. There is an 177
ancient mosque in Leh serving the religious needs of Moslems
who travel the caravan routes. Today about half the people of [795]
Leh are Moslems. Moslems are polygamous, in theory at least,
and take as many wives as their economic conditions permit. In
Ladakh that usually means that a Moslem has only one wife, for
women are expensive there as elsewhere. Buddhist women, left
out of a polyandric marriage and not choosing prostitution, turn 797
to the Moslem men and take their Buddhist charms and good-luck 177
pieces with them. To all outward appearances they become Moslems.
The Moslem priest makes them wear a large piece of cloth
under their hats and over their shoulders on threat that if they
do not do so their hair will turn to snakes when they die. Buddhist
women turning to Moslems for marriage, though outwardly Moslems,
are probably Buddhists in their hearts for the rest of their

797 lives. For the beliefs and superstitions instilled by the lamas since
177 their girlhood are not easily displaced.

595 I also learned that perhaps 50 per cent of the polyandric mar-
593 riages are happy ones. Many are not. One *magpa* affair I ran into is an unhappy one. This is the case of the Tingzingpa family of Khalatse below Leh. The man, imported into the family to provide the missing male line of descent, is in love not with the elder sister but with the younger one. The older sister is left out in the cold. She receives no husbandly attentions. In August 1951 she was planning to leave the home, go to Leh, and marry a Moslem.

The wife in a polyandric marriage, like a *magpa*, often has her favorites. I also found an example of that in Khalatse. The man's name is Thundup Drambuchanpa. He is a disconsolate, middle-aged man with five brothers. They are married to Phuti. Thundup thought he had first claim to Phuti. After all, he owned the whole family inheritance. It was he who married Phuti. His brothers were only the beneficiaries of his marriage. They should occupy second place and stay in the background. Not so. His youngest brother, Rigzen, had taken over. He got all the attention, all the affection of Phuti. Thundup was mad, thoroughly mad. Phuti and Rigzen would not even let him eat at the same table with them. He had to wait to eat until they finished. Then he got only the leftovers, and they were cold.

"Is that just?" he asked. "Why does not Rigzen leave?"

But Rigzen, with the connivance of Phuti, was there to stay. He had taken over the management of the farm and was squeezing Thundup out.

595- The reverse happened to Wangyal of Leh. He was isolated,
671 in fact quarantined, from the family life. The wife gave all her
428 devotion to the elder brother. When that happens in Ladakh, the younger brother commonly leaves the family. Some become coolies; others seek work in Yarkand, Kyelang, Srinagar, Manali; others become lamas. Wangyal did not want to do any of those things. The new law of Kashmir declared polyandry illegal; it

abolished primogeniture and decreed that on the death of the 595
father any son could get a partition of the ancestral home and 428
claim his fraction of it. [691]

That was what Wangyal decided to do. He would prove to the elder brother and their wife that he could not be frozen out of his family life.

And so he went to see the Tehsildar. But that was only the beginning of his troubles. The pressure of the village is on the side of the maintenance of the family and against the breaking up of the estate. The influence of the lamas is behind polyandry. The Tehsildar told Wangyal to go see his lamas at Spitok. He walked the six miles and walked back. Weeks passed. Nothing happened. For months he was shuttled between the lamas of Spitok and the officials of Leh.

"If I had money, perhaps I could bribe someone to do me [694]
justice," he complained to me. "But I am penniless."

"What do you plan now?"

"Perhaps I can find work in Srinagar," he said sorrowfully.

Younger sons frequently rebel. Girls about to be married to a 593
group of brothers sometimes defy the parental command. Chosk- 184
yit, who lived at Basgo, a village below Leh on the Indus, defied her father. He ordered her to marry seven sons. She pleaded and begged and eventually refused. She left Basgo at night and fled to Leh. She was disowned and became an outlaw from her family. Later she became a Christian, converted by the Moravian mis- [797]
sionaries at Leh. Her younger sister, however, obliged and married the seven brothers.

Such revolts as Choskyit's are not common. They seldom happen in the poorer families. But these days they happen more frequently among the upper classes. A few years back, a prominent 593
Tibetan girl, educated abroad, married a boy in Lhasa. His mother 595
insisted that the girl be the wife of the younger brother too. She 184
flatly refused. The wrath of the family descended upon her. So she left and was gone five years. She would not return until a firm

593 595 agreement was made that she would be the wife of only the one
184 son. Thus are the rights of women being gradually asserted in this ancient, feudal system.

593 I visited a polyandric family in the village of Sankar, a mile or so north of Leh. It was a family of one wife, one child, and two husbands. Dombos was the name—Stobldan Dombos being the older brother; Tashi Dondrup Dombos, the younger; Nyangyal, the wife. They were a farm family with a few *kanals* of land under cultivation. Their house is a two-storied mud-and-stone affair with two rooms downstairs and one up. The bedroom is upstairs; and I discovered that Stobldan and Tashi Dondrup have a working rule governing the sharing of the wife. The one who is demanding her undivided attention leaves his shoes outside the closed bedroom door.

This was a gay, happy family. Nyangyal, tall and thin and with languid eyes, was eager to be photographed. The brothers were glad to co-operate. The atmosphere of the home was relaxed, not tense. Both brothers were hoping there would be more children on the way soon.

I visited the Gyalang family in Leh. This, again, is a family of one wife, Nordzin, and two husbands, Phuntzog the older and
[465] Pamba the younger. They are as poor as church mice. Phuntzog makes sixty rupees (about twelve dollars) a month running the mail down to Spitok from Leh. They have a few *kanals* of land
291 which Pamba attends to. All of them are dressed in rags. Phuntzog and Pamba wore the typical Ladakhi dress. Their wool coats were loose, coarsely woven, and dyed red. Each had a dirty sash around his waist. Their stockings were of felt and knee-length. Their hats were a cap-like headdress with flaps on two sides that cover the ears in winter. Nordzin's dress (her only one) was a typical Ladakhi dress—coarse black wool with high neck, long sleeves,
515 full skirt. She never washes the dress. She takes it off at night,
735 and in the winter uses it as extra bedding. Sometimes she will hang it outside at night to rid it of lice. The day I took her picture

she was nursing a child; and as the baby fed, Nordzin picked lice 515
off herself and off the child and cracked them with her fingernails. 735
Her hair was matted. Nordzin, about five feet eight and slight, had a flat face that was creased with care and worry and unhappiness. The faces of the children were as filthy as the rags they wore.

I inquired of Pamba why they were so poor when Phuntzog 735
made twelve dollars a month and the garden produced all the 274
vegetables they could eat. The answer was slow in coming, and even then it was evasive. It seems that a great portion of the income of the Gyalangs goes into the making of *chan*, the local barley beer. Indeed, one eighth of the farm production of Leh is used to make this brew. It stimulates many quarrels between the brothers. With the help of the *chan*, Phuntzog and Pamba raise their voices over Nordzin.

When I entered the Gyalang house, I began to understand the 593
basis for the friction. It is a one-room affair. A clay stove, built [511]
by Phuntzog, is against one wall. The floor is of mud and very dirty. There are no chairs, no table, no bed. The one wife, four children, and two husbands roll up together on the floor.

There was a scowl on Pamba's face when I asked him about Phuntzog.

"He's Nordzin's favorite," Pamba complained.

"But he's gone most of the day and many nights on his mail route," I said.

Pamba only shrugged his shoulders.

Later I talked with Phuntzog. The sun was just rising over Leh, and he was in a hurry to get started on the road to Spitok. He, like Pamba, is short, squat, round-faced, and bedraggled. Like Pamba, he was full of complaints. His brother was getting the best of the arrangement, he said. His long absences gave Pamba the advantage. It was he, Phuntzog, who owned the place; yet it was Pamba who acted like lord and master. And Pamba was lazy and made Nordzin do all the work.

593 At the end of our talk I put Phuntzog one question.

"Phuntzog," I said, "tell me the truth. Should a man keep one wife all to himself, or is it better that he share her with another man?"

Phuntzog looked at me for several seconds. His brown eyes were now hard, his face expressionless. Finally he muttered, "What do you think?"

And, turning on his heel, he started with his mail sack to Spitok.

CHAPTER 19

THE CHURCH AS LANDLORD

I believe it was an Englishman, reporting on con- 471
ditions in Tibet some years back, who said that it 423
was a nation where there were more "crazily rich and crazily poor" than in any other in the world. Fewer than one hundred families and the monasteries own practically all the wealth of Tibet. Somewhat the same condition exists in Ladakh. How much of the land is owned by the monasteries is not readily ascertained. The monastic heads do not discuss those matters; and officials are reluctant to give out the figures. Hence I was not able to get complete figures. But the percentage of the land owned is well
over 50 per cent; and it is normally the choice land. The vast [463]
majority of the 80,000 people in Ladakh are either attached to the monasteries as lamas or work for the monasteries as farm tenants.

Ladakh ethnologically, culturally, geologically, and geograph- 101
ically is a part of Tibet, though politically it is not. Yet Ladakh 631
has such a close relationship to Tibet that in 1951 I heard prom- 175

101 inent people say that if the Kashmir dispute were resolved in
175 Pakistan's favor Ladakh would forsake India and rejoin Tibet.
631 Ladakh has long been called Little Tibet; but it never was, strictly speaking, a Tibetan province. Commercially it had ties with Yarkand and Kashmir. Religiously it had ties to the Dalai Lama, to whom Ladakh sent an annual tribute. And thus it was politically allied to Tibet. But it was, in fact, an independent principality under a mild despotism.

175 It[1] was ruled by a king who did little but collect revenues and
645 sit in contemplation as a Buddhist prince. The Prime Minister was the administrative officer. His position was almost hereditary, staying in one family for years. Ladakh had a nobility made up of petty chiefs, each of whom had dominion over a valley or region. There were eight of these, one of them being Gya, where we stayed.

792 The early kings and nobles were patrons of the lamas and gave
425 them grants of land. That was the beginning of the wealth of the
556 monasteries. Wealth begat wealth; the rich became richer. Revenues were used to acquire new farming lands. Pious men presented monasteries with lands. Farmers who had no sons left their wealth to the church when they died. The economic power of the monasteries grew and grew.

792 This hold of the monasteries on Ladakh goes back to a political
175 maneuver by the secular power. About the seventh century the
668 kings of Ladakh and Tibet used Lamaism to circumvent the
631 feudal powers of local nobles. This region was a large collection of separate political oases ruled over by local families. The early kings used the church to tie all these communities together. The church, in other words, became the unifying power, growing larger and larger and becoming a continuous force until eventually it superseded not only the local nobles but the secular kings themselves. No secular power arose to displace the church for several reasons. The communities were widely dispersed; the communication between them was difficult; there were no large, local units

[1] [Ladakh -- Analyst]

that could dominate the rest. And so monastic Buddhism united 792 175
social and political groups, isolated from each other, into one 668
common community. That is the essential unity of Ladakh and 631
Tibet today.

One Tibetan king tried in the tenth century to oust the church, [185]
but he failed. His name was Langdharma. He is known in lama tradition today as the incarnation of wickedness.

It was not always easy going for the monasteries. In the middle 792
of the sixteenth century Moslems swept down from the north- 175
west; and again about A.D. 1600 they invaded from the west. They 798
destroyed monasteries and threw the libraries into the Indus. The Moslem rule was short-lived. The monasteries shortly re-
gained their position. In the Great Mongol War of 1646–47 the 721
Maharajah of Kashmir, whose troops were in command of the 175
brave Wazir Zorawar, annexed Ladakh to India. About 1834 798
General Zorawar Singh, acting for the Rajah of Jammu, again 631
conquered Ladakh for India, driving before him into Tibet about nine thousand lamas or three quarters of the monks of the monasteries. Singh moved on to Tibet and in 1841 was defeated by the Chinese, who swept down to Leh and held it for a few weeks. But they were driven out by Moslems; and, ever since, Ladakh has been politically a part of Kashmir. But in 1951 and 1952 Ladakh was insisting that it be a federated state in Kashmir, having the same relation to Kashmir as Kashmir has to India. In that way Ladakh would retain home rule.

Ladakh still has a king. I met him at Leh. He is a slight, wiry 643
chap in his twenties and at present is an officer in the Indian Army. He still has a palace; he is still king in name; and his wife, the Queen owns the most beautiful, the most expensive *perakh* in Ladakh. But their titles and rank are titular only and have been for a century.

The lands are rented by the monasteries under various tenancy 423
systems: 427

(1) The landlord furnishes the seed and gets in return three

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Bakula is a Yellow Sect lama whose soul has been traced back beyond Buddha.

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The Ladakhis are poor people—poor in the strictest sense in which we use the word.

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The castle of the King of Ladakh still stands. But it is today empty—filled with cobwebs, bats, and the memories of an ancient power that events have transferred to other hands.

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Zila played the daps and sang of love in a sad and melancholy voice.

[facing p. 192]

423 times the seed (the average yield for Ladakh is ten to one, the
427 return on the best land being twenty to one, the return on the
poorest, five to one).

(2) The landlord furnishes the seed and gets 50 per cent of the crop.

(3) The tenant furnishes the seed, labor, work animals, and water and pays the landlord 50 per cent of the crop.

(4) The landlord gets five rupees (about one dollar) for every two *kanals* (one *kanal* equals one sixteenth acre) of land, the rent being paid in cash or crops.

This fourth method is now the most common one; and whether the monastery collects cash or crops depends on the deal made with the individual farmer.

426 Loans and usury cut down the tenant's share considerably. Historically, a landlord advancing eighty-two rupees gets twenty rupees in interest. Professional moneylenders used to charge as much if not more. The stories of usurious interest in Ladakh and Tibet would make even our avaricious loan sharks wince.

792 The monasteries have done their share of exploitation, but their
426 management of agricultural credit has usually been more humane
452 than that of other creditors. If a debtor was hopelessly involved, the monastery would take over one half of the land for three years. If the debt was not liquidated in that period, the land would be restored to the debtor and the debt written off. Monasteries seldom allowed land to be alienated permanently for debt. Their credit system bore heavily on tenant and landowner alike. But relatively speaking, the monastery did not exploit the farmer through avaricious practices.

426 The liberal Kashmir government has adopted corrective meas-
452 ures for all agricultural credit. Kashmir now has a debtor's relief
671 act designed to discharge extortionate debts and to provide repay-
657 ments in convenient installments. It is now the law of Kashmir that no landlord can charge any interest on a loan to his tenant. And moneylenders today are restricted by law to 5 per cent on their LOANS.

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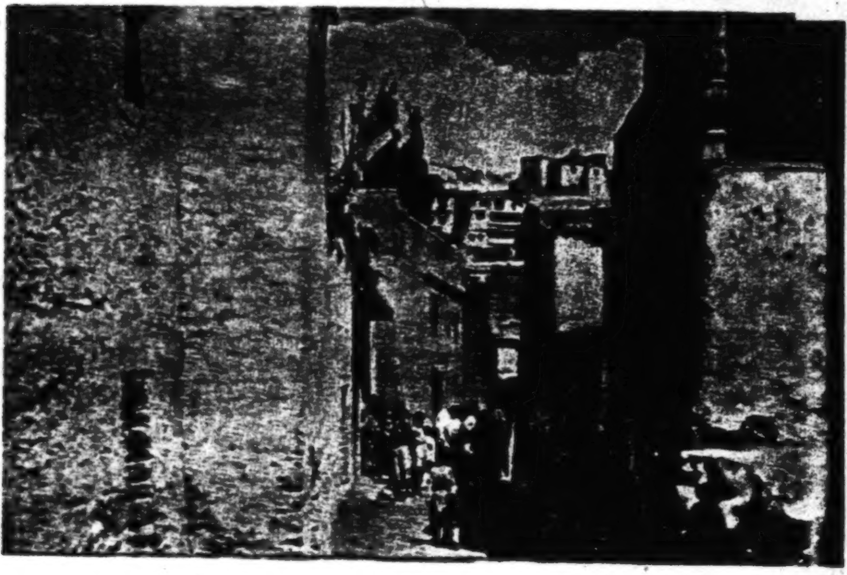

Leh is the ancient capital of Ladakh, with narrow, winding streets made for caravans, not cars.

Jigmet, the headman of Upshi, is the richest man in the village.

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[facing p. 193]

12: Douglas T-3 (1951)1953 AJ4 W. Tibetans AJ4

426 loans. But ancient habits are hard to break. I do not know the
456 extent to which these new Kashmir laws are observed. There are
671 ugly stories about current usurious practices. About 95 per cent of the agricultural loans in Ladakh are repayable in kind. Monasteries advance food in the winter to tenants. Barley advanced when the grain is sixty cents must be repaid when the grain is thirty cents. Isn't repayment of twice the amount of the loan a kind of usury?

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671 Kashmir has gone far in breaking up its feudal system based
425 on landownership. Under its new law every landowner is entitled to keep 182 *kanals* of land. The government has taken the rest of each owner's holdings and distributed it to the tenants. In the vicinity of Leh over twenty thousand acres have passed from twenty-four landlords to the peasants. The distribution at Leh, as at other places in Ladakh, was free, the peasants not paying for the land. Nor, to date, has the government paid the owners any compensation. Whether or not they should pay is a political question that agitates Kashmir.

425 Payment of just compensation, in the American sense, is impossible. The holdings were so large and so vast that it would take all the wealth of the state to compensate the old owners by our constitutional standards. Nehru and I discussed the problem in Delhi in August 1951.

"If the former owners get paid the full value of their land they will still own the wealth of the nation," Nehru said. And they would. New people would own the land. But the bulk of the revenues would still flow to the old owners.

Various ideas are being discussed for compensating the owners: payment that avoids confiscation; an annuity to the owner for his life and a lesser annuity to his children for their lives. What Kashmir will eventually do has not been decided. But in two important respects Kashmir has not touched the land problem.

It has not distributed the landholdings of the King of Ladakh, who completely owns the village of Stok not far from Leh. It has

425 not distributed the landholdings of the monasteries. Though some twenty thousand acres were taken from twenty-four landlords in the vicinity of Leh, as I have said, nine thousand acres, belonging to the monasteries, were left untouched.

671 The truth is that the Kashmir law excepts these holdings from
423 its operation. In the case of the King of Ladakh, the exception is
792 not important, for his holdings are not great. He probably was
425 excluded because the monasteries all around his estate were excluded. The monasteries were excluded because the power of the lamas is so great that the government did not deem it expedient to disturb the status quo.

I heard various versions of that decision. One official in Leh said to me, "If a monastery has five hundred lamas, in fairness each lama would be entitled to 182 *kanals* on a redistribution of the land. That would at times result in an increase in the holdings of the monastery."

Another official had a different view: "If the lands are taken from the monasteries, who will support them?" he asked. He went on to explain that, while the monasteries collect some funds from the people, these funds are inadequate for the support of the lamas. The people are poor and can give very little. What they do give are small sums on festival days, on marriages, and the like. There is no sustaining congregation as we know it. The monasteries are utterly dependent on the land for their support.

This official added, "If the lands are taken from the monasteries, then the government must support the monasteries. That would be bad."

"Because church and state should be separate?" I asked.

"No. Because the government could not afford to maintain the monasteries."

792 The bald truth is that the lamas are a powerful political force. The position of the lamas is strong. If A were running against B for public office and the lamas sent word down that B was hostile to the church, there is no doubt A would be elected.

This hold of the lamas on the people does not result from the 792
organized activities of the church. There are few schools for children [871]
run by the monasteries. The monasteries have instruction in philosophy, astronomy, literature, and religion. But that instruction is for the lamas, not the laymen. Children are not taken under the wing and indoctrinated. The monasteries do not exert [143]
a power over the people through hospitals, medical care, homes for the aged, and the like. They render no community service, except as they send lamas to a home to pray by the bedside of a sick person, to conduct a funeral service, or to perform a marriage ceremony.

They hold their people by fears and superstitions and poverty. Their paraphernalia are numerous. The *mani* walls, the *chhortens*, and the *obos* are perpetual reminders to every sojourner in this region of his religious duties, of the spirits that haunt the trails, of the dangers which transgressions bring. There is the Tibetan proverb that "without a lama in front there is no approach to God." The lama is the person who has command over the spirit world, who can drive away the evil forces, who can interest the good deities in the welfare of the people. The lama has contacts with the other world. He has the wisdom and the power of the land. He can conjure up even Yama, the King of Hell, and all his demons. He can produce Yama in the flesh for all to see.

The whole weight of tradition is behind Lamaism and its 212
power. The native Ladakhi, like the Tibetan, is illiterate. He can neither read nor write. He has no radio to listen to the news of
the world. There are in all of Ladakh not over three radios. [207]

The native, filled with fears and superstitions, gets his learning 871
in part from paintings. The word "painter" means literally the 532
"writer of gods." Ladakhi and Tibetan painting is the equivalent 869
of a language where one can see in anthropomorphic form the virtues such as Mercy and Chastity and the vices such as Lust, Anger, and Greed. The colors, postures, and gestures of the figures all express ideas. The peasant, who lives in a world dimly

871 532 869 lighted and full of scheming devils, learns about the paintings from the lamas. He first learns of devils and demons from the lips of his parents when he is a babe, from the stories his elders tell as he grows up, from the legends of pass poison, evil demons, revengeful gods that men in the caravans relate. And when he goes to the monasteries, the stories he has heard at home are confirmed. The lamas put on their dances and out come Lust, Anger, and Greed in person. Even the most stupid person can see them in all their ugliness. Thus are the natives indoctrinated with fears and superstitions. The devils are always present; they are a factor never forgotten in the daily life of the Ladakhis. A Ladakhi burns incense to sanctify his house. He spins his prayer wheel and observes the ritual of the *mani* walls and *chhortens*. And to gain religious merit, he goes on a pilgrimage, sometimes to India proper, in search of the river of mystery in the fashion of the lama immortalized by Kipling's *Kim*.

792 876 Rahul, devout Buddhist and a prominent layman in the church, made a speech a year or so ago saying the monasteries should become educational centers, bringing in the children from the surrounding areas and teaching them. The wrath of the lamas descended on Rahul. He was severely taken to task.

"Why?" I ventured to ask.

"Because the power of the lamas is in part due to the ignorance of the people," Rahul answered. "That is the reason why Tibet has been the forbidden land. The lamas do not want ideas from the outside world to reach their people. Ideas, you know, can be disturbing."

That is why travel of foreigners throughout the whole area was long restricted. That is why lamas, fearful of the importation of ideas, would sometimes turn bandits loose on travelers. That is why, even today, the educational activities of monasteries—apart from their perpetuation of superstition—are practically nil.

792 Lamaism has a vested interest not only in the ignorance of the people but in their poverty as well. Poverty and ignorance, in

fact, go hand in hand. Poverty is indeed the main instrument for 792
promoting and perpetuating ignorance.

Each monastery has not only a spiritual head (the *skushok*),
but also a managerial head (the *chhagzot*), and a treasurer (the
konyer). There are two classes of monks—the praying monks and
the working monks. The working monks are under the *chhagzot*
and the *konyer*. The *chhagzot* is usually a lama whose main job 792
is to supervise the making of leases of the farmlands and their 426
cultivation, and to collect the rents. He usually rides the biggest, whitest horse in the region. When he or the lama who represents him comes to a village to collect the rents, he brings with him more than the usual power and prestige of the landlord. He also brings the power and prestige of the church. He is the holy man to whom all allegiance is owed. He is the one who holds the tenant in the palm of his hand. He may, in appearance, be a kindly man. But as a symbol he has a terrifying importance. Since he is under a mandate to keep the people poor, he can in good conscience exact the pound of flesh. And they—poor, miserable, whimpering villagers—can only bow in submission.

These Ladakhis are poor people—poor in the strictest sense in 735
which we use the word. They get some income from sheep, goats, 511
and yaks. But the bulk of their livelihood is from agriculture.
They are on a bare subsistence level. They commonly work per
family only a few acres. Their diet has very little meat in it. The [262]
Rupshupa, whom I saw at Zara, eat milk, cheese, and meat, supplemented by barley that they get in barter for wool. But they are the exceptions. The rest are, for the most part, vegetarians. They eat barley and wheat cakes (*chapattis*), the broth of turnips with some peas in it, baked barley flour (*sattu*), fruits in season (apples, grapes, apricots), and *gur gur cha*. They have one escape from the monotony of life—apart from the festivals at the monasteries. That escape is through *chan*—a local beer, made from wheat and barley, that looks like dirty gruel and smells like stale beer.

The Rupshupa, now that the price of wool is high, may have

735 an annual cash income of eighty dollars a year per family. But
511 that is far above what the average Ladakhi family will have in a year.

[342] At Upshi, where we first touched the Indus River, we stayed with the headman of the village, Jigmet. Jigmet's house has two stories. It is made of stone and mud with rafters of poplar wood. The ceilings are about six feet high. The floors are mud. The roof is flat, constructed of rocks and mud laid on top of boughs. The cooking is done in a fireplace located under a hole in the roof. The toilet is on an open balcony on the second floor. It consists only of a hole in the mud floor. There are no furnishings in the house—no chairs, no beds, no tables. There are no decorations on the walls, no carpets on the floors.

Jigmet is the richest man in the village. He owns the land he works—eighteen *kanals* or a little more than one acre. He has no sheep, no goats, no yaks. He has one dzo that he uses for plowing. For fuel he uses the dung of the dzo and the common sea buckthorn (*Hippophae rhamnoides*)—a silvery-barked shrub with sharp spines and orange-yellow berries that flourishes in the valley of the Indus. He raises only barley, and he irrigates it from the Indus. He has a few chickens. Their eggs, the dzo's milk, and the barley are his income. He bragged that he had a cash income, over and above his living, of fifty dollars a year. A local official laughed at the idea. He said five dollars a year would be closer.

[291] Jigmet wore a gray wool gown, sandals, and a Ladakhi hat. The hat, distinguished by a rim made of black fur, had a round, squat top. Jigmet had one other adornment. In his right ear he wore a big gold earring about an inch and a half in diameter. His face was sad; his black eyebrows and thick, black mustache accentuated the severity of his countenance. Yet he was a gracious host. He showed us to our room on the second floor. The room had a small balcony big enough for a sleeping bag. It faced north, and I could see miles and miles up the Indus. We no sooner had unpacked than Jigmet's family appeared—a wife suckling a babe,

a grandmother, two small boys, a teen-age girl. I asked to get 511
their pictures in several different groupings. Jigmet directed them 735
to comply. After each picture, Jigmet came up and, with outstretched hand, said, "Bakshish" (an Arabic word meaning a tip, which the British introduced to Ladakh). Each time I gave him or the wife or the children something—candy, cigarettes, salt. The picture taking took a half hour or so. Jigmet and the family then left. When Rahul and I were eating dinner, Jigmet reappeared. He sat silently watching us for ten minutes or so. Then he got up, held out his hand, and said, "Bakshish." I gave him some more cigarettes. At the crack of dawn he was back, saying, "Bakshish." He followed me around as I took pictures of Upshi and its people.

I worked my way through his fields of beardless barley to get pictures of the Indus River, about a quarter mile distant. Every few yards, Jigmet, who followed me closely, pleaded, "Bakshish." That word came so frequently that it rang in my ears. By the time I had returned to the house, loaded my cameras, and started to leave, Jigmet had increased the frequency of the request. "Bakshish, bakshish, bakshish" came like a chant. I had paid him well for the lodgings. I did not know what the proprieties were. Rahul said I had paid enough; so did the Indian Army officer who was traveling with us from Pagmur to Leh.

I walked up to Jigmet and held out my hand to say good-by. He did not put out his hand but said, "If there is no bakshish, there is no use shaking hands."

I took his hand anyway and gave it a firm squeeze, saying, "This is the way we do it in America. Friendship is more important than bakshish."

Jigmet stood disconsolate as I rode off on Moti. Though Jigmet, 511
by Ladakhi peasant standards, was well off, he had not more than 735
ten dollars a year cash income. All who lived around him were 792
much poorer than he, held in a vicious serfdom under the monasteries. It was his duty to feed and care for every lama who went

511
735 by. It was only the occasional stranger who offered him any pos-
792 sible opportunity to make a cash profit.

[642] The poverty and ignorance in which the lamas hold the people
578 of this region mean that the lamas are supreme in temporal as
522 well as in spiritual matters. There is no revolt, not even any apparent resentment. Yet people are people the world around; and the Ladakhis show their resentment in simple, innocuous ways. It is in the form of making fun of the lamas. And one of the most dramatic ways is in the singing of a famous Ladakhi folk song.

[291] The women of Gya sang it for me. A dozen or more stood in line, close together. They were dressed in their conventional long black wool dresses. Most of them had on the picturesque *perakh*,[1] and the large black wool earpieces that stood out like sails from their heads. Most of them wore sheepskins over their shoulders—the skin that serves as a ground covering at night, a protection against rain by day, and a shield for the carrying of loads on the back. They were giggling as they started to sing; and the giggles interfered with the song until at last they finally settled to a
578 serious rendition. The song is a take-off on a man accused of be-
522 ing a lama. The man's name is Tashiwangyal, and he is the singer.
792
539

Don't think I have no father;[1]
My father's caste is bright like sandalwood.[2]
Don't think I have no mother;
I'm like the guitar made out of the reindeer skin.[3]
Don't think I have no tongue;
I'm like the cord made of the inner skin of the goat.[4]
Don't think I am a lama;
Thang Thang Gyalpo is my lama.[5]*

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[1] A lama is supposed to renounce his father and mother.
[2] He is, in other words, spotless.
[3] He's made of proper stuff.
[4] This skin has a fine texture.
[5] He was a very superior man who built a lot of monasteries.
*See page 334.

1 [Headdress of older women -- Analyst]

As the women sang, they bent over until their backs were almost parallel to the ground. They shook their fingers at an imaginary figure at their feet as if they were scolding. As they pretended to scold, they swayed back and forth. And as they sang and swayed, their eyes danced with merriment. For now they were making fun of their lord and master—the one who owns their souls, their houses, their menfolk, their babies, their fields—the big rich monastery that sits like a castle on the hill. 578 522 792

CHAPTER 20

COMMUNISM vs. BUDDHISM

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In the summer of 1951, the United States was busily engaged in hunting down Communists in our midst, in preparing our defenses against Soviet Russia, and in conducting a military program in Asia against Red China. While this was going on, while our sons were in training camps or on the battlefields, while our generals were seeking larger and larger appropriations for military ends and more and more laws to strengthen their hands, Soviet Russia was completing one of the most astute political maneuvers of her career. Some of the events which marked the political victory were noted in our press. But their full significance did not percolate through the military-mindedness which had possessed us. Few, even at top levels, knew and understood the master moves which Soviet Russia, acting through Red China, had made on the international chessboard. The move, although involving directly only Tibet, had a much larger prize in reach. That prize is the Buddhist world.

When the Chinese Communists, in January 1950, announced 175
their program for the "liberation" of Tibet, they were following 779
a traditional Chinese policy of intervention. In the ninth century, Tibet was at war with China. Tibet, the aggressor, was expanding east and west. But the Buddhist religious invasion of Tibet dramatically illustrates that religion makes a vast difference. When Buddhism became fastened on the Tibetans, war no longer became an instrument of policy. Buddha's command not to kill had profound political effects. Tibet became at times a subject nation. The Mongol Empire was extended over Tibet in A.D. 1200. By A.D. 1700 Chinese suzerainty began.

Tibet has never been a part of China, though Tibetan history, 175
written by the Chinese, has made it so. Tibet was strong and 648
independent when China was weak; Tibet was subservient when China was strong. Tibet has always been China's western neighbor. The boundary, which runs through vast, trackless expanses, has caused frequent disputes. The pressure of the western border people on China was often strong. China moved to a position of *influence or control in Tibet in order to guard her western* frontier.

The Chinese influence asserted itself in several ways. For centuries some lamas have received Chinese pensions and some monasteries have received generous Chinese donations. China has long demanded control of Tibet's foreign affairs and has always been jealous lest some other power align Tibet against China and thus create a menace from the rear. China has long paid the salary of the Tibetan Ambassador to Peking.

China has had at her command all the instruments of propa- 648
ganda. Her merchants, her books, her periodicals, her students 208
have gone throughout the world carrying the message of China's greatness and power. That message included the word that Tibet was a part of the great Chinese Empire. Tibet had no publicists, no ambassadors free of Chinese influence, no newspapers, no

648
208 method of communication with the world. Tibet, therefore, since A.D. 1700, has been largely a pawn in Chinese politics.

648 In the last two hundred years, China has sent several punitive
175 armies into Tibet. They were sent to control obstreperous Dalai
792 Lamas who were becoming too independent, who were not bending to the will of Peking. The Chinese in the period of suzerainty have thrown some Dalai Lamas in jail. They have had some Dalai Lamas murdered. The Chinese saw to it that a whole series of Dalai Lamas never lived beyond eighteen years. There was a reason for this. A Dalai Lama, while in his minority, is under a regent. The authority is then in the regent, as the authority at Hemis is in Phuntzog until Rinpoche reaches maturity. The Chinese have played politics in Tibet for centuries by murdering one Dalai Lama and appointing the regent of his successor. Through control of the regent they have kept control of Tibet.

648 At times the Chinese have overplayed their hands. In 1839 the
175 Chinese Ambassador to Tibet condemned a lama-regent to exile.
721 Fifteen thousand lamas of the Sera Monastery near Lhasa armed
792 themselves with lances and clubs and marched into the capital looking for the Chinese Ambassador. In 1917 the Tibetan Army, under command of a lama, was attacked by the Chinese Army. The lama general won the battle and took from the Chinese a territory larger than all of England.

648 But the Chinese have, for the most part, maintained effective
775 control in Tibet. And no device has helped them more than the
787 doctrine of reincarnation. The doctrine of reincarnation has been
792 more of a political than a divine institution. Under Lamaism the church was the effective instrument for control of the country. Native Tibetan control of the internal affairs of Tibet kept the church in the hands of the rich and powerful families. The Manchus saw the doctrine of reincarnation as the way of breaking that control. The method of tracing the soul of the deceased to a newborn babe had all the trappings of a mystic, impersonalized procedure. But the key man was the oracle who told the

lamas where to look. The Manchus saw to it that the oracle 648
directed the search into poor and insignificant families. By select- 775
ing the Dalai Lama from new and different groups, the church 787
got popular support; it got the blessing of those who preached 792
democratic principles. But that was not the aim. The aim and the effect were to destroy the old dynastic power. This process was capable of endless manipulation to arrest tribal alliances, to awaken new regional loyalties, to shift the center of political favor. The Chinese used it to the limit. The general formula developed by the Chinese to control the selection is described in Bell, *The Religion of Tibet*.

The story of the discovery of the present Dalai Lama is beauti- 792
fully related in Steele, "The Boy Ruler of Shangri-La," in the 159
Saturday Evening Post for April 13, 1946.

". . . When the thirteenth Dalai Lama died in 1933, at the unusually advanced age of fifty-four—several Dalai Lamas have died very young under mysterious circumstances—the machinery of magic and tradition was put into motion to find his successor. It was not until two years later that the lucky infant was born in a squalid peasant shack in Northeastern Tibet. Neighbors remember now that there was a rainbow over the house on the day of the birth, but nobody realized then the full significance of that heavenly sign. In fact, the boy was already four years old when he was finally found, identified and formally installed on the gilded throne of Tibet. It happened like this:

"Searching for the right baby boy from among thousands born 787
after the thirteenth Dalai Lama's passing, the high priests of 792
Lhasa sought continuous guidance from their gods. They con- 159
sulted the state oracle—a jovial monk whose prophecies fre- 775
quently influence government policies. The oracle, while in a trance, pointed eastward. There were other signs to indicate that the new Dalai Lama would be found somewhere in Eastern Tibet. Twice, during successive nights, the body of the late Grand Lama, lying in state in the Potala, was alleged to have

787 turned slightly toward the east. A strange, many-fingered fungus
792 sprang overnight from the east side of this dignitary's new, gold-
159 encrusted tomb. The odd growth is still preserved where it ap-
775 peared. It is enclosed today in a glass case.

"Next the regent and his wise men visited a sacred lake near Lhasa. In its waters they discerned the image of a three-storied, gold-roofed temple and other mystic signs. The rippling image was easily identified as that of a famous temple in Kumbum Monastery, two months' caravan travel away in Northeastern Tibet. They knew, then, that the boy Dalai Lama would be found somewhere in the vicinity of that monastery. A delegation was dispatched to Kumbum to make the final choice from among three infant candidates in that region. The priestly emissaries entered the house of the humble peasant Chog Chu Tsering, whose young son had shown 'supernatural' manifestations. Before him they laid a number of articles which had belonged to the late Dalai Lama, along with several exact imitations. This was the critical test. There was hushed tension as the infant fondled his new playthings. After momentary hesitation, he picked up a cane and a couple of necklaces. They were the genuine articles. The boy had passed. He had demonstrated his affinity with the defunct priest king. Here was the new Dalai Lama. Whatever doubt remained was dispelled when bodily examination revealed three of the five physical signs associated with the incarnated divinity Chenrezi. It took nearly a year of negotiation and payment of vast gratuities to extricate the child from the jurisdiction of the Chinese and Tibetan authorities in his home district."

The possibilities for manipulation of this doctrine within the framework of Lamaism are innumerable.

648 The Chinese have used not only the machinery of Lamaism in
792 this manipulation; they have used mechanical devices as well. At
775 times they have given the appearance of objectivity by the dis-
covery of several competing candidates for the office of Dalai
Lama. Then they put the names of the three candidates on sepa-

rate pieces of paper, wrapped each one in a piece of dough, put 648
the three in a wheel or drum, and whirled it. Out pops one; and 792
the man whose name is in the capsule is the Dalai Lama. How 775
they controlled the wheel so that the name of the candidate they preferred popped out is a mystery. But I learned from my early days with a carnival in this country that such mysteries are not profound. I am sure this one is not above the reach of the average pitch man.

The Chinese made the process easier to manipulate. In 1793 a golden urn was sent from China. The names of the boys who were likely candidates for the reincarnation were placed in the urn. Religious services were held, and then chopsticks were used to pick out one slip of paper. Manipulation within that scheme of things was a simple affair.

The Chinese have gone so far in their manipulation of the doctrine of reincarnation as to prohibit rebirth of a person deemed inimical to the welfare of the state. In 1882 Sing Chen helped a foreigner into Tibet and allowed him to visit Lhasa. The Chinese were displeased. They put Sing Chen to death and forbade him to reincarnate. Thus, long before the Communists came to control in China, the Chinese authorities used the doctrine of reincarnation to serve their ends and to perpetuate their authority.

The Chinese have used the Panchen Lama to further their 648
cause of subjecting Tibet. The Panchen Lama is second to the 792
Dalai Lama. But in some respects—too recondite for me to under- 642
stand—the Panchen Lama is "holier" than the Dalai Lama. He is a political invention of the fifteenth century—not an invention of the Chinese but of the ecclesiastical authorities who, on the growth of the political power of northern Tibet, created the Panchen Lama as the symbol of the north. But the south won out and the Dalai Lama remained supreme. Yet the Panchen Lama became a divisive influence in Buddhist ecclesiastical affairs.

The Panchen Lama has a large area of his own in Tibet over which he has control. His district is Tsang Province, where he

648 exercises almost complete jurisdiction both in ecclesiastical and
792 in temporal affairs. This region is his fief, and he is the supreme
642 overlord.

In recent years, the Chinese have capitalized on this strategic position of the Panchen Lama. The previous Panchen Lama in 1924 quarreled with the Dalai Lama and left Lhasa for China. He stayed there until his death in 1937. Then the Chinese, in control of the selection of his predecessor, chose the present Panchen Lama. Up to August 1951, this Panchen Lama had never left China, had never been in Lhasa. But he, the second-in-command, sat in China urging the Tibetans to make peace with Red China, pleading with them to submit to the "liberation" program which the Communists designed for Tibet.

648 The objective of the Chinese Communist government in the
792 summer of 1951 was to get the Dalai Lama under its control. He
had become alarmed at the threat of the Red Army to Tibet. So he fled Lhasa, going with his entourage to Yatung, a small monastic town near Mount Everest on the Tibetan-Indian border. I had letters to the Dalai Lama and had arranged to visit him there. But before I arrived, a train of events had changed the course of history and sent the Dalai Lama north, a virtual captive of Red China.

The family of the Dalai Lama and many influential people in the hierarchy pleaded with him not to return to Lhasa. They pointed out that if he did, he would be a ready victim of Communist intrigue. The Communists would work to liquidate the system of landlordism on which the monasteries depended. The Communists would appropriate the wealth of Tibet to their own ends, robbing the church. The Communists would undercut the authority of the Dalai Lama, making him a mere vassal. The Communists would make the monasteries dependent on them for financial support; and once the Communists got effective control, the Dalai Lama and all other lamas would be mere puppets of the Red regime. There were personal reasons as well on the side of leaving Tibet. The Dalai Lama's mother had left Tibet. The

Chinese sent his brother to Yatung to persuade the Dalai Lama to 648
return to Lhasa. The brother passed through Yatung, crossed to 792
India, and caught a plane to the United States. The weight of family influence was on the side of quitting Tibet.

These were the arguments of friends of the Dalai Lama who wanted him to quit Tibet and go to India. There were other arguments I was carrying to Yatung to present as forcefully as possible to the Dalai Lama. There is reason to believe that the Dalai Lama understood this point of view and was sympathetic with it. There is reason to think that if he had his real choice he would have left Tibet.

But the arguments advanced against that move were powerful ones. The Chinese, who had sent a large delegation to Yatung to negotiate with the Dalai Lama, had talking points. First, it was intimated that the Dalai Lama was not the true reincarnation, that he was an impostor, that the Chinese had found the true reincarnation and were ready to install him. Second, the Panchen Lama, long a rival of the Dalai Lama, had been "discovered" by the Chinese, was pro-Chinese in his attitude, and was ready to acquit himself properly should the Dalai Lama refuse to return. Third, Lhasa had long been the religious capital of the Buddhist world. It is to Buddhists what Rome is to Catholics. The great weight of sentiment was for the Dalai Lama to return to the ancient capital, even though it would now be enveloped in a hostile atmosphere. Fourth, many Buddhists thought that if the Dalai Lama returned he might be able to unify the lamas against the Communist influence and present a solid front against Communist infiltration of Lamaism. Fifth, lamas came down from remote monasteries with pleas that the Dalai Lama should not leave the country. These pilgrimages may have been inspired by the Communists. But the thousands of lamas who appeared were doubtless sincere in their requests. When word spread in Yatung that the Dalai Lama was planning to fly out of Yatung and go to India, the lamas lay down on the airport. Hundreds and hundreds

148 of them stayed there for days, making it impossible for a plane
792 to land or take off. Other lamas manned the passes leading south to India.

[787] After weeks of debate and indecision, the Dalai Lama was still uncertain. The Chinese suggested he consult the oracle. The oracle in turn suggested that he decide by lot. Accordingly, the Chinese took two pieces of paper and wrote on one "To Lhasa" and on the other "To India." They rolled these in dough, put them in a wheel, and whirled the wheel. Out popped one capsule. It was opened in the presence of the Dalai Lama. It read "To Lhasa." That decided it. The fates had decreed the Dalai Lama should return to Lhasa. Chinese manipulation had once more carried the day.

On August 17, 1951, the Dalai Lama re-entered Lhasa. Immediately thereafter the Red Chinese "liberation" army raced across Tibet and occupied key posts along the Tibetan-Indian border. On August 17 I was in Leh. That night I had dinner at the three-hundred-year-old Sankar Monastery, a mile or so north of Leh, with Kaushak Bakula, Rinpoche of Spitok. Bakula is a Yellow Sect lama whose soul has been traced back beyond Buddha. Bakula is an important man in the Buddhist world. He is head of the Yellow Sect in Ladakh.

795 The Yellow Sect came into Buddhism as a reform sect. Its
178 leader was Tsongkapa (the man from Onion Land), who hailed
792 from Amdo, a Tibetan province bordering on northwest China. (This is the province from which the present Panchen Lama comes.) Tsongkapa died in 1419 after having cleansed Lamaism of some of its corruptness. Among other things, Tsongkapa introduced celibacy to the priesthood. It was from Tsongkapa that the practice of reincarnation in Buddhism stems. The second and the third reincarnation of Tsongkapa became heads of the Yellow Sect. But they had spiritual power only. The third of these extended the influence of the Yellow Sect to Mongolia and China. And it was the strength of the Yellow Hats in Mongolia that

eventually led to the combination of both spiritual and temporal 795
power in the Dalai Lama. The Yellow Hats met with reverses in 178
Tibet. The Sakya, or Red Hats, were in favor with the King. The 792
Yellow Sect was losing its political support. But in Mongolia the
Yellow Sect was supreme. The fifth Dalai Lama conspired with 642
Gusri, King of Mongolia, in the seventeenth century for Gusri 795
to invade Tibet. Gusri conquered Tibet and made Tibet over to 178
the fifth Dalai Lama (actually Talai Lama, meaning Great like 792
Ocean). Since that time, the Dalai Lama has had both the spiritual and temporal power in Tibet—an autocratic power that probably no other nation in the modern world has known. Each succeeding Dalai Lama has been a Yellow Hat. And the theory evolved that Tsongkapa, founder of the Yellow Sect, was the reincarnation of the first national King of Tibet and that the latter was the reincarnation of Chenrezi, the Tibetan deity who is the Lord of Mercy. The temporal power of the Dalai Lama was thus traced back to temporal sources of power.

The Dalai Lama exercises his temporal power. Half of the 647
regular civil service of Tibet are lamas, half laymen. The govern- 792
ment posts are usually held by two or three men—a lama and a layman, two lamas and one layman, one lama and two laymen. There usually is no division of work; they are colleagues who act jointly; they are used as checks on each other.

That night at the Sankar Monastery we talked of these things. 574
We talked of the great possibilities of Communist control of this 792
highly centralized spiritual and temporal power. As we talked, we sat cross-legged on the floor in Bakula's room.

We had come to Sankar at night through rocky lanes that wound across vast barley fields. Lamas met us with torches at the high front steps of the monastery. They bowed low in greeting and then scampered ahead as they led the way through a labyrinth of dark hallways. We climbed rough, stone steps; we passed through stone corridors where the flares cast weird shadows; we stooped low to enter doorways; we passed through dark rooms, 574 792 close with stale air; and finally we emerged into a room of abundant light. Bakula was there to greet us. His dais was against one wall, raised about two feet from the floor. Against another wall was a bookcase behind whose glass doors I could see beautiful Buddhas, exquisitely bound books, colorful idols. Bakula sat opposite us on a cushion. In front of each of us was a small table. Bakula's table was higher than mine; mine was higher than Rahul's. Thus were the requirements of protocol met. A barefoot, scraggy lama appeared and placed food before us. There were many vegetables, all highly seasoned except the boiled rice. Bakula did not eat. He has but two meals a day, morning and noon. He did not even participate in the dessert—fresh apricots and tea. But while we ate, he talked. And most of the talk concerned Communism.

000 Bakula is short and wiry with deep-set eyes, high forehead, and a sharp-beaked nose. He is a quiet, introspective, scholar type of man in his early thirties. Bakula is a *geshes*—a professor of the University of Lhasa, where he spent twelve years poring over ecclesiastical texts. He seems to be the born teacher. But these days he is in active politics. He is a member of the Constituent Assembly of Kashmir and greatly concerned with the necessities of social reform in Ladakh. These days Bakula gives a great deal of his time to public and secular activities. He is learned in worldly affairs as well as in the Scriptures. He has studied Communism and knows the way Soviet imperialism uses it to extend its domain. He knows its history and understands its techniques. He has learned how Communism operates, the fronts it uses, the propaganda it spreads, the frictions it seeks to develop between rich and poor, its hatred and suspicion of the church, the system of terror it employs to advance its ends.

Bakula wanted to know about Communism in the United States, its strength in the labor movement, its placement in government, its power in the Army and Navy, the number of its adherents. He wanted also to know how strong Communism was

growing in Europe and in the Middle East. His questions ranged 000
far and wide and were penetrating in their reach.

I turned the discussion back to Ladakh and Tibet and the Bud- 208
dhist world.

"What is the nature of Communist propaganda in Ladakh?" I asked.

"There is none," Bakula replied.

"No radio programs beamed to Ladakh?"

"There are not more than three radios in all of Ladakh."

"No literature distributed?"

"None."

"No agents nor provocateurs operating for the Communist cause?"

"None."

"No members of the Communist party in Ladakh?"

"Not a single one."

I was amazed at these statements. In most of the countries I had traveled in Asia and the Middle East, the Communists were extremely active—stirring discontent, exploiting popular causes, using democratic slogans, posing as the champions of the oppressed. To find an area where no Communists were busy or involved was a great surprise. I asked Bakula how he explained it.

"The Communist strategy in the Buddhist world is first to get 648
control of the church. That requires not propaganda but control 192
of the ecclesiastical hierarchy," he said.

"They have control of the Panchen Lama?"

"Yes, he is a Chinese sympathizer."

"They now have control of the Dalai Lama?"

Bakula was deep in thought for several minutes.

"No one knows what will happen," he finally replied. "All I can tell you is what I think will happen."

"What is your guess?"

He went on to describe the temporal as well as the spiritual power that is in the hands of the Dalai Lama. It is this temporal

12: Douglas T-3 (1951)1953 AJ4 W. Tibetans AJ4

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792
power that the Communists will try to get.[1] Perhaps they can get it, not by disturbing the form of the arrangements but by controlling the laymen and lamas appointed to the positions of authority. Such a move would result in changes almost imperceptible but nonetheless destructive of the Dalai Lama's temporal power. The Communists would then be in a position to exploit the differences between rich and poor, to breed discontent among the masses, to appropriate the wealth of the monasteries.

"Is that your prediction?" I asked.

"The Communists will use every means to get control of the wealth of the monasteries. My fear is that they will succeed."

"What will happen then?"

"The monasteries will then become so poor that they cannot carry on their work, or they will become dependent on the Communist government for their financial support."

"And in either case, become subservient to Communist influence?"

"Exactly."

"But that would affect only Tibet. What about Ladakh?"

"The Dalai Lama is the spiritual head of the Mahayan school of Buddhism, which embraces China, Japan, Mongolia, Nepal, Tibet, Ladakh, Bhutan, Lahul, Sikkim, and Spiti. Buddhists in these countries look to him as Catholics look to the Pope in Rome. If the Communists control the Dalai Lama, they are in a fair way of controlling that part of the Buddhist world."

These were the worries and concerns of Bakula. These are the worries and concerns of those who know the Buddhist world.

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[1] One of the latest moves by the Communists in Tibet to dilute the temporal power of the Dalai Lama and to decentralize the authority of Lhasa over Tibet is the creation of an administrative council composed of the Dalai Lama and two pro-Communist Tibetans—the Panchen Lama and Sawang Ngabo. Thus the Panchen Lama is restored to the position of power he enjoyed last century. Moreover, the Chinese caused the Dalai Lama to dismiss the loyal Sawang Lukhang, who was Prime Minister and in charge of Tibet during the absence of the Dalai Lama from Lhasa.

Monasteries send their Incarnate Lamas to Lhasa for ten years 792
of schooling. When they come back, will they not be either indoctrinated 648
in Communist theories or, at least, not hostile to Communist influence?

The oracle at Lhasa tells each monastery where to find the reincarnation. That oracle will now be Communist. Will he not use his power to select Incarnate Lamas from friendly sources?

Millions upon millions look to the Dalai Lama as spiritual head of the church. The measure of their resistance to Communism may be dependent on the word from him. As Bakula told me, "Buddhism has a great hold on our people. It is the most important thing in their lives—more important than economic welfare, sanitation, modernization. Our people are interested primarily in matters spiritual."

The Chinese Communists, acting as pawns for Soviet Russia, 648
now stand in a strategic position to exploit that religious situation 177
to the limit. Meanwhile they do not remain idle. From reports that spilled over the Indian-Tibetan border in 1951, the Chinese Communists initially gained some prestige in the eyes of the peasants. They constructed roads and built new buildings. They drew up plans for the industrialization of Tibet. Soviet technicians were "invited" to participate. One of the first projects was a woolen mill. Another was a coal mine. The mill is under construction; the mine is operating. And Soviet technicians are already combing Tibet for uranium, gold, copper, coal, and iron—deposits said to be rich and yet to date never developed or exploited. To a country long under the deadening influence of feudalism, where nothing changed from century to century, any improvement marks
the beginning of a new era. Moreover, the expulsion of the raiding [579]
Kasak bandits brought the Communist troops new prestige. By that act alone they had, in the eyes of the Tibetan peasant, gained credit as liberators.

But the power of the Buddhist priesthood, when allied against 648
Communist forces, may be considerable. The lamas started an 792 208

648 anti-Communist campaign, a part of which is reflected in a song
792 from the lips of the women of Lhasa, who traditionally sing as
208 they draw water from the wells.

538
In the religious city of Lhasa this year
Chinese soldiers have arrived like hail,
Whether as liberators it is in doubt,
Or to tie the throats of the poor.
For things that formerly cost a tranka[2]
We now pay a full do-tse[3]
So let us dance!
They speak sweetly
But what are the sticks [*rifles*] *in their hands*
If not to exterminate
Lord Buddha's doctrine and Tibetan people?
Rise, young men, be bold of heart!
And young maidens, unite together
That happiness may come
And misery depart!

648 The people of Lhasa began to challenge the authority of the
792 Chinese in many ways. It was not long before the Chinese mili-
668 tary strengthened their security measures in Tibet. They increased the Chinese garrison in Tibet. They deprived most of the larger monasteries, which have long served as the granaries of Tibet in time of famine, of their food reserves. The scarcity of food made it difficult for the monasteries to maintain their armed lama police (*dobdobs*). Moreover, the Chinese disarmed the *dobdobs*. Thus are the Communists undermining the power of the lamas.

000 The torch bearer escorted us through the dark, dungeon-like corridors of Sankar and brought us out on the crude, rough slab steps at the front of the monastery. The vast valley of Leh was

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[2] About five cents.

[3] About seventeen dollars.

at our feet, bathed in moonlight almost white in its intensity. ovo This was the full moon, the time deemed most auspicious by the oracles of Lamaism for important decisions, for important action. The day of the full moon was indeed the time chosen for the Dalai Lama's return to Lhasa. The full moon would bring good luck even to his acceptance of a Communist regime in Tibet. The full moon would give a beneficent turn to the whole chain of events flowing from his agreement to live under the Communist Red Star.

That was the word on the lips of all the lamas in the Buddhist world. That was also the belief of those who sponsored the Communist cause—those who, like the Panchen Lama, saw power and privilege drifting their way when the hierarchy of Lamaism was finally controlled by the Chinese Communists.

These were my worries as Rahul and I picked our way down the rough, narrow footpath that runs through the barley fields stretching from Sankar to Leh. The full moon that this night was a good omen for Buddhists and Communists alike was an ill omen for the West. Soviet imperialism, with the aid of this brilliant moon, had this day gained a great victory. By reason of its hold on Red China it had swept within the orbit of its influence much of the Buddhist world. It needed no propaganda, no literature, no radio programs. It needed no agents working among the masses, stirring them to discontent. All it needed was control of the masters of those masses, and this day it had achieved that end.

This full moon that filled both Buddhists and Communists with hope filled my heart with despair. This night—August 17, 1951—I had the awful realization that Asia was fast being lost. Our policy in Asia was primarily military, not political. Under slogans of righteousness and justice we had entered our armies in Korea against an aggressor. We had not stopped there; we had taken—or been forced to take—further steps. Now we were in bloody conflict with the Chinese. We had taken on Red China in a

000 military project. Red China, battling the West, was being driven farther and farther into the arms of Soviet Russia. The alliance between Soviet Russia and Red China was indeed being cemented by our military attitude toward the problems of Asia. China was becoming more and more a junior partner of Soviet Russia. Soviet Russia was using her more and more as a pawn.

We had helped Yugoslavia free herself from Soviet imperialistic power. Yugoslavia, though still Communist, was no longer giving comfort to Soviet imperialism. Why could we not pry Red China loose from Russia? Why was not the grand play on the chessboard of Asian politics a political settlement with Red China, leading to recognition? If it were practical to effect one, if Red China would come halfway, we could work with her at the diplomatic level. Then we could widen the deep, basic conflicts between Russia and China and send whirling into opposition the clashing interests of Chinese nationalism and Soviet imperialism. Then we, rather than Russia, might become the indirect beneficiaries of the capture of the hierarchy of Buddhism by the Chinese.

The awful thought I had on this moon-drenched night above Leh was that our ignorance and arrogance were depleting our strength, impairing our power, and losing us our influence and prestige in Asia. We had mistaken our real enemy. Soviet Communism, evil as it is, is not our important enemy. Our real enemy—our implacable enemy—is Soviet imperialism that uses Communism as its instrument for expansion.

Now it was clear to me why we were losing Asia. Now the pattern of world politics was taking shape. The eerie moonlight above Leh seemed to make plain the great disaster that was being laid for the United States, the country I love. I could not sleep. I walked the valley of Leh for hours, this awful thought pounding in my head. And the depression that had seized me grew and grew as I realized the fury of the press, the fury of official Washington at anyone who would dare propose that our differences with Red China be resolved, a political settlement worked out, and recognition of Red China afforded.

CHAPTER 21

JU LE, JU LE

Leh, a town of 4,000, lies at 11,555 feet in a vast, 361
sloping basin hemmed in on three sides by peaks 133
that rise to 25,000 feet and more. The south side—the side we entered—flows in a gentle, rocky decline to the Indus.

We had followed the Indus from Marchelang downstream ten 133
miles or more after we left Hemis. Higher up at Upshi the Indus had been a raging torrent pouring in a maddening roar through narrow gorges that served as fast, rock funnels for the dirty water. Below Marchelang it was as flat and calm as the Mississippi in summertime, spreading into estuaries and bays as it overran its banks and overflowing great reaches of bottom land. Not far below Marchelang the trail turns north and crosses the Indus. The Indus now divided into two main channels. Two rather primitive wooden bridges quivered at the touch of man or beast and shook nervously, permitting only one man or one animal on them at a time.

There is a grove of poplars on the far side of the bridges, and 000

12: Douglas T-3 (1951)1953 AJ4 W. Tibetans AJ4

000 it was there that we stopped for lunch. In this grove camel
caravans were repacking for the trek downstream to Khargil.
Farmers were gathered under the trees, gleaning news from the
men of the caravans. Mule trains, carrying produce between the
villages up and down the Indus in the manner of our locals, rested
132 in the shade. It was cool in the shade but blistering in the sun.
Though this stretch of the Indus lay over eleven thousand feet
high, the daytime temperature marched well over 100 degrees;
and on some days it went into the 130's. The summer heat is so
great and so sustained that it brings grain to maturity in two
months' time.

487 The trail, after crossing the Indus, divides, one fork going south
along the river's edge to Spitok, Khalatse, and Khargil, the other
turning north to Leh, the Khardong Pass (18,380 feet), and Yarkand,
an ancient trading center of Sinkiang. We took the right fork
137 and in four miles came to Leh. This approach to Leh is dreary
and desolate. In early summer there are buttercups, columbine
(called asses' sugar), and clematis in this area. Later come the
vetches, lavender, bluebells, and cornflowers. There are great
stands of iris, which is sometimes stacked and dried for winter
fodder. These flowers bring color to the land. But by mid-August
the gaiety is gone. The flush of light green from the tender spring
grass has also passed. Now the slopes and nullas are dry and sear.

134 Monotonous browns and grays fill every stretch with desolation. Each view shows the end product of erosion. The ground has been endlessly pounded by the quick feet of goats and sheep; the protective covering of the earth has been eaten off or washed away; there is no topsoil left; every ravine tells the story of harsh runoffs of water; the fields and slopes are strewn with countless rocks, pitched up by the slow working of frost or exposed by the cutting wind that whines ceaselessly along the Indus. There is no shade, no touch of life, no bush, no scattered hummocks of the *dama* bush. There are distant snow-capped peaks to lift the heart; but there are only heat and dust and rubble underfoot.

Yet out of this waste and desolation have been built some of 778
the most magnificent *mani* walls in the world. They stretch almost continuously the whole of the four miles from the Indus to the town of Leh. Some units are a mile long, fifteen feet wide, six or seven high, with *chhortens* at each end. Some are double, with a twenty-five-foot passage in between. Hundreds upon hundreds [788]
of slabs of flat rocks have been engraved with prayers and placed on top. All of these prayers are said for the passers-by, who, by the mere act of passing, gain merit. These *mani* walls are the product of centuries of work. Hundreds of faithful hands have carried the rocks from fields and gullies; hundreds of man hours have been spent by lamas working as stonemasons to cut prayers into slate, prayers that will do service so long as the rocks do last.

As we neared Leh we saw the longest of these *mani* walls and kept it on our right until we came close to the south gate of the ancient town. There we stopped and took pictures. I remarked to Rahul that this huge *mani* wall that ran downhill at our feet a mile or so reminded me of a great conduit carrying water off our western mountains for irrigation in distant valleys. He was amused at the symbolism and went on to review the economic plight of this region:

- —most of the wealth is owned by a few men and the monasteries. 471
- —the great mass of the people are poor, living at the bare subsistence level. 735
- —the monasteries pay no taxes on their wealth. [792] 651

Ladakh, therefore, is a deficit area—finance-wise; and since the Kashmir government gets precious little revenue from Ladakh, it is not anxious to spend much money there for improvement.

Ladakh, therefore, remains a feudal system in the modern 423
world, a feudal system held together by the fears and superstitions and adoration created by the religious order of lamas.

Beyond the High Himalayas

735 "If half of the energy spent in building *mani* walls," Rahul said, "was spent in building irrigation projects for the people, Ladakh would prosper."

That was only a part of the plight of Ladakh. I was to learn about the rest when I reached Leh.

361 Leh is the ancient capital of Ladakh, with narrow, winding
[493] streets made for caravans, not cars. It indeed has no vehicle except the jeeps of the Indian Army garrison; and even jeeps have difficulty in squeezing through passageways no wider than mountain trails and lined with houses. The main bazaars are located along an L-shaped street as wide as any in our midwestern towns. They are narrow stalls flush with the street and, like most Far Eastern stores, closed by solid wooden doors sealed with padlocks. The long part of the L runs perhaps two blocks. At the point where the short leg of the L runs to the left, there is a Moslem mosque. When we entered the south gate of the ancient city and swung down the main avenue with my musical mule
782 train, it was late afternoon. A Moslem priest was in the minaret of the mosque calling the faithful to prayer.

la ilaha illa—'llah:
Mohammed rasulu—'llah.
No god but Allah: Mohammed
is the messenger of Allah.

771 There are not many of the faithful in Ladakh—2,000 out of a total population of 80,000. This is predominantly Buddhist coun-
797 try, and so it has been for centuries. Yet the Moslem mosque is
175 also ancient. Buddhism, more tolerant than the aggressive faith
648 of Islam, has allowed the mosque to thrive through all the vicissitudes of peace and war.

It happened this way. The King of Ladakh was having trouble with the raids of the Tartars from the north. He sent a plea to the Maharajah of Kashmir, a Moslem, for help in expelling the aggressor. The Moslems have had a different relation to India than

the Mongols. The Mongols always came to India to plunder, not 797
to rule. The Moslems, who were Aryans, first came to India to 175
propagate their faith in the ninth century. They took over the rule 648
of India in the twelfth century. And so it was that the Maharajah of Kashmir, militant in his faith and with an eye to its propagation, agreed to drive the Mongols from Ladakh on one condition. The condition was that he be allowed to build a mosque at Leh. He pointed out that many of his faith followed the caravan route from Srinagar to Leh to Yarkand and yet had no holy place during their long absences from Kashmir where they could pray to Allah. The King of Ladakh, more intolerant of the Tartar invader than the Moslem proselytizer, agreed to the condition. The mosque has thrived ever since.

The castle of the King of Ladakh, like the King himself, has not 643
thrived. It stands on a cliff behind the mosque and towers over 349
the town. It rises many stories, like an awkward skyscraper. Once it was a place of splendor. Here visiting royalty was entertained and feasts were spread. It was to this castle that emissaries from the various princes of Ladakh sped with payments of taxes and promises of fealty. It was in this castle that the kings of Ladakh made their compacts with lamas and so, through the use of spiritual power, welded together into a compact political unit the eight principalities of Ladakh.

The lamas still thrive. Their monasteries now hold the great 792
wealth that this castle once commanded. The lamas utilized their 178
spiritual power to acquire temporal strength. In the end, they surpassed the temporal power that gave them their freedom. The castle of the King of Ladakh, to be sure, still stands. But it is today empty—filled with cobwebs, bats, and the memories of an ancient power that events have transferred to other hands.

The law of Ladakh, administered by the ancient kings, had all 671
the cruelty of our own early system. Ladakh knew trial by ordeal. 695
It was resorted to when the evidence was unsatisfactory, when the judge with his human limitations needed supernatural wis-

671 695 dom to divine where the truth lay. Sometimes an accused would have to draw a red-hot iron through his hand or take a stone out of a pot of boiling oil. If he did this without injury, he would be in the clear. (The legends persist that there was a secret art for protecting the hands against such ordeals.) Sometimes the judge, when confused by the evidence, would cast lots instead and in that way determine on which side the truth lay.

681 674 Capital punishment in Tibet was cruel—pushing red-hot irons into the temples, hurling the convicted person from a great height, smashing his joints with a hammer. In Ladakh, when a temple was spoliated or a person horribly murdered, the guilty one was either crucified or bound hand and foot, weighted with stones, and thrown into the Indus to drown. The usual punishment for crimes—whether adultery or theft—was whipping, fine, or imprisonment. There was a mounting scale of fury which society directed against the thief. For the second offense of stealing, he lost his left hand; for the third, his right hand; for the fourth, he was drowned in the Indus.

[178] At Leh I inquired about these practices, and I learned that they are now mostly history. They are history not only because the Kashmir law is an ameliorating one but because the Buddhist religion has made a vast difference in the lives of the people. Thus I could find in Leh no modern record of a crime of violence—murder, manslaughter, rape, assault and battery.

674 "Don't put too much reliance on the absence of rape," a junior officer laughingly told me. "The resistance point of the average Ladakhi woman is pretty low."

"How about killings?"

"None."

"Assaults?"

"None."

"Not even between husbands in polyandric families where several brothers must share one wife?"

"Oh, the brothers often get filled up with *chan*[1] and shout at 674
each other and argue, but they do not come to blows."

Buddha taught the principle of non-violence; and it so molded 779
the character of the people that centuries later non-violence was a working standard even in the hurly-burly of a great caravan center such as Leh. I could find modern records of thefts but few other crimes.

Leh is on a historic caravan route that leads not only to 438
Yarkand in Sinkiang but to Lhasa in Tibet. It thrived when commerce 487
thrived; it had depressions when war or bandits or jealous politics diverted the stream of trade. Wool, silver, felts, tea, candy, skins, velvets, silk, gold, carpets, musk, coral, borax, jade cups, salt came down from the north. Cotton goods, shawls, brocades, opium, indigo, plumes, shoes, pearls, ginger, cloves, pepper, honey, tobacco, sugar cane, barley, rice, wheat, corn came up from the south. The large serai—about a half block square— 443
where the caravans stopped at Leh still stands. The bazaars where 178
the goods were sold or haggled over, the market place where men searched out new trade missions, the place where ponies were bought, sold, or rented—these are still there. People swarm through the L-shaped bazaar of Leh as they did a century or two earlier. A few of the shops are open, the merchants sitting on their haunches in small stalls weighing out walnuts or ginger, haggling over mule bells or turbans, measuring out three yards of cotton cloth.

But the ancient hum of the market is gone. Many of the stalls 458
are closed. Their heavy wooden doors have been swung shut and 439
fastened with padlocks. No longer are great caravans loaded with 178
merchandise coming down from Yarkand in Sinkiang and Demchok in Tibet. In August 1951, there was some trade trickling over the Tibetan border. But it was slackening. There was none from Yarkand, for the Russians had closed the Sinkiang border. Yarkand merchants, who had picked their way over high passes to visit Leh, were now marooned. They could not return to

[1] [Barley beer--Analyst]

439 Yarkand. They had no roots in Leh. They wandered through the
178 empty bazaars, their light yellow skin almost white from sadness.

458 A depression had struck Leh. This was not a temporary depression. This was no seasonal or cyclical recession. The markets had not dried up owing to the natural causes that affect all markets. This was not demand and supply reacting in the classical way. Leh had reached the end of an era.

648 Russia had blocked the north and south trade routes that for
439 centuries had been important to both areas. From now on all the
458 commerce would move east and west. Russia would use the commerce of China and Tibet and Sinkiang to lace those three areas tightly into the Soviet Empire. If Tibetans needed sugar or barley, Russia would provide it. Russia would make their dependency on her an instrument for political control. Those who wanted barley in order to live would need be docile serfs in the Soviet scheme of things. The merchants of China, Sinkiang, and Tibet no longer would be free agents operating in an open market. The markets would be political instruments of Soviet imperialism. The candy merchants of Yarkand would now look to Russia for sugar cane. Russia would get her sugar cane by leverage on some other country and dispense it in Yarkand to the faithful. Those who did not toe the line would go without sugar.

The consequence of turning all the trade east and west is vast and incalculable. It is a part of Soviet empire building. It is part and parcel of the proselytizing of the Communist cause. The victims inside the Soviet Empire will perhaps never be known. Some of the victims outside the Soviet Empire can already be
458 seen. The bedraggled merchants of Leh face a dismal future.
438 There are no goods on the market. Scarcity has produced high prices. Real inflation has set in. Inflation has reached even to the lowly dzo that furnishes the motive power on the farm. The dzo now rents for four or five rupees a day, where one rupee used to
548 be ample. The prostitutes of Leh have revised their rates. For

years they charged four annas (five cents); now their uniform [548]
rate is one rupee (twenty cents).

Leh barely keeps alive. The demands of its native population 458
bring some life to the markets. But Leh will shrink to a tiny village 438
on that volume of trade. To date it has been saved by its
Indian Army garrison, whose purchasing power keeps the ancient
city alive. But once that artificial stimulant is removed, Leh will
shrivel. There are projects for development of Ladakh. It is 185
found, for example, that drug herbs grow well there and have an
extraordinarily high alkaloid content. Kashmir is promoting the
use of Ladakh for growing drug herbs on a commercial scale.
Unless Kashmir undertakes a bold economic and social program
in Ladakh, Leh will soon become as much a relic of the past as
the gaunt and empty castle of the King that looks down on the
old capital of Little Tibet.

The people of Leh do not seem to know the worries of which I 159
speak. They have little; they expect no more; they are happy with
their lot. They are friendly and cheerful, simple and uncomplicated.
I stayed with them and came to know their simple faith.
The deities of the passes, of the rivers, of the valleys are real to
them. So are their fears and superstitions. They are gentle people,
and poor beyond belief, held closely to their faith by stern lamas.

The beautiful women in Leh are the young ones in their teens 145
or twenties. A woman, by the time she is thirty, has usually
faded. She carries the work of the house, the weight of the children,
the burden of the fields. By forty she is old, with no buoyancy
left. But the young lady knows the gaiety of hope, the
laughter of dreams. Such a girl was Zila. She wore a chic sheepskin 291
over her shoulders, the fur side under. The fleece had been
washed and combed and made to spray out along the edges of the
garment and over her shoulders. These streamers of wool against
Zila's dark dress, like her beautiful teeth against her dark lips,
gave her a rare beauty.

I met Zila at the Moravian Mission at Leh, a mission estab- 797

797 lished a century ago by devout Germans. It is now headed by two fine Britishers, Dr. and Mrs. Norman Driver, who dispense re-
164 ligion and pills with special emphasis on the medicines, for Leh is rife with venereal disease, intestinal worms, and goiter. Zila works for the Drivers; and one day in their garden I heard her singing. She played the *daps*—a skin stretched on a hoop about three feet in diameter. Zila sang of love in a sad and melancholy voice:

539
When I approached the city gate,
They shut it in my face.
I salute you,
The Rose of Ladakh.
I put my life in your hands.
I carry my cup and food,
And come with you.
I salute you,
*The Rose of Ladakh.**

000 I asked Zila to sing more. She went and brought back another girl and two men, and they sat for an hour or more beating the *daps* and singing folk songs. All of them had sad voices; all of them but Zila had sad faces. Her face was lighted with happiness; her eyes danced; her white teeth gleamed. She threw back her head and gave zest to the song about Tseringskyit. It was Zila who took the lead, the other girl and the two men making the response:

539 VERSE *Have you not seen my friend, Tseringskyit?*
RESPONSE *I do not know your friend, Tseringskyit.*

VERSE *Her body is as though it were made of gold. She has just passed by this way. Have you not seen my friend, Tseringskyit?*
RESPONSE *I do not know your friend, Tseringskyit.*

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*See page 335.

Ju Le, Ju Le

VERSE *Her brow is like the moon when full. She has just passed by this way. Have you not seen my friend, Tseringskyit?* 539

RESPONSE *I do not know your friend, Tseringskyit.*

VERSE *Her eyebrows are like the vowel sign. She has just passed by this way. Have you not seen my friend, Tseringskyit?*

RESPONSE *I do not know your friend, Tseringskyit.*

VERSE *Her nose is like a copper tube. She has just passed by this way. Have you not seen my friend, Tseringskyit?*

RESPONSE *I have not seen your friend, Tseringskyit.*

VERSE *Her teeth are as beautiful as pearls. She has just passed by this way. Have you not seen my friend, Tseringskyit?*[*]

The searching for love and affection is endless. It goes on the world around. The search crosses the highest passes of the Himalayas. Tseringskyit—the one who has just passed by and yet is so remote and so elusive—is the smybol of that search in the wastelands of Ladakh. Tseringskyit, not Communism, carries the hopes of the people. For Tseringskyit knows tenderness and compassion; Tseringskyit has understanding. Yet Tseringskyit has beauty too—the beauty that lifts men above the sordid environment of their lives.

One night we sat at the Officers' Club in Leh, talking of the competition for men's souls. Communism professes love of mankind, but it preaches hate and practices terror. People want love and affection. It will be love and affection that will prevail in the universal, planetary scheme of things. It will be love and affection, not physical power, that will win Asia. 000

This theme is illustrated a thousand ways when one travels Asia with a sensitive ear. It cropped out this evening at the Officers' Club in Leh.

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[*] See page 336.

000 I had come directly to the Officers' Club on our arrival. Rahul had tarried in the bazaar greeting old acquaintances. Now I saw him coming up the poplar-lined driveway of the club on his small Tibetan pony. Turning to a junior officer, I whispered, "Would it be all right if I introduced the General to a ghost?"

776 One does not speak lightly of ghosts in this land of mysticism where gods and goddesses, spirits and demons, deities and the
000 souls of the departed are everywhere. The face of the young officer was very serious, for the question troubled him. And not yet realizing the humor of my question, he replied quite formally, "I guess so, sir."

Rahul had met with an accident on one of the estuaries of the Indus River. After we had left Hemis en route to Leh, we picked up the Indus and followed it downstream several miles before leaving the river and turning north to Leh. At one point the Indus had inundated hundreds of acres of lowlands and left behind dozens of small lagoons, which we had to ford. Some of these passages were treacherous. The water was deep, there were unexpected holes, and the clay bottom was as sticky as glue. Rahul was riding an unusually small Tibetan pony, perhaps eight hands high. It was sturdy and fast, but it lacked the power and strength of the larger horses. I led the way across one small lagoon. Though the passage seemed safe enough, Rahul's horse either got stuck or stepped in a hole and foundered. In any event, the horse went over on its side and both he and Rahul disappeared for a second under the water.

They both came out without injury. Rahul was soaked through, and it took him several hours to get dry. He had about dried out when we arrived at Leh. The water which had soaked him was heavy with the milk of clay. So when Rahul got dry, he looked indeed like a ghost.

"May I present my ghost?" I asked as Rahul joined us at the Officers' Club. Rahul's warm brown eyes looked out from a calcimined face, the dark skin of his hands was powdered white, and great clouds of dust rose from his shoulders as I pounded him with the deep affection I felt for the man who had brought me safely along a treacherous trail over the high Himalayas. 000

That night after dinner in the officers' mess Rahul and I sat an hour or more with General Karve and other Indian Army officers, talking of the problems of this border region.

We were breaking up for the evening when a Sikh, who was a captain on General Karve's staff, took me aside and said, "We can't begin to tell you what your coming means to us. This is probably the most remote military outpost in the world. Others have come the route you took. But they had to come. You are one of the few who came who didn't have to come. We know the dangers and the great exertions of the trek. The fact that you crossed the oceans in order to make this dangerous journey gives us all courage to carry on. On behalf of the General, the staff, and the men, sir, I thank you." And with that he saluted warmly and disappeared in the darkness.

I sat for a long time that night under the cottonwood trees in front of the Officers' Club, watching the moon and the clouds turn glaciers from silver to gold and then erase them completely. And as I sat I pondered on the strange and powerful planetary tides that throw the whole human race into bloody conflicts. As I sat there in the moonlight I remembered my arrival in Leh. I had entered the south gate with my musical mule train—the gate through which the Portuguese Jesuits, de Azevedo and de Oliviera, the first European visitors to Ladakh, passed in 1631.

The bells of my mule train had brought everyone running. A woman who had been sitting on the ground and picking lice from another woman's head jumped to her feet. Women who had been squatting in the street selling turnips and eggs stood up as if startled. Women who were bringing bundles of grass to the bazaar to exchange for cooking oil or talcum powder dashed around the corner to stare. Tibetans, one arm free of the sleeve of their jackets, Yarkandis with sad and forlorn faces, farmers dressed in rags—all stood poker-faced, looking my way. Young girls with sheepskins flying from their backs raced down narrow passageways to reach the bazaar. Youngsters in rags and tatters scooted out of doorways and windows to fill the street. Now I was surrounded by a mass of humanity so thick, so tightly packed, my mule train could hardly move.

I smiled and waved and shouted, "*Ju Le, Ju Le.*" It was as if a miracle had happened. The curious, reserved, staring crowd relaxed. They too smiled. Some shouted. Men touched their foreheads and cried, "*Ju Le, Ju Le.*" Women touched their foreheads and murmured, "*Ju Le, Ju Le.*" And little children, four, five, eight years old, touched their foreheads, and they too shouted, "*Ju Le, Ju Le.*"

Asia has never received much affection from the West. Asia has known the harsh, the rough, the exploitive characteristics of the West. Asia has rebelled at that side of us. Asia has grown more and more aloof, more and more remote, more and more severe in her attitudes. Asia is being lost because of it. And the tragedy is that Asia can be had for modest investments in affection.

Asia is the mother figure. So she has been throughout all time. From her have come the great streams of population. We trace back to her through the Aryans that poured from Central Asia. She has the fertility; and she also has the insight, the wisdom, the intuition, the perseverance, the courage that go with fertility. Among individuals there is no complete male, no complete female. Each person has both the male and the female component. Some women have prominent male characteristics. They are the andrics—the executives, the aggressive type, those who in the extreme are the Amazons. Some men have prominent female characteristics. They are the gynics—the artists, the leading conservationists, the most penetrating psychoanalysts.

What is true among individuals is, I believe, true among nations. Races are divided into andrics and gynics. Whole civilizations carry the marks of maleness on the one hand or femaleness on the other. Asia is the gynic; we of the West are the 000 andrics. We are the aggressive male figures that shake the earth and remake it. Asia is the female that silently creates, that builds slowly and patiently, that hangs on passionately to her past. We are the extroverts; Asia is brooding and introspective. We are doers; we like to show our strength. Asia likes to contemplate.

Asia cannot always be treated with tenderness. There are cunning and cruelty and deceit in Asia. Asia's unruly character is often expressed in actions more subtle than ours. Asia often needs discipline. Asia would not rebel at discipline any more than Rup Singh, my muleteer, rebelled at my treatment of him. Asia would indeed understand quick and severe punishment for unlawful acts. That is why the initial moves of the United Nations in Korea were psychologically sound by Asian standards.

But we must play the masculine role with intelligence. We cannot win Asia by long, drawn-out, indecisive military engagements such as we have been conducting in Korea.

We are pitting East and West in a bloody conflict. That is the way to make a tigress out of the female, an enemy more dangerous than any male can ever be. Asia needs more than a show of strength; Asia needs affection from those who represent the masculine component in the planetary scheme. If Asia knew our affection as well as our power, we could be wedded to her in great and noble deeds. The threat of Soviet imperialism would disappear as a mad dream of another psychopathic personality. Stalin would then have allied against him the most cunning, the most implacable, the most unforgiving enemy his godless creed has ever known. The energies, the schemes, the wiles of Asia would then be plotting against him day and night.

Asia needs us as much as we need Asia. We and Asia complement each other. We have the energy of the male, Asia the lasting wisdom of the female. Asia has a longing for us that can be turned into a mounting fury of tremendous destruction or into channels of co-operation and understanding and dependency.

070 These were my thoughts under the cottonwoods of Leh. I had missed this message in the hungry faces of Delhi and Calcutta. I had to sweat and struggle over six high passes of the Himalayas and settle down in the little village of Leh to learn that, while Asia will respect our strength, her hunger is for our friendship. I learned that lesson from the cunning Rup Singh. I learned it from Zila and her sweet song of Tseringskyit. I learned it from the little tots on the streets of Leh who opened their hearts to me. Their smiles were as eager as they were cheerful when they touched their foreheads and shouted, "*Ju Le, Ju Le.*"

When I expounded these ideas to Rahul, his deep, warm eyes were lost in thought for several minutes. He finally answered, saying he was not sure of the femaleness of Asia and the maleness of the West. But he was certain of one thing; and his face lighted up when he announced it. "We want an enduring partnership with the West. Most of us and most of you are men of good will. We must find practical ways of forging a working alliance for the cause of peace. Dollars and earthly goods will not do it. It can be done only by ideas of brotherhood and fraternity."

There was a pause before he continued, "Asia has given the West many ideas. People forget that Asia gave the West its great religions. Jesus, Buddha, Mohammed, Confucius, all came from Asia. But the West also has an important message for Asia—a message from America's Declaration of Independence."

"And what is that?"

"The creed that all men are created equal and that life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness are their inalienable rights."

[Pp. 235-331 NOT PROCESSED—
ANALYST]

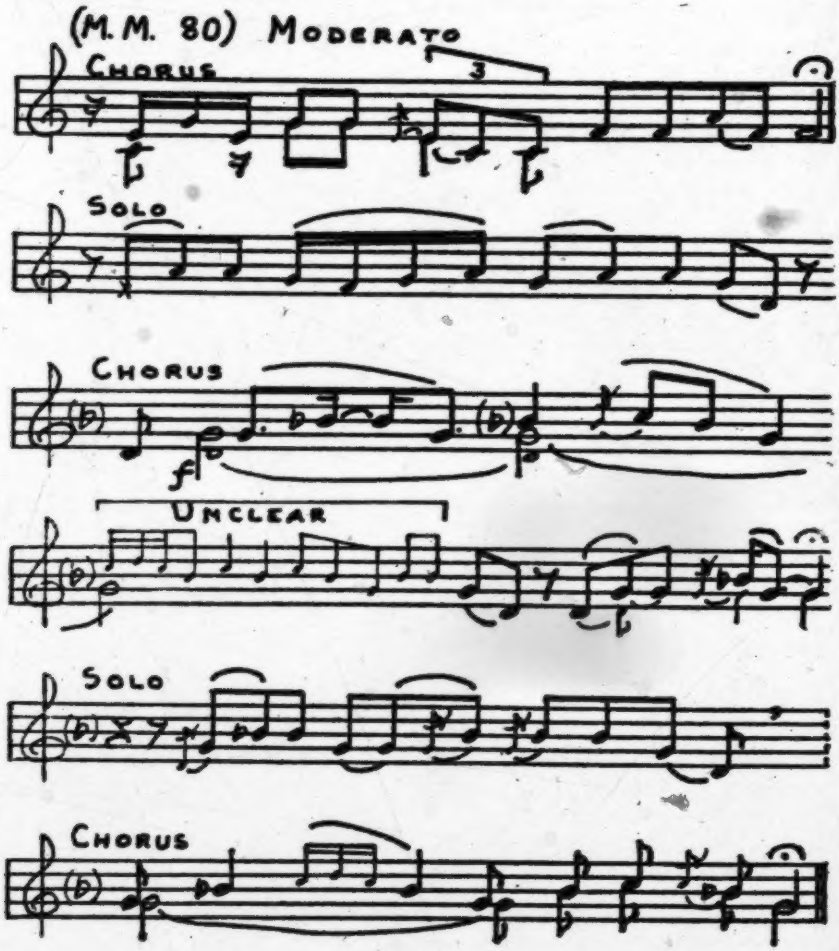
APPENDIX 4

533

MUSIC TRANSCRIPTIONS by JENÖ TAKACS

UNDETERMINED PITCH =

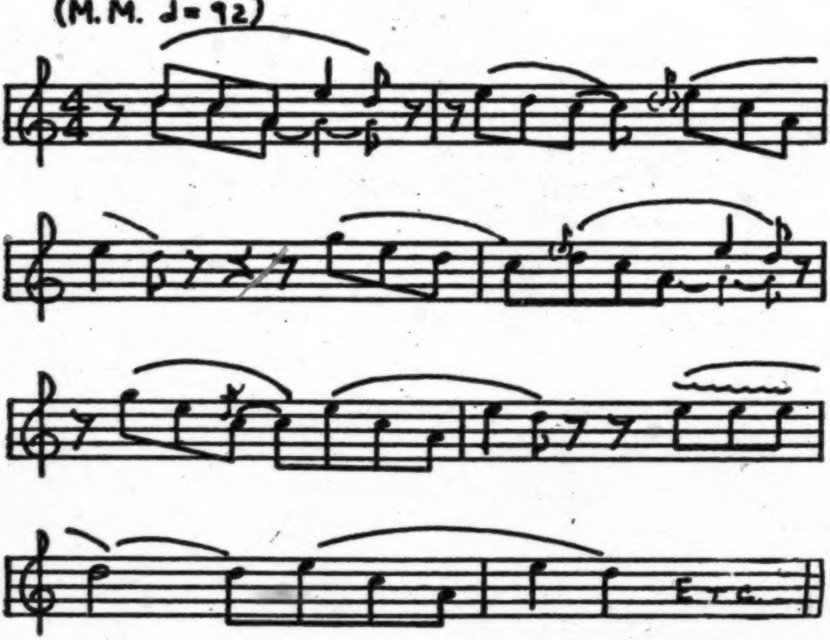
Kulu song about Kunjva, the lover


(M.M. 80) Moderato
Chorus
3
Solo
Chorus
Unclear
Solo
Chorus

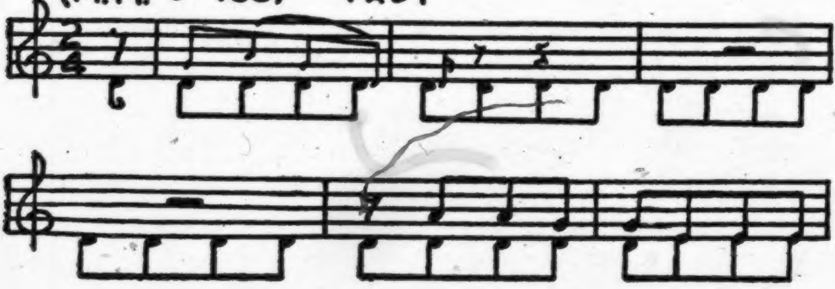
2: Douglas T-3 (1951)1953 AJ4 W. Tibetans AJ4

Lahuli song about the girl, Angmo

533

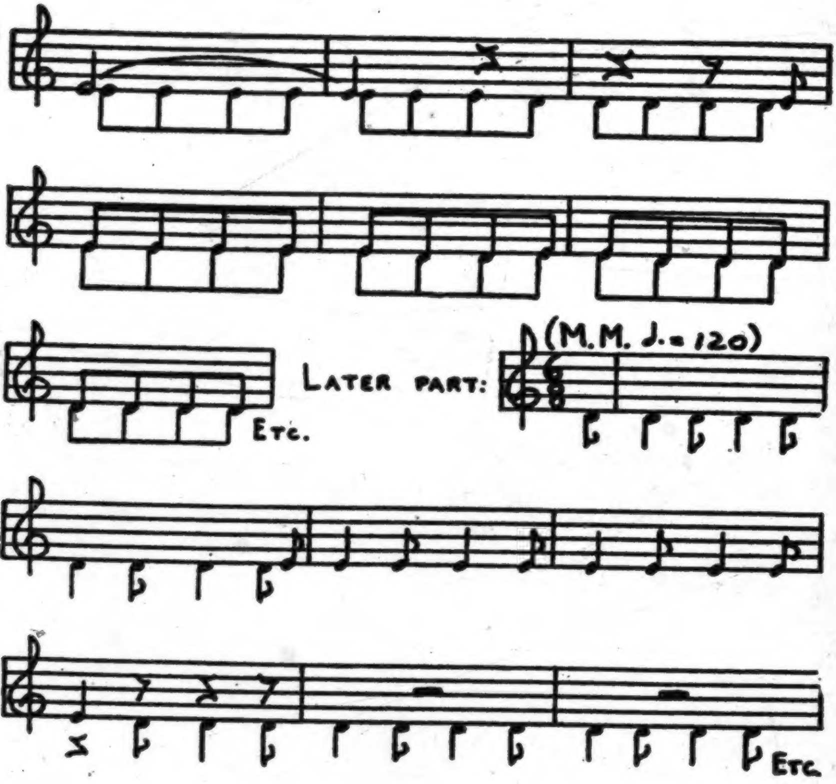


Lama chant from Hemis Monastery

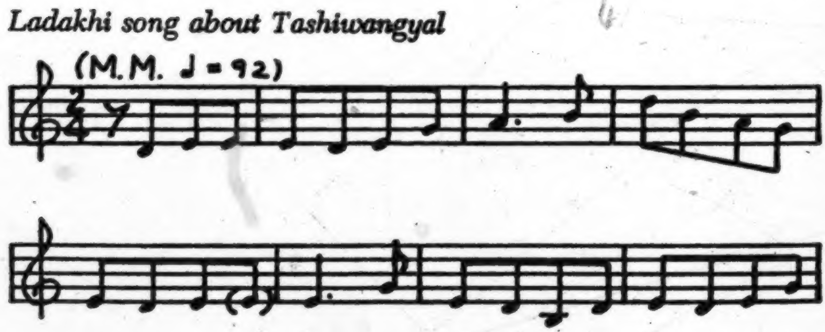


12: Douglas T-3 (1951)1953 AJ4 W. Tibetans AJ4

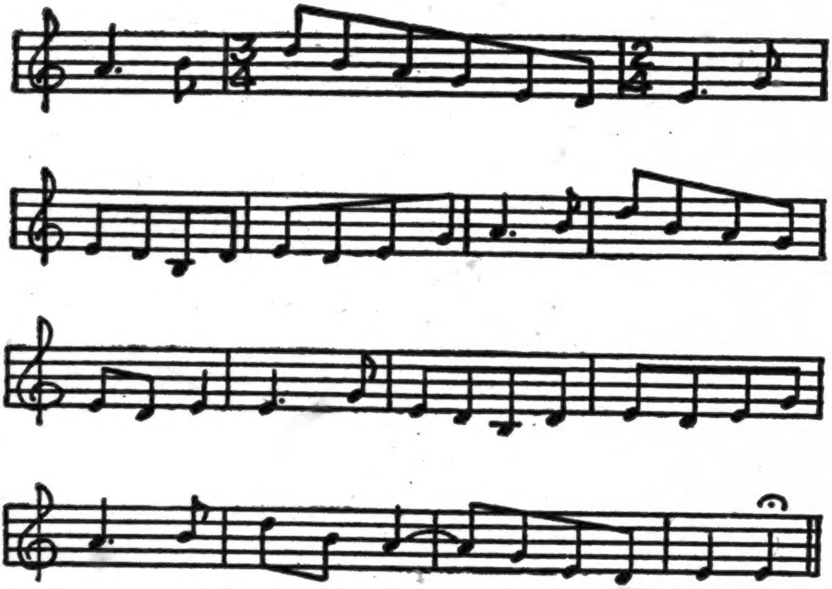
533


Etc.
Later part:
(M.M. ♩. = 120)
Etc.

Ladakhi song about Tashiwangyal

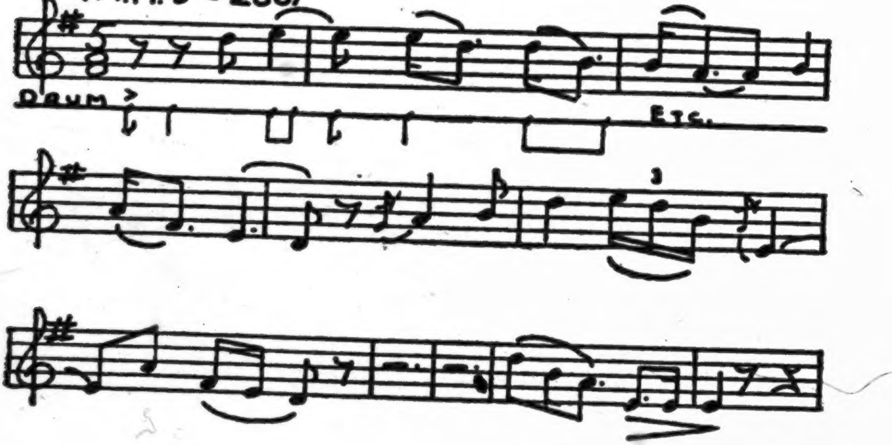


12: Douglas T-3 (1951)1953 AJ4 W. Tibetans AJ4



533

The Rose of Ladakh, by Zila in Leh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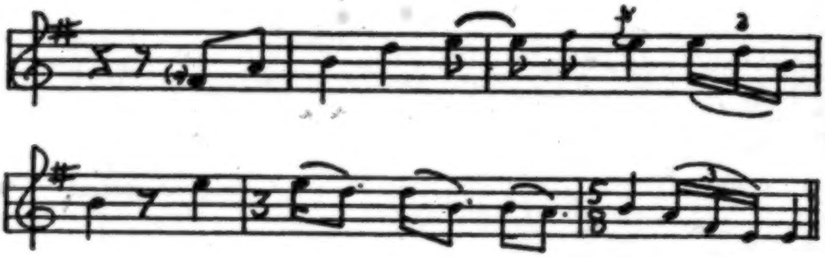
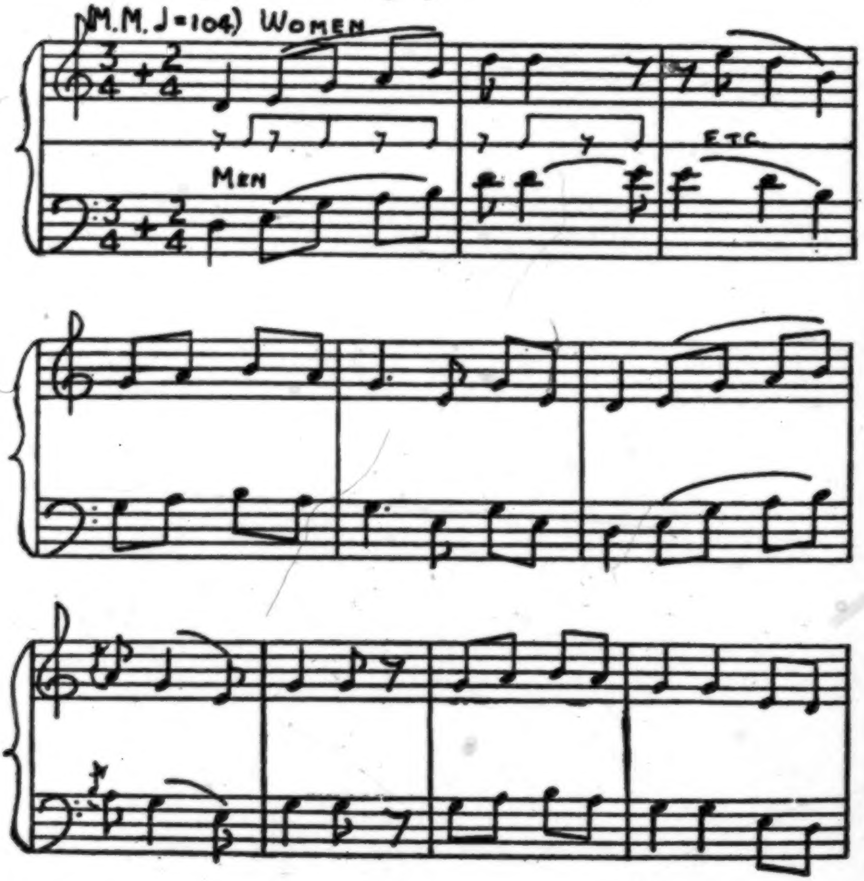


Ladakhi song about Tseringskyit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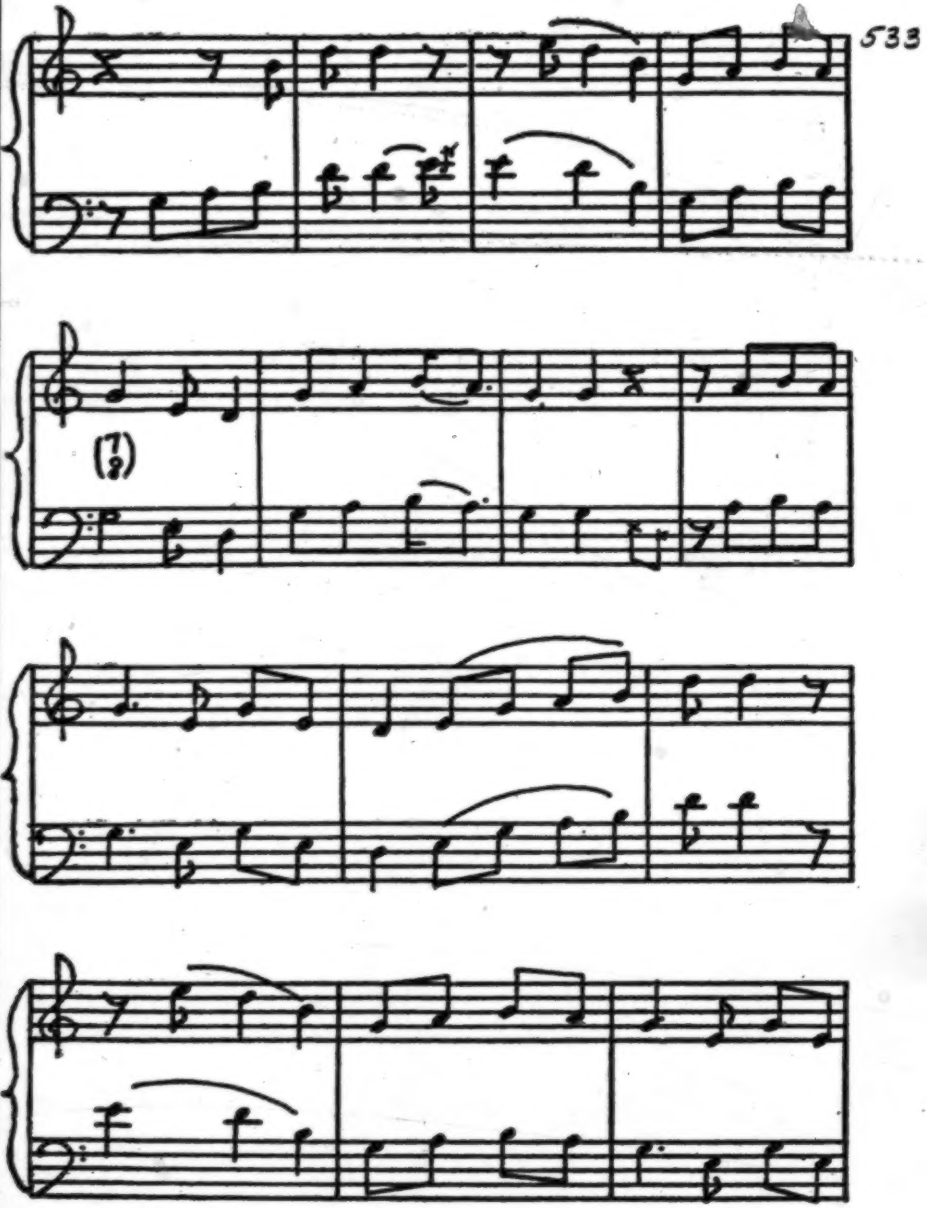

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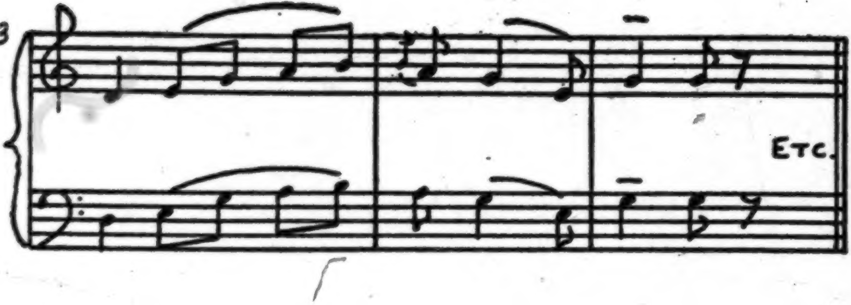
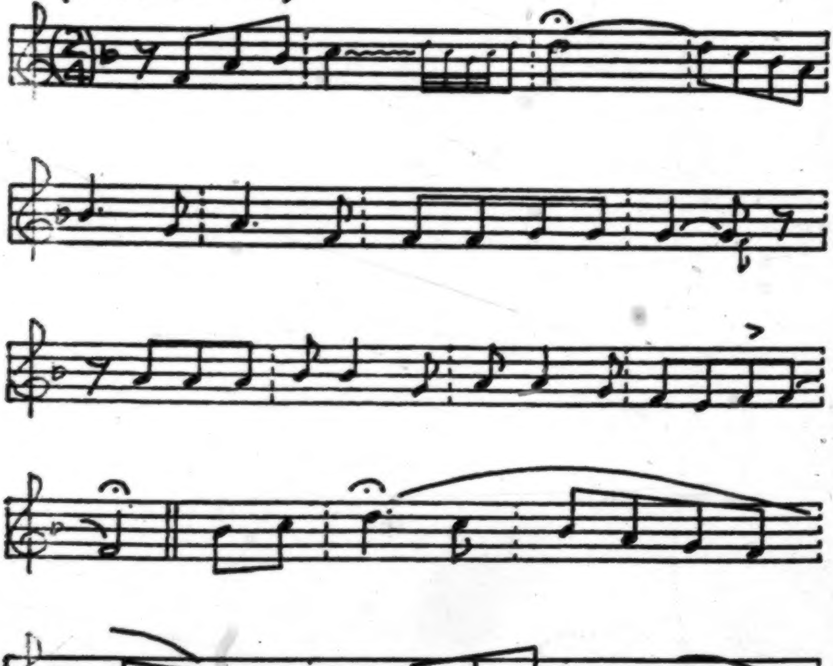
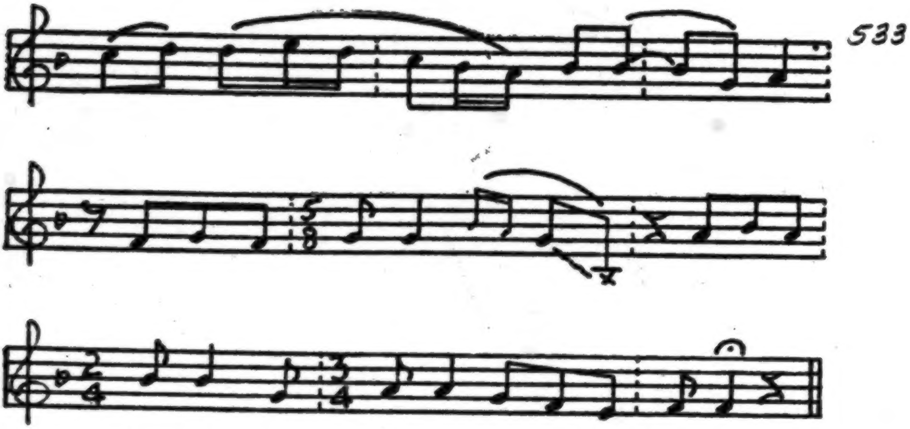


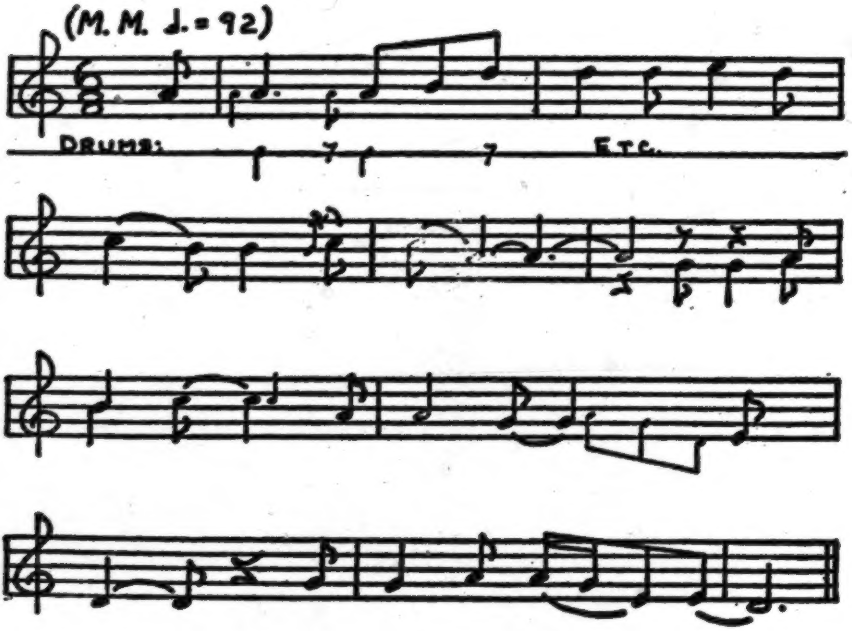
Nationalist song from Pakhtunistan

(M.M. ♩ = 120)


12: Douglas T-3 (1951)1953 AJ4 W. Tibetans AJ4



Polo song from Gilgit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INDEX

Abbottabad, Pakistan, 290
Abdul, chauffeur, 237–39, 266–71
Adams, Mount, Cascade Range, 288
Affection, need of Asia for, 229–34
Afghanistan, 237–39, 252–65; Awakened Youth Movement, 262; Buddhism in, 254–56; conquest of Kashmir, 241; economic and social reform in, 263–64; invaded by Mongols, 256–57; invaded by Moslems, 256; people of, 264–65; relations with Soviet Union, 261–63; treaty of friendship with India, 245
Afridis, 240, 242–44
Aga Khan, 296
Agriculture, of Gilgit area, 297–98; in Ladakh, 191–92; in southern Punjab, 21; in Swat, 272
Air flight over Himalayas, 287–92
Ajjar tribe of Swat, 274
Akhund of Swat, 279
Alexander the Great, 241, 250, 255, 273
Ali Musjid, mosque of, 242
Ammnullah, bodyguard, 268–70
Amu Darya, 249
Animal life. *See* Wildlife
Aryan invasion of Persia and India, 240
Asia, American ideas in, 321–24; need for affection from West, 229–34; political reconstruction of, 312–18; United States policy in, 217–18

Index

000 Astor, state of, 293
Awakened Youth Movement, Afghanistan, 262
Azevedo, de, 231

Baber Khan, 241, 250
Babusar Pass, 290
Badshah Khan, 245
Bajawaris, 240
Bakula, Kaushak, Rinpoche of Spitok, 210–16
Balakot, Pakistan, 290
Balkh, Afghanistan, 255
Baltit, capital city of Hunza, 296, 312
Baluchs, 240
Bamian, Afghanistan, 246–48, 254–58
Bandits, Kasak, 97, 215
Banglang Zu, Ladakh, 116
Baraghil Pass, Hindu Kush, 249
Baralacha Pass, 80, 95, 112, 122, 327
Barton, W., *India's Northwest Frontier*, 243
Beas River, 24, 26, 34–35, 50
Begar system of Rajah of Kulu, 55–56
Bell, C. A., *The Religion of Tibet*, 154, 205
Bhaga River, 59, 63–64, 85–86, 90–92
Birds. *See* Wildlife
Blizzard in Kulu Valley, 37–39
Bridge at Koksar, building of, 52–54
British seizure of Khyber Pass, 242–44
Bruce, C., *Kulu and Lahoul*, 59
Buddhism, 119; in Afghanistan, 254–56; Communism vs., 202–3, 208–10, 213–18; devotional formula (mantra) of, 166–69, 176–77; disposal of dead, 168; festivals, 170–71; healing, 169; lama dances, 174–76; Lamaism, 144–52, 154–65; Mahayan school of, 214; Mila Repa, poet, 172–74; prayer wheels, 168–69; salvation by mortification of body, 169–70; spread and corruption of, 154; in Swat, 273; tenets of, 153; wheel of life, 171; Yellow Sect of, 210–11
Budh Ram, cook, 30–31

Caravans, through Khyber Pass, 238, 240; from Manali to Leh, 34–35. *See also* Pack train
Cariappa, General K. M., 99
Carter, Dr. Hill, 130
Cascade Range, Sierra Nevada Mountains, compared with Himalayas, 288
Caste system, 25
Chakchu, Ladakh, 80, 124, 135–36, 327
Chandra River, 50–52, 58–60
Chang La Pass, 144
Chant, prayer, of Incarnate Lama, 159–61
Chardah Ghurband, Afghanistan, 260–62
Charikar, Afghanistan, 252–53
Chelas (oracles), 32–33
Chenab River, 50–51
Chenrezi, Tibetan deity, 211

Chhomphel, muleteer, 72
Chhorten, Buddhist monument, 167–68
Chiang Kai-shek, 309
Chilas, state of, 290, 293
China, invasion of Ladakh by, 191; and Sinkiang, 308–9; suzerainty over Tibet, 203–8; Yellow Sect of Buddhism in, 210
Chinese Communists, "liberation" of Tibet by, 96–97, 202–3, 208–10, 213–18
Chitral, state of, 272
Church. *See* Religion
Churchill, Winston, 245, 271
Clark, John, 312–18
Clothing, for Himalayan travel, 330–31. *See also* Costume
Commerce, of Gilgit area, 299–300; of Ladakh, Soviet blocking of, 224–26
Communism, in Afghanistan, 261–63; Asiatic strength against, 233–34; move for control of Buddhist world, 202–3, 208–10, 213–18; political defense against, 313–18. *See also* Soviet Russia
Costume, of Afghans, 264; of Gilgit area, 304; of Ladakhi men, 186; of Ladakhi women, 137–38; of Lahuli women, 61, 65
Court system, in Lahul, 67–69; in Swat, 277–78
Crime in Ladakh, 223–24
Cutting, Suydam, *The Fire Ox and Other Years*, quoted, 171
Dakka, Afghanistan, 239
Dalai Lama, 96–97, 154; brought under control of Red China, 207–10; Chinese treatment of, in past, 204; origin of autocratic powers of, 211; selection of, as controlled by China, 204–7; situation under Communist control, 213–14
Dances, of Gilgit area, 304–5; lama, 174–76; of Manali, 41–42
Darius of Persia, 240
Darkot Pass, Hindu Kush, 249
Dean's Hotel, Peshawar, 319–22
Debtor's relief in Ladakh, 192–93
Declaration of Independence, 322–23
Delhi, India, captured by Persians, 241
Dental practice on mountain trek, 141–42
Depression in Leh, Ladakh, 225–26
Dera Ademkhel, Afghanistan, 244
Dir, state of, 272
Divorce in Ladakh, 182–83
Doctoring to natives, 129–41
Draper, Dr. George, 134
Driver, Dr. and Mrs. Norman, 142, 227
Drought, consequences of, 31
Durand line defining Afghanistan-Pakistan border, 245

East Punjab, trees of, 23
ECA, results of "stabilizing" with, 317
Education, as defense against Communism, 314–17

000

Index

000 Educational activities of Lamaism, 195–97
Effendi, Colonel and Mrs. H. M. el, 284
Elevations on main points of Himalayan trek, 327

Fair, Patseo, 86–88
Farming. *See* Agriculture; Land system
Festivals, religious, in Ladakh, 170–71
Feudalism, future treatment of, 313–18; in Ladakh, 189–201
Fishing in Kaghah River, 283–86
Flowers. *See* Plants and vegetation
Food: *gur gur cha,* 89; for Himalayan travel, 329–30; of Ladakhis, 197; *sattu,* 90
Ford Foundation, 315
Forman, Harrison, *Through Forbidden Tibet,* 160
Fraser-Tytler, Neil, *Afghanistan,* 243
Friendship between Asia and West, 229–34
Fuel for Himalayan travel, 329

Garner, John, 247–48
Gautama Buddha, 153
Genghis Khan, 241, 250, 256–57
Geologic composition, of Himalayas, 118; of Hindu Kush, 250
Gilgit, state of, 284, 292–305; agricultural resources of, 297–99; commerce of, 300; economic program for, 311–14; people of, 295–96
Gillu, bus driver, 22–27
Glass helmet, magic properties of, 78–84
Gongrechen Pass, 80, 124–25, 327
Great Britain, in Khyber area, 242–44
Great Mongol War (1646–47), 191
Greek culture in Afghanistan, 255
Gujjar tribe of Swat, 274
Gundala, Lahul, 63, 327
Gundala Peak, 59
Gupis, state of, 293
Gur gur cha, tea with yak butter, 89–90
Guru. *See* Lobon
Gusri, King of Mongolia, 211
Gya, Ladakh, 103–4, 143, 167, 327

Hadda, Afghanistan, 255
Haji Malik Murad Khan, 240
Headdress of Ladakhi women, 137–38
Hemis Monastery in Ladakh, 144–65, 172–76
Hinduism, doctrine of reincarnation, 153; in Gilgit area, 295–96; holy places of, 152; in Swat, 273
Hindu Kush, 249–52
Hirma, Kulu goddess, 31–34
Hood, Mount, Cascade Range, 288
Hossein, Mohammed, flute player, 259–60
Houses of Lahul, 63
Hsuan Tsang, Buddhist pilgrim, 26, 51, 255, 273

000

Hunza, district of, 272, 293–300, 306–7; Mir of, 303, 306, 311, 320

Ignorance in Ladakh, 195–96
Illness, Buddhist treatment of, 169; medical treatment of, on trek, 129–41
Incarnate Lama of Hemis Monastery, 145–65, 174–76; discovery of, 161–64
Incarnate Lama of Sankar Monastery, 210–16
India, annexation of Ladakh by, 191; Aryan invasion of, 240; British on Northwest frontier, 242–44; conversion to Islam, 241; Ford Foundation schools in, 315; Mogul dynasty, founding of, 241; raids by Mongols and Tartars, 241; relation of Moslems and Mongols to, 222–23; treaty of friendship with Afghanistan, 245
Indus River, headwaters of, 144, 219–20
Industrial assistance to Asia, 311–18
Inflation in Leh, Ladakh, 226–27
Inheritance, laws of, in Ladakh, 180–81
International Development Placement Association, 315
Intestinal disturbances, preventing, 130
Irvine, Andrew, 121
Ishkoman, state of, 293
Itinerary of journey, 325–26
Jalalabad, Afghanistan, 238
Jammu, Rajah of, 191
Jesus, legend of visit to Hemis Monastery, 152
Jhelum River, 50
Jispa, East Punjab, 66, 67–70, 327

K2, mountain peak, 289
Kabul, capital city of Afghanistan, 240, 252, 263–64
Kabul River, 237–38
Kagan, Pakistan, 290
K[illegible]ah River, 283–86, 291–92
Kailas, Mount, Tibet, 152
Kalinag, snake god of Kulu, 45
Kamal, Ahmad, *Land without Laughter*, 61
Karakoram Mountains, 289
Karve, General R. O., 98–99, 230–31
Kasak bandits, 97, 215
Kashgar, rebellion in, 309
Kashmir, agricultural credit under, 192–93; annexation of Ladakh by, 191; conquered by Afghanistan, 241; controversy over, 51; debtor's relief act, 192–93; economic program for Ladakh, 227; landownership under, 193–94; Maharajah of, 191, 222–23
Kashmir scarves and shawls, wool for, 87–88
Khalatse, Ladakh, 184
Khan, Badshah, 245
Khardong Pass, 220
Khawok Pass, Hindu Kush, 250
Khyber Pass, 237, 239–44
Kilung, Lahul, 80, 113–14, 133

Index

000 Kipling, Rudyard, 240; *Arithmetic on the Frontier*, quoted, 243; *The Ballad of East and West*, quoted, 248
Kitchen equipment for Himalayan travel, 331
Kohistanis of Swat, 274
Koksar, Lahul, 50–58, 327
Korea, Asiatic reaction to Western action in, 233
Koti, East Punjab, 35, 37, 327
Kulu, East Punjab, 26–27
Kulu song about Kunjva, the lover, 332
Kulu Valley, 26, 30–31, 35–36; rainstorm in, 36–40
Kumbum Monastery, Tibet, 206
Kyelang, capital of Lahul, 63–65, 327

La Chulung La Pass, 80, 124, 327
Ladakh, 116, 219–20; administration of justice in, 223–24; annexation by India, 191; Communism in, 213–15; economic plight of, 196–200, 221–22, 225–27; King of, 191, 193, 223; land problem in, 189–201; Moslem worship in, 222–23; multiple marriage in, 178–88; postal service in, 101; religion in, 166–77
Ladakhi songs: about Tashiwangyal, 334; about Tseringskyit, 336
Lahul, 50–51, 63–70, 116; court session in, 67–69; people of, 65–66; women, status of, 60–62
Lahuli song about Angmo, 333
Lama dances, 174–76
Lama chant from Hemis Monastery, 333
Lamaism, 144–65; under Communist control, 214–17; mortification of body in, 169–70; as used by Chinese for controlling Tibet, 204–10; wealth and power of, 189–201; Yellow Sect of, 210–11
Lamba Pahar, mountain peak, 289
Land system, in Gilgit area, 298; in Ladakh, 149, 180–81, 189–201; in Lahul, 67–69; needed reforms of, 316–17; of Swat, 279
Langdharma, Tibetan king, 191
Laws, of Ladakh, ancient, 223; of Swat, 277–78
Leh, capital of Ladakh, 219–32, 327; commerce of, 225–27; Officers' Club in, 230–31; people of, 227–29
Lhasa, Tibet, Dalai Lama's flight from and return to, 208–10
Lincoln, Abraham, 322–23
Living standards, effects of raising, 310–18
Lobon to Incarnate Lama, 146
Losar, New Year's Feast of Buddhism, 170–71
Lowarai Pass, Hindu Kush, 249
Lukhang, Sawang, 214*n.*

Magic helmet, 78–84
Magpa, husband in polygamous marriage, 181
Mahayan school of Buddhism, 214

000

Mahindar Singh Randhawa, Tehsildar of Kyelang, 64, 66–69
Mahmoud of Ghazni, 241
Mahsuds, 240
Maillart, E. K., *Forbidden Journey*, 308
Malakand, 267, 271–72
Mallory, G. H. L., 121
Manali, East Punjab, 27–34, 35, 327; dancing and singing of, 41–44
Manasarovar, Lake, Tibet, 152
Manchus, control of Tibet by, 204–5
Man Das, 30–31
Mandi, Himachal Praedesh, 25
Mani walls, 166–67; of Leh, 221–22
Mantra (devotional formula) of Buddhism, 166–67
Manu, originator of caste system, 25
Marchelang, Ladakh, 144, 219
Marpa, Lobon of Mila Repa, 172
Marriage, in Kulu, 42–43; in Lahul, 60–62; multiple, in Ladakh, 178–88
Mass Education Movement, International Committee of, 314, 315
Matuk River, 253
Medical kit for Himalayan travel, 330
Medical practice on Himalayan trek, 129–41
Miangul Abdul Haq Johan Zeb, Wali of Swat, 274–80
Miangul Gul Shahzada Abdul Wadud, Wali of Swat, 273–74
Mila Repa, Tibetan poet, 172–74
Mogul dynasty of India, 241
Mohammed Jamal Khan, Mir of Hunza, 299
Mohmand, Faqir M., 246, 259–60, 265
Mohmands, 240
Monasteries, Buddhist, under Communist control, 214–16; festivals of, 170–71; Hemis, in Ladakh, 144–65, 172–76; landownership by, 189–201; Sankar, in Ladakh, 210–16
Money, for Himalayan travel, 331
Moneylending in Ladakh, 192–98
Mongol Empire, 203
Mongolia, Yellow Sect of Lamaism in, 210–11
Mongol raids, on Afghanistan, 256–57; on India, 241; on Ladakh, 222–23
Monsoon season, 328
Moorcroft, William, 52
Moravian Mission, Leh, Ladakh, 142, 227–28
Morrison-Knudsen Company of Boise, Idaho, 263
Mortification of body in Lamaism, 169–70
Moslem faith of Gilgit area, 296
Moslem invasions, of Afghanistan, 256; of India, 241; of Kashmir, 241; of Ladakh and Tibet, 191; of Swat, 273
Moslem marriages in Ladakh, 183–84
Moslem mosque in Leh, 222–23
Moti, mule, 104–10
Mountain sickness, 121–24
Movie film, delivery of, 94
Mule train, of Rup Singh, 72–77

Index

000

Multiple marriage in Ladakh, 178–88; examples of, 184–88
Mummery, A. F., 289
Musicians, status of, 295–96
Muttan, 243–44

Nadir Shah of Persia, 241
Nagir, state of, 272, 293–95, 299–300; Mir of, 303
Nanga Parbat, mountain peak, 288–89
National song from Pakhtunistan, 338
Nehru, 19, 31, 94, 193
Ngabo, Sawang, 214*n.*
Niranj au Singh, trail overseer, 52
"Noble Eightfold Path" of Buddhism, 153

Obos (stone pile) at mountain passes, 124–25
Oliviera, de, 231
Oxus River, 249

Pack train, from Koksar to Kyelang, 58; from Kyelang to Leh, 77; sheep, 86–87
Pagmur Pass, 82–84, 93–98, 327
Painting, in Ladakh and Tibet, 195–96
Pakhtunistan, desired Pathan country, 244–48
Pakistan, 239–40; Ford Foundation schools in, 315; problem of Pathans in, 244–47; program for Gilgit area, 311–12, 320. *See also* Gilgit
Palampur, East Punjab, 23
Panchen Lama, 207–8
Pass poison, 121–24
Pathans, 240, 241–48; claim to independent nation, 244–47
Pathankot, southern Punjab, 22
Patseo, East Punjab, 80, 86–88, 111–12, 327
Peasants, importance of assistance to, 311–18
Persepolis, Persia, 241
Persia, Aryan invasion of, 240; raid on India, 241
Peshawar, Pakistan, 267, 319–22
Peters, Dr. John L., 315
Philippines, mass education training center in, 315
Phuntzog, Ngatun, Lobon of Hemis Monastery, 146–65, 174–76
Pilgrimages, holy, 152; prostration, 170
Plants and vegetation, of Bamian, 254; of Bhaga canyon, 85; of Chandra canyon, 58–59; of East Punjab, 22–23; of Gilgit area, 296–97; of Kabul, 252; of Kulu Valley, 35–36; of Kyelang, 64, 71–72; of Ladakh trail, 82; of Leh, Ladakh, 220; of Matuk Valley, 253; of Rothang Pass, 48–49; of Swat, 272
Point Four assistance, 311–18
Political reconstruction of Asia, 312–18
Polo, as played in Gilgit area, 302–3
Polo song from Gilgit, 339
Polyandry, 178–88; examples of, in Ladakh, 184–88
Polygamy, 181–84

Porters, of caravan from Manali to Leh, 34–36, 39–40, 55–58
Postal service in Ladakh, 101
Poverty in Ladakh, 196–200
Prayer flags, 26–27
Prayer service, of Incarnate Lama of Hemis Monastery, 158–61; of lamas, 170
Prayer wheel, Buddhist, 168–69
Priesthood of Tibet, perpetuating power of, 154
Primogeniture in Ladakh, 180–81; abolishment of, 184–85
Prostitution in Ladakh, 183, 226–27
Prostration pilgrimage, 170
Pulmatick, Afghanistan, 246
Punial, state of, 293–94
Punishment for crime, in Ladakh, 223–24; in Swat, 277–78
Punjab, 21–23; conquered by Baber Khan, 241

Qipchak Pass, Hindu Kush, 250

Rahul, companion and interpreter, 21, 230–31, 234
Rainfall, in Gilgit, 297; in Hunza, 297; in Kulu Valley, 31; in Ladakh, 80; in Lahul, 66; and the magic hat, 78–84
Rainier, Mount, Cascade Range, 288
Rainstorm in Kulu Valley, 36–40
Rakhapooshe, mountain peak, 289–90
Ram Chand, muleteer, 73
Ravi River, 50
Red China, "liberation" of Tibet by, 96–97, 202–3, 208–10, 213–18; Western policy toward, 217–18 000
Red Sect of Lamaism, 145, 147, 211
Reincarnation, doctrine of, 153; origin of, 210; as used by Manchus in controlling Tibet, 204–7
Religion, in Afghanistan, 254–56; Communist effort to control Buddhist world, 202–3, 208–10, 213–18; economic control of church in Ladakh and Tibet, 189–201; of Gilgit area, 295–96; of Ladakh, 125, 166–77; of Lahul, 64–65; Lamaism, 144–65, 204–11; of Sinkiang, 308; of Swat, 273; in Tibet, 204–11
Religious procession for rain goddess in Manali, 33–34
Revolution as used by United States, 322–23
Richmond, Hilda, 59
Rinpoche. *See* Incarnate Lama
Roosevelt, Teddy, Jr., 52; *East of the Sun and West of the Moon*, 179
Rose of Ladakh, by Lila in Leh, 335
Rothang Pass, 39, 47–50, 327
Rupshu region of Ladakh, 102–3, 197–98
Rup Singh, pack-train owner, 71–76; rebellion of, 111–20
Russian Turkestan, 309

Safi, Ghulam Hassam, 262
Sahib, Dr. Khan, 245

000 Saidu, capital of Swat, 272, 274–80
Sakya. *See* Red Sect of Lamaism
Salt caravans from Tibet, 86–87
Sankar Monastery, Ladakh, 210–16
Sattu, barley-flour food, 90
Sawang Lukhang, 214*n.*
Sawang Ngabo, 214*n.*
Schaeffer, Roy, 104
Sepulchers, Buddhist, 168
Sera Monastery, Tibet, 204
Serchu, East Punjab, 95, 114, 327
Shahr-I-Ghulghulla, Afghanistan, 256
Shamanism, ancient religion of Himalayas, 125
Shawn, Ted, *Gods Who Dance*, 175
Sheep train, 86–87
Shibar Pass, Hindu Kush, 250, 253–54
Shinwaris, 240
Shor, Franc, 306
Sickness, Buddhist treatment of, 169; medical treatment of, on trek, 129–41
Siddhartha Gautama (Buddha), 153
Sing Chen, 207
Singh, General Zorawar, 191
Sinkiang, border closed by Soviet Russia, 225–26; holidays of Mir Hunza in, 298; industrial and social development of, 309–11; people of, 308; and Soviet Russia, 306–11; wool from, 87–88
Sleeping equipment for Himalayan travel, 330
Smythe, F. S., 121
Snowy Peak, 59
Songs, of Afghanistan, 259; of Gilgit, 303–4; of Ladakh, 200–1, 228–29; of Lahul, 66; of Lhasa, 216; of Manali, 42–44; of Pathans, 242–44; of Tibet, 91–92
Soviet Russia, Asiatic strength against, 233–34; commercial pattern for China, Tibet, and Sinkiang, 226; defenses against, 312–18; effort to control Buddhist world, 202–3, 208–10, 213–18; Moslem resistance to, 246–48; relations with Afghanistan, 261–63; and Sinkiang, 306–11; and United States, 321–23
Staglang La Pass, 103–4, 126–28, 327
Stagtsang Raspa, founder of Hemis Monastery, 151
Steele, A. T., "The Boy Ruler of Shangri-La," quoted, 205–6
Stok, Ladakh, 193
Stone, Harlan Fiske, 149–50
Sun Lake, Ladakh, 112
Superstition, power of, in Ladakh, 195–96
Suraj Dal, lake in Ladakh, 112
Sutlej River, 50
Swat, Kingdom of, 266–67, 272–82; court systems of, 277–78; development of, 272–73, 279; dinner with Wali, 277–80; history of, 273–74
Swat River, 272

Tartar raids on Ladakh, 222

Tashi, pack-train owner, 58, 71
Taylor, Meadows, *The Confessions of a Thug*, 269
Tea, *gur gur cha*, 89–90
Technical assistance to Asia, 312–18
Tenant farming in Ladakh, 191–92
Tents for Himalayan travel, 329
Thomas, Lowell, Jr., *Out of This World*, 156
Thompson, Dr. Thomas, 141
Thugs of India, 269
Tibet, closing of border, 95–97, 210; under Communist control, 215–16; Communist manipulation in, 208–10; goods trains from, 85–88; influence of Chinese suzerainty on, 203–8; invasion by India, 191; Lamaism in, 204–11
Tilman, H. W., *Two Mountains and a River*, 290
Timur, 241
Tirichmir, mountain in Hindu Kush, 249
Toche Phirche, Ladakh, 81–82, 124, 167
Torcha, Pakistan, 239
Travel hints for Himalayan journey, 328–31
Traveling in Ladakh and Tibet, native-style, 100–1
Treatment of ailments, 129–41
Trees. *See* Plants and vegetation
Trial by ordeal in Ladakh, 223–24
Trout fishing in Kaghah River, 283–86
Tsarap River, 80, 108–9, 114–20, 136
Tsongkapa, founder of Yellow Sect of Lamaism, 210–11 000
Turkestan, Russian, 309

Uighurs, 308
United Nations, action in Korean situation, 233
United States, and Asia, 217–18, 229–34; assistance to Asia, 315–18; role of, 323–24; and Soviet Russia, 321–23
Upshi, Ladakh, 76–77, 127, 144, 198–200, 219, 327
Usury in Ladakh, 192–93
Uzbeks of Afghanistan, 260

Vegetation. *See* Plants and vegetation

Walls, *mani*, 166–67
Warren, Mrs. Avra, 130
Waterproof equipment for Himalayan travel, 328–29
Wazirs, 240
Wazir Zorawar, 191
Wesh, land system of Swat, 279
Western nations, and Asia, 217–18, 229–34
Wheel of life in Buddhism, 171
Wildlife, of Kulu Valley, 35; of Ladakh, 82–83; of Rupshu region of Ladakh, 101; of Swat, 272
Williams, Dr. H. W., 130
Women, of Afghanistan, 264; of East Punjab, 24–25; of Kulu, 42–44; of Ladakh, 137–40, 178–88; of Lahul, 60–62

Index

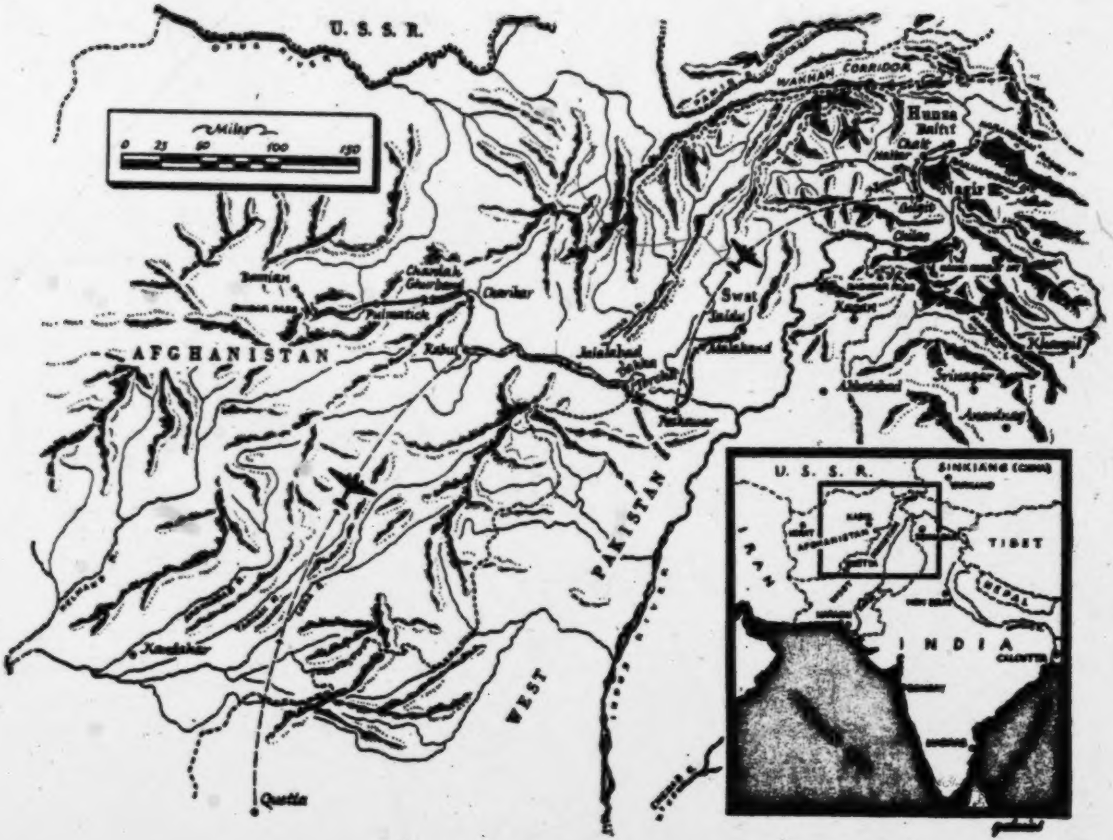
070

Wool caravans from Tibet, 87
World Assistance group, 315

Yaks, 103–4
Yarkand, Sinkiang, 220; commerce with Leh, 225–26
Yasin, state of, 293–94
Yatung, Tibet, flight of Dalai Lama to, 208–10
Yellow Sect of Lamaism, 145, 210–11
Yen, Dr. James, 314–15
Yugoslavia, Western policy toward, 218
Yunan River, 169
Yusafzais, 273

Zara, Ladakh, 84, 101–3
Zing Zing Bar, East Punjab, 80, 85, 88–91, 112, 327

12: Douglas T-3 (1951)1953 AJ4 W. Tibetans AJ4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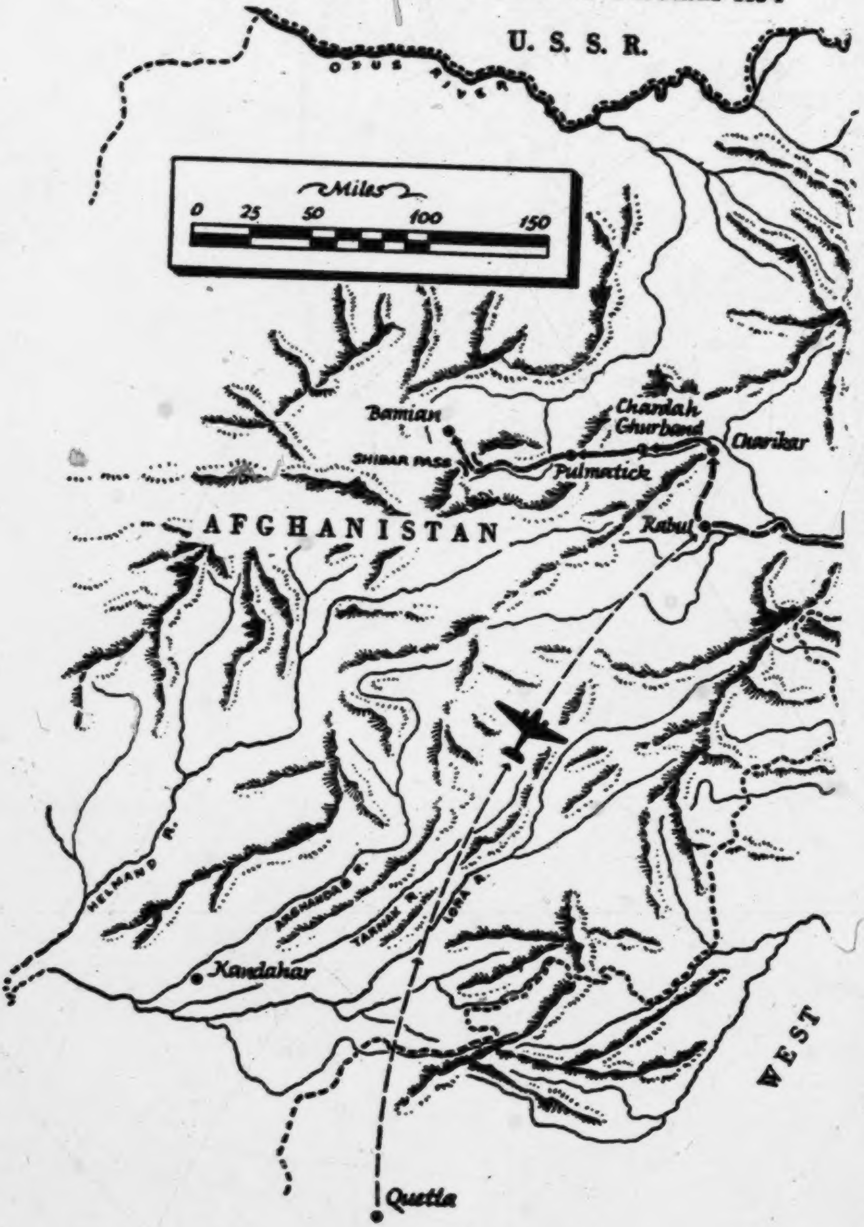
102

12: Douglas T-3 (1951)1953 AJ4 W. Tibetans AJ4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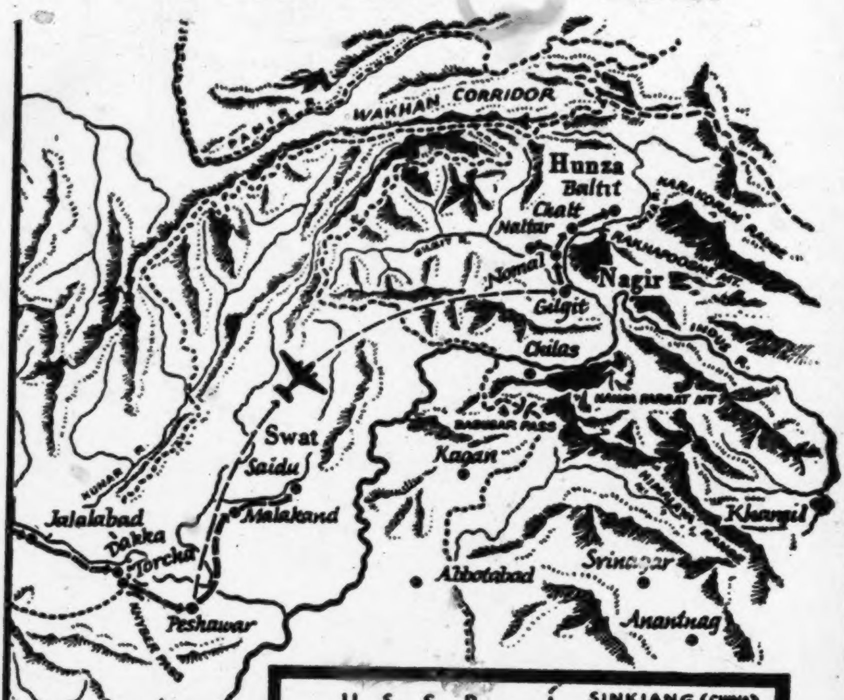
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NANGA PARBAT MT.
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Malakand
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Dakka
Torcham
Peshawar
KHYBER PASS
Abbotabad
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Anantnag
Kargil
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CHENAB R.
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YARKAND
KABUL
HERAT
AFGHANISTAN
IRAN
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SRINAGAR
TIBET
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WEST
NEPAL
NEW DELHI
KARACHI
INDIA
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BOMBAY
MADRAS
ARABIAN SEA
BAY OF BENGAL

[Inside back cover-right

Glossary

[The capital letter in parentheses following a word indicates that it is either Tibetan (T) or Hindi (H). Words about which there was doubt were not assigned to either of these languages. --Analyst]

Chhagzot (T) - managerial head of a monastery
Chham (T) - lama dance
Chhorten (T) - a tower associated with mani walls
Chan (T) - the barley beer of Ladakh
Chappatti (H) - wheat cake
Daps - musical instrument made from a skin stretched over a hoop
Dobdobs - police
Dzo (T) - a cross between a yak and a cow
Geshes (T) - high degree awarded at the academic monasteries
Gie - Yak butter
Guru (H) - older lama; spiritual teacher (see Lobon)
Gur Gur Cha - a kind of tea made with yak butter.
Kanal - a land measure; 1/16 of an acre
Kathak (T) - white silk scarf; traditional present to and from a high lama
Konyer (T) - treasurer of a monastery

12: Douglas
104

AJ4 West Tibetans AJ4 -2

Lobon (T) - older lama; teacher of the Incarnate Lama (see Guru)
Magpa (T) - a son-in-law who becomes the head of a sonless family
Mani - Walls with religious inscriptions
Obo (T) - rock cairn (see oris)
Oris (T) - rock cairn (see Obo)
Perakh (T) - headdress worn by older women
Poshel - egg-shaped pin worn as an ornament by women
Sattu (T) - a food made of barley flour. (see Tsamba)
Sawp - Tibetan for Sahib
Serai - stopping place for caravans
Skushak (T) - term of address to a spiritual head of a monastery
Tehsildar (H) - head of a tahsil (district)
Tsamba (T) - a food made of barley flour. (see Sattu)

12: Douglas
487

AJ4 West Tibetans AJ4

[For descriptions of the routes used by Justice Douglas, see category 133. --Analyst]

12: Douglas
113

AJ4 West Tibetans AJ4

The following books and articles are referred to by Justice Douglas:

Bell: The Religion of Tibet
Bruce: Kulu and Lahoul
Forman: Through Forbidden Tibet
Kamal: Land Without Laughter
Thomas: Lowell Jr.: Out of this World
Roosevelt, T.: East of the Sun and West of the Moon
Shawn, Ted: Gods Who Dance
Steele: The Boy Ruler of Shangri-La. Saturday Evening Post, April 13, 1946
Cutting, Suydam: The Fire Ox and Other Years

116

116 TEXTS--a full set of pages from each processed source, arranged in page order, as a means of establishing the context for any particular slip. Sets are arranged in the numerical order of the sources. See also:

Literary texts 539

IN
HIMALAYAN TIBET

A RECORD OF 12 YEARS SPENT IN THE TOPSY-TURVY
LAND OF LESSER TIBET WITH A DESCRIPTION OF
ITS CHEERY FOLK, THEIR WAYS & RELIGION,
OF THE RIGOURS OF THE CLIMATE
& BEAUTIES OF THE COUNTRY,
ITS FAUNA AND FLORA

BY
A. REEVE HEBER M.D., Ch.B.
&
KATHLEEN M. HEBER M.B., Ch.B., B.Sc.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS & MAP

Philadelphia
J. B. Lippincott Company
1926

A TRAVELLING VENDOR.

Bringing his collection of curios for sale to shew the Dr. Sahib, and demonstrating with a song the excellence of his home-made fiddle. To the right is a lidded beer-pot, and on the small table a pot for pouring out libations.

[FRONTISPIECE]

[Pp. I-X CONTAIN NO TEXT]

Preface

000 IN writing the following pages, we are very conscious of the help we have received from many sources, for which we express our heartiest thanks.

115 First and foremost, we remember our many Tibetan friends who, by allowing us to enter their homes and to watch them at their work and play, have enabled us to learn much about their inner life. We bear in particular remembrance our two Ladaki friends, Nyenpo Joseph Gergan and Nyenpo Dawazung Dana, who so willingly put at our disposal their profound knowledge of their own country, its history and customs.

127 Without reference to Dr. A. H. Franke's historical researches our second chapter could not have been written. To him we also owe the two stories of Dardish heroes ; and Colonel Waddell's " Lamaism " is a store of information.

000 We have further to mention some other friends, Mr. Basil Crump and Mrs. A. C. Cleather, whose knowledge of Buddhism is so profound. They have often shown us the significance of things not realized before, while Mr. Crump has most generously allowed us to draw on his splendid collection of photographs. Our gratitude is due also to Major Robson, I.A., a former British Joint Commissioner, and to Miss Lucy McCormick, for so very kindly allowing us to make use of some of their photographs.

000 Finally we would thank Miss J. J. Ferguson for her invaluable assistance in preparing the manuscript for the printers.

121 Our purpose in writing the book, was to fulfil an oft-expressed want for a popular and not highly technical account of the land and the people. There is still much to say about our Ladaki friends, but we hope that what we have been able to recount in the following pages will give the reader a real interest in these lovable inhabitants of the roof of the World.

KATHLEEN MARY HEBER.
A. REEVE HEBER.

LEH, *August* 4, 1925.

Contents

000

CHAPTER I

PAGE

Introduction to the Land and People 17

CHAPTER II

The Past Story of Ladak 23

CHAPTER III

Nature's Setting 31

CHAPTER IV

Over the Zogi Pass 44

CHAPTER V

Into Ladak 53

CHAPTER VI

Back to Lamaland 59

CHAPTER VII

Over Many Passes 75

CHAPTER VIII

Into Zaneskar 86

CHAPTER IX

With Brogpa and Khampa 92

CHAPTER X

"Curiouser and Curiouser" 100

CHAPTER XI

Domesticities 109

CHAPTER XII

Modes and Manners 121

CHAPTER XIII

Professions and Industries 134

CHAPTER XIV

ooo

Occidental Treatment for Oriental Maladies . . . 143

CHAPTER XV

National Pastimes and Sports 152

CHAPTER XVI

Merit and its Acquisition 162

CHAPTER XVII

Rites and Ceremonies 171

CHAPTER XVIII

The Crises of Life 181

CHAPTER XIX

Rajahs and Royalties 195

CHAPTER XX

Demons, Dances and Dinners 205

CHAPTER XXI

A Typical Monastery 216

CHAPTER XXII

Skushogs and Scandals 226

CHAPTER XXIII

Introduction to the Hemis Mystery Play 239

CHAPTER XXIV

Hemis Mystery Play—First Day 251

CHAPTER XXV

Hemis Mystery Play—Second Day 264

CHAPTER XXVI

The Lure of Ladak 274
Index 279

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List of Illustrations

A Travelling Vendor . . . . *Frontispiece*
FACING PAGE
Dedication of a New Mani Wall 48
A Monastic Band 48
A Greeting 48
Two Ladakis in the Bazaar at Leh 72
The Baby Skushog of Spituk 72
A Ladaki from a side Valley (1) 88
A Breezy Dwelling (2) 88
Head Teacher of the Monastery of Sankar (3 & 4) . . . 88
The Town Band of Leh 104
A Private Chapel 104
A Skushog and his Monastic Band (1) 112
The Big Drum (2) 112
The Chief Tibetan Representative and his Son (3) . . . 112
Balti Coolies 128
A Ladaki Wedding Group 128
Pigtail and Perag 136
Masked Dancing (1) 168
A Chorten-Crowned Gateway (2) 168
A Sacred Banner (3) 168
A Hemis Street (4) 168

000

List of Illustrations

FACING PAGE

A BIRTHDAY ENTERTAINMENT 184

MEN DANCERS AT A WEDDING 184

LAMAYURU 200

SANKAR DGONPA 216

A SHRINE 216

THE SKUSHOG OF HEMIS DGONPA 232

THE HEMIS FESTIVAL 240

THE MYSTERY PLAY 240

THE INAUGURAL DANCE OF THE HEMIS FESTIVAL . . . 256

THE FESTIVAL AT HEMIS 264

HEMIS DGONPA 264

[For pp. 1–16, the author used Roman numerals; for the text, proper, he used Arabic numerals. Thus, the text begins on p. 17 and follows consecutively after p. XVI. --ANALYST]

IN HIMALAYAN TIBET

CHAPTER I

Introduction to the Land & People

"ONCE upon a time" is the orthodox beginning for all stories of fairy-land, and indeed the words "here and now" seem far too prosaic to introduce a new-comer into a land where those, who can still look out [illegible] the world with a child's wonderment and imagination, [illegible] actually see such living and moving embodiment of [illegible], elves, quaint old witches, weird old wizards in such appropriately fantastic and grotesque settings that they may well feel they have reached the veritable home of merry sprites and strange goblins. Could anything be more gnome-like than the little children playing in the roads and lanes, peeping shyly round dark corners or out of mysterious cracked doors, or darting away down queer passages leading under and through houses, quaint little individuals with merry brown faces, sometimes flat and Mongolian in type, but often with large lustrous brown eyes, probably from a Kashmiri admixture. See these elf-like little faces framed in the astrakhan edging of their high fur-lined caps with turned-up corners, a fashion worn by all ages and sexes, including the pig-tailed men, these very corners being so typical of the whole goblin land. So, too, are the still taller peaked mitre-shaped hats of the lamas, red or yellow, while the national head-dress or "Perag" of the women, is the most extraordinary thing of

181

144

291

292

592 all, and must have a detailed description later on. Then look at their dwellings, strange habitations of mud and
342 stones, crudely put together with crooked lines and strange little tiny windows, with or without a rough wooden framework. The larger of these may have a wooden partition down the centre of the framework, and the upper edge of the latter is curved upwards in each partition, adding the expres-
[231] sion of an eyebrow to the aperture. Through such windows it is quite common to see the solemn face of an old goat looking out, his long beard waggling to his meditative munch as he surveys the street below. How strange it seems to our Western ideas to have a goat upstairs and free to wander all over the house. But here we shall slowly find that in one example after another "the things go the other way." We are not exactly in Looking-glass Land, but we are certainly in some sort of Wonderland, where many things are upside-down, topsy-turvy or just the reverse of our notions of correctness, and where the strangest incongruities prevail.

To start with the houses, our best rooms are on the ground floor; as you ascend the rooms decrease in importance, and the uppermost ones are relegated to lumber or to the least important members of the household. In Ladak, on the contrary, the higher you go the better the rooms, and the flat roof is the most used place of all, especially in the sunny hours of winter, when many domestic activities can be carried out in the warm sunshine there, and thereby the precious fuel be saved. Often there is a small porch on one side, a shelter from the keen spring winds or a shade from the heat of summer. The fact that horse-manure or cows' dung is spread out in patches on the floor to dry, or that the chimney of the summer kitchen-room is busy fulfilling its functions near-by, does not at all detract from the desirability of this lofty open-air sitting room. Descending, we come to a large room with an open verandah, which can be closed in by

short planks, and whose wooden framework may be crudely 342
carved; this will be the summer kitchen-living-room. Its
winter counterpart, a smaller, darker room, will be found on
the second floor, the windows being glazed by small panes in
the most advanced houses, while the others are stuffed with
bundles of rags or closed in with pieces of paper, for which
we often receive requests at the beginning of winter. The 231
ground floor serves to stable the cattle, who thus provide a
warm atmosphere at the base of the house in the severe
winter, a mild basement heating. What we may thus term
the biological warmth of winter concentration is shared also
by the fowls, who arrive at night in the winter kitchen-living-room,
and by this means are persuaded to lay occasionally
even throughout that bitter season.

Our idea of the place for a flower garden is just outside the [310]
front door and around the house, but these people cannot spare 247
land there, for, if the house is built on land, which can be irrigated,
every bit must be used for agriculture, and any spare little
plot for a few vegetables. But their appreciation of flowers [301]
is seen by the boxes full of gay blossom on roof or balcony,
and the place for a "buttonhole," in the absence of our
tailor-made provision, is behind the ears, giving a much more
saucy effect, especially when so near to sparkling brown eyes.
Not only may there be a flower garden on the roof, but it is 513
not uncommon to see a tent pitched there for shade and
summer sleeping purposes. Sleep itself is most easily
invited in the knee-elbow position, clothes being removed
and used to augment the bedding. In spite of this unfavourable
position the Ladaki is not guiltless of snoring, but much
the reverse! In our civilization the poorest will aim at 291
being tidy outside. Not so the Ladaki. He wears his
oldest dress outside, and his best one underneath, reversing
the order for special occasions. Roughly sewn patches are
applied at any angle; there is no need to attempt invisible
patching as we do, for the more patches with the edges over-

291 lapping, the warmer the dress. Our chief meals are completed with a hot beverage, such as coffee, but they begin 264 as well as end theirs with their butter-tea. Even the teeth of the carpenter's saw are sloped in the wrong direction 412 compared with ours. If we listen to the cow, we note that she descends the scale as she moos, whereas our western cows moo from below upwards.

576 With us the protrusion of the tongue is a sign of contempt and derision, and is certainly not regarded as a sign of good breeding! With the Tibetan it is a very polite form of greeting, and its involuntary production often occurs from embarrassment or astonishment. In the west we wait for admittance at the door of the house. In Ladak, the house is penetrated until the desired one is found. When the "Doctor Sahib" was ill in bed not long after our arrival in Ladak, and while we were still learning many new things, the door between his bedroom and the dining-room suddenly opened to admit a not over-cleanly looking individual, with a loudly squawking and protesting cock under his arm, a token of gratitude for the "Doctor Sahib" from one of his patients, but the "Mem Sahib" would have preferred to receive it on his behalf further from the sensitive radius of a badly aching head. 291 When our little girl donned a lamb-skin coat with the white fur outside, it was considered to be a most inside-out proceeding, while in Ladak hats are worn indoors as well as out-of-doors by both sexes. 782 Even their treatment of nature 241 seems to be the wrong way round, for they pray for sun to relieve a drought; but we have only to remember that the water supply and irrigation of the fields are entirely dependent on the summer melting of the winter snows away up on the mountain heights. 759 Although the native doctors get plenty of rewards in both food and cash, it is often made plain to the European doctor that the reward for his services is the merit he wins, no doubt the reason for his leaving his own country and coming to such a far land, unless it be that the unaccount-

able British Government is paying him some large salary for 759
his services !

Strange is it to see the extraordinary mixture of finery and 796
rags in their religious services, ceremonies and festivals, the
rich brocaded Chinese silk gowns of the dancing lamas having
little tags of cheapest gaudily-dyed butter muslin attached, while
beautiful clothes are surmounted by tinselled hats, the latter
the sort of rubbish that children love for "dressing up" in
the west. Strange too, is the mixture of clownishness and
solemnity, as seen especially at the Hemis festival. In the [778]
altars of little private chapels in the homes of the richer
Buddhists, the most beautiful metal work will be found side-
by-side with a cracked cup or an old tin, while in the matter 291
of dress, dirt and finery often go together, nor do they seem
to see the former in demanding a price for a second-hand, one
might say an "umpteenth" hand, garment with beautiful
Chinese embroidery, but so tattered and frayed and soiled,
that a European can only reject it.

So does one thing after the other seem to our ideas the 121
wrong way round in this strange land, where the term 186
mgologpa ("head-turned" or "back to front" man) is a
common term of reproach. But is it they who are, as it were,
the wrong side of the Looking-Glass, or are we?

Some years ago one of our colleagues in the course of [147]
conversation with a Ladaki, referred to their peculiar and
distinctive smell, and was filled with surprise and chagrin
when he was told that that was quite comprehensible, for we
Pyigling pa (pronounced Pilingpa, being literally outsiders,
i.e., foreigners) had an unpleasant odour in the Ladaki
estimation also. Having some idea of the ratio of their
ablutions to ours, this was a distinct blow to the Sahibs' vanity !

In attempting to understand this land and people, we must
therefore remember that we are the outsiders and ours are
extraordinary ideas and standards. After all, is it not
wiser to expose your older dress to the daily wear and

121 tear, and keep your best one clean, yet availing yourself of
186 its warmth, instead of putting it away to get moth-eaten? How much better to have your garden on the roof, where the passer-by may not be tempted to snatch a blossom over an easily knocked-down mud wall, and as for having your best room at the top of the house, it certainly has the better view there, and is further removed from the dust and the smell of the narrow lanes, which are only scavenged by the unclaimed street-dogs and the indefatigable crows and ravens. Indeed, but for these unrecognized friends, aided by the dryness of the climate and the long winter frost, the town would soon be uninhabitable for lack of sanitation. So let us hope that living among these strange people may develop in us a sweet reasonableness as to differences of opinion, which perhaps some of our insulated compatriots may find it more difficult to obtain. As another colleague frequently reminds us, they think we are all mad, some more than others. True, we have invented "motres" (motors), telegraphy, electric lighting and other wonders seen in Srinagar, the nearest point of real civilization, but who, save more or less mad people could produce such strange inventions? Probably the demons have revealed such tricks to us. Was not the Great White Queen Victoria herself a demon, demonstrated by the fact that she rode side-saddle? At any rate if challenged as to the rightness of his methods, the Ladaki can point out that his civilization is older than ours, and this same antiquity is adduced by him as an argument in favour of his religion as compared with ours.

1

CHAPTER II

The Past Story of Ladak

A VERY cursory glance at the country suffices to 174
show how ancient their civilization must be. Almost every village has its ruins of castle or fort or monastery, perched up on the rocky hillside in apparently inaccessible positions, and in most places will be found the village bard who can recount strange tales of long ago, often breaking out into song in the course of his narrative. But there are many written records, too, for the Buddhist lamas have inscribed the happenings of olden times with golden ink on beautifully polished black paper (in fairy-land surely all records are kept in gold !), and Kings have acquired much merit for themselves by building long prayer walls, and much gratitude from the student of historical research by inserting a tablet of stone on which the name of the builder and certain valuable bits of historical information are engraved.
By the laborious study of such records Dr. Francke, the modern [114]
historian of Western Tibet, has been able to piece together a connected, albeit fragmentary history of the country. A brief glance at this will give us the historical background necessary for the understanding of present conditions in Ladak.

The first mention of the country seems to have been made by Herodotus, who describes a land of wonderful ants, who in burrowing out their homes in the earth threw up gold. These ants were said to be nearly as large as dogs, and still more ferocious, with a keen sense of smell and great fleetness of

174 foot. This made it very difficult for the Indians who wanted the gold to obtain it, and the only method found possible was to fetch the gold day by day when the ants slept, and bear it away on swift horses. Ants said to be of this wonderful species, were pointed out to Dr. Francke, but they must have considerably shrunk since the days of their fame, for they were now of normal size. But what sort of people inhabited the
361 land in these ancient times? Doubtless, the first dwellers
162 were Tibetan nomads, who wandered about on the immense
221 upland plains of the Himalayas with their large flocks of
233 sheep, goats, and yaks, moving on from pasture to pasture as they still do, so slowly does the East change.

[342] Even now one need go only as far as the Chantang, some ten marches from Leh, to see just the same picture as these far-off days presented. Still each family has its funny little black tent, woven of yak's hair, and with a large hole in the roof to let out the smoke, for the food is cooked on an open fire within. Two or three families settle down with their herds in one place until the grass is exhausted, when they move on to the next grazing ground. Abraham in his day must have
[771] lived similarly on a larger scale. These nomads were probably adherents of the old religion, called the "Bon Chos," from which arise. the elements of demon-worship in the Lamaism
[797] of to-day. About this time Indian Buddhism was manifesting a keen missionary spirit, and sending out men to spread its doctrine and enlightenment far and wide. Among those some came to the Western Himalayas leaving traces of religion
162 which had come up direct from India, not *via* Tibet. Thus
792 on a medical tour to the neighbouring province of Zankskar, a village was found where almost every fourth man wore the yellow saffron robe of the down-country Buddhist priest.
563 The descendants of these early missionaries called Mons are still plentiful in the land, yet they have remained quite distinct from the original inhabitants. If you want a door made, you must fetch the Mon carpenter. If you want to hear of the brave

actions of the mythical "King Kesar," it is the Mon musician 563
who will tell you about them, interspersing his story with
song. If you have to arrange for a wedding, or any sort of
ltadmo (entertainment) you must not omit to call the Mon
drummer, who will sustain the enthusiasm of your guests by
beating his queer little kettle drum. It is strange how these 564
people have lived in the country for so many centuries without
absorption, but although caste does not exist here in the sense
it does in India, it often crops up in questions of marriage
and a *Bod* (Tibetan Buddhist) must not marry a Mon.

The next people to arrive in the land were the Dards, who 174
seem to have emigrated from the district of Gilgit, and they, 563
too, have preserved a separateness through the centuries, 771
having a distinct dress of their own, nor, although they are
called Buddhists, does their Buddhism quite conform with
that obtaining in the rest of Ladak. Later when we meet
them on tour, we shall have more to tell about these interesting
folk.

We may now leave behind us the history based on con- 175
jecture and turn to that founded on written records either 798
inscribed on parchment or engraved on stone, the chroniclers
being the priests, reminding us of the priestly scribes of our
own past history. Before William the Conqueror landed in
England, a great religious struggle was in progress, both in
Central and in Western Tibet. The relations between these
two kingdoms have always been rather close. The opposing
faiths were the old *Bon Chos*, consisting mainly of demon-
worship, and the later Buddhism. The latter was waxing
stronger, but the older religion still looked to one, Langdarma,
to revive their ancient worship. Langdarma had really been
heir to the Tibetan throne, but had been disinherited on
account of his adherence to the old faith, and his younger
ther had obtained the kingship. Langdarma, however,
aged to dispose of the latter, took the crown, and laid a
and on the Buddhist monasteries and priests, but his

175 triumph was short-lived. A Buddhist priest disguised in the
798 black sacerdotal robes of the *Bon Chos*, presented himself before the King with a petition, and, when near enough, drew from his ample robes a bow and arrow and killed the leader of his religious enemies. The assassin escaped by turning his coat inside out and showing the white lining.

175 Langdarma reigned about A.D. 900 and from him all the
631 kings of Ladak have descended, for although they are split up into two dynasties, the later one is traced from a younger brother of the last king of the first line. An account of what happened under the various kings of these dynasties would be beyond the scope of this book, but let us rapidly trace the fortunes of the Western Himalayan kingdom, now represented by Ladak, and formerly including also the province of Baltistan. At first various royal personages held sway in different parts of the country, but the one in Leh was a descendant of the King of the Central Kingdom (Tibet proper), while in another part there ruled a Dard King. Between these two Kings there was continual strife, but at last the Leh ruler seems to have won the mastery in matters temporal, and increasingly in matters spiritual. One King introduced Buddhist literature from Central Tibet, another made it obligatory on all candidates for the priesthood to go to Lhasa for their training. This can only be regretted by the student of Ladaki as distinct from Tibetan literature, for, besides putting a stop to the growth of Indian Buddhism, it also inhibited the literary genius of this people, whose tales of by-gone days indicate how their literature might have developed.

175 By about the time of the fourteenth century Buddhism
779 had quite prevailed, and, as is so often seen with this religion, having once subdued the indigenous faith, it incorporated much of the *Bon Chos* in its own tenets. The Lamaism of the present day thus consists of a large proportion of *Bon Chos* with a smaller mixture of Buddhism, the former still

WT

making its old appeal to the illiterate people of the land, 175
while only a few of the more erudite priests know anything of 779
pure Buddhism. Even this mixed religion soon became corrupt, and in 1378 the Buddhist reformer of Tibet, Tsongkapa, appeared, who tried to bring the priesthood back to the pure Buddhism of "Sangs rgyas," the Tibetan name for the WT
Buddha, Sakya Muni. Finding the Tibetan priests wore red 795
robes, while the true Buddhist priest should wear yellow, and, 175
unable to get them to accept the orthodox dress, like a good Buddhist he compromised by insisting on yellow caps and sashes being worn with the former red gown. The reformed sect were not supposed to marry, but the unattractiveness of true celibacy could easily be overcome by a legal quibble applied to the prevalent custom of polyandry. The so-called "yellow lamas" were not allowed to eat meat, nor to drink "chang," the local beer. So now we get the two sects of yellow and red lamas existing side by side both in Tibet proper and in Ladak, in much the same way that Roman Catholics and Protestants have existed side by side in Europe. Yet for a long time there was not much hostility between the two sects, though one king might favour one and another the other.

WT
Towards the end of the eighteenth century, Lodros 176
Chokldan was ruling in Leh, whilst at Tingmogang, situated on the old high road, where ruins of the old royal castle may still be seen, his cousin Bagan lived and ruled. The latter allied himself with a third ruler, and these two defeated the king of Leh. Bagan then ascended the throne, thus beginning the second dynasty, of whom the present ex.-ex. King is a descendant.

WT
From now onwards, Ladak comes into conflict with peoples 175
beyond her own borders. Although one Ladaki king had 721 B
accepted the religion of Mahomet, the country remained 175
faithful to Lamaistic Buddhism, whereas the neighbouring 721
kingdom of Baltistan had been definitely converted to Moham-

WT 175 721 175 721 medanism. Jamyang Namrgyal, the grandson of Bagan, King of Ladak, set out to enlarge his kingdom by attacking the buffer state between it and Baltistan, called Purig, of which Kargil is the capital. However, as he was too late in the year, WT [792] he sustained defeat as much from snow as from the armies which opposed him, and as a result had to accept both the hand and the religion of the daughter of his Mohammedan conqueror. As the lady was beautiful, the accommodating lamas mitigated matters by discovering that Katun, their new queen, was a re-incarnation of the goddess, the "White Tara." WT [778] The son of this union was, however, again a good Buddhist, and also went to war with Baltistan, but was unsuccessful. It was at about this time that the great Hemis Incarnation was invited to take up his abode in Ladak, and that the peculiar prayer-walls, of which we shall have more to say later, were introduced into the country. A third and successful war was also waged with the Baltis. But now begins the time of the decay and fall of the Western Tibetan Empire.

WT 175 795 721 668 The quarrel between red and yellow lamas had now become acute in Tibet, and the yellow sect called in the King of Mongolia as their ally. He overran the whole country of Central Tibet, and then turned his eyes further afield, first letting them rest on Bhutan, with the result that, without waste of time, the King of Mongolia immediately attacked Ladak, slowly driving the army back to the fortress of Basgo. The ruins of this fort on the hill, where the Ladakis held out for three years are still to be seen. Being at the end of their resources, the Ladakis called in the help of the great Mogul King, Shah Jahan, who sent a large army to their assistance, WT [792] and together they slowly drove the Mongolian invader back over the border. Shah Jahan made the Ladaki King accept the Mohammedan religion and leave one of his sons with him as a hostage. But hardly had his Kashmiri army retired from the country, when the Mongolians returned again and forced the poor old King of Ladak to sign another treaty,

promising to send tribute to Lhasa. Thus even to-day the 175
anomaly exists that Ladak, though subject to the Maharajah 721
of Kashmir, yet has to send a kind of tribute to Lhasa, of 648
which more anon. 795

The final fall of the Western Tibetan Empire occurred about the year 1840, when the Sikhs with the help of the Rajah of Jammu had conquered Kashmir, and the latter, wishing to enlarge his borders sent his general, Sorowar, to conquer Ladak. It would take us too long to follow this general in all his campaigns ; suffice it to say he was uniformly successful in bringing the country into subjection as much by his wise statesmanship as by his good generalship.

Thus it comes about that Ladak and Baltistan have become 631
dependencies of the Kashmir State, over which his Highness, [643]
the Maharajah, Sir Hari Singh, now rules. His interests 636
here are looked after by the Wazir of Ladak, who spends the summer in Leh and the winter in Skardu, the capital of Baltistan, and may be regarded as the Kashmir Joint Commissioner, whereas his Majesty, the Emperor of India, is represented by the British Joint Commissioner, who spends about three months here in the summer, and the rest of the year resides in Srinagar as one of the assistants to the British Resident there. The chief duties of the latter are to look after things pertaining to the "Treaty Road" and to watch over the interests of foreigners in Ladak, whether they be Europeans, Yarkandis or Central Tibetans. During the absence of both these officials in winter, the highest authority in Leh is vested in the chief Magistrate or Tehsildar, whose Tehsil or area of jurisdiction extends as far as Botkharbu, where that of his colleague at Kargil begins. A third Tehsil also exists at Skardu. These Tehsildars are, of course, servants of the State of Kashmir, so also is the Naib (or Sub-Tehsildar). The State Dispensary with its Sub-Assistant rgeon, the Telegraph office with its "Babu" in charge, are o State services, but the Post Office is Imperial, and the

631 Aksakal, who represents the British Government in assistin
636 Yarkandi traders, and the "Charas Officer" in charge of th
Indian hemp trade from Yarkand, both of the latter connecte
with the "Treaty Road," are also Imperial Governmen
563 servants. These officials and sub-officials are prominent i
631 the public life of Leh, taking their due precedence at publi
entertainments, and are all down-country men, mostl
Punjabis and Kashmiris. We look for the day when ther
will be enough educated Ladakis to take up these positions i
their own land.

CHAPTER III

Nature's Setting

IT has often been pointed out that the characteristics of 147 a people are moulded by the country and climate in which they live. Certainly for stolidity and endurance the Ladakis resemble the massive mountains and everlasting hills among which are their dwellings. The "Doctor Sahib" once accompanied a seasoned Alpine climber with his two Swiss guides in an attempt to scale the highest peak in a range of mountains beyond the Indus, facing Leh. The expedition was unsuccessful owing to the inclement weather and the pressure of time, as the mountaineers were on their return to Europe, but they spent two memorable days at the edge of the glacier capping this great peak, at about 18,000 feet in a tumult of wind, thunder, lightning, hail and snow so fierce that the snow was actually driven through the canvas of the Sahibs' little tent. This just accommodated their two beds, and, for the sake of warmth and protection, they remained in these for thirty-six hours. The Swiss guides also had a small tent, but the Ladaki coolies, who had left the main caravan to accompany them, lay down in the snow, covered only with their own garments and apparently took no harm. In the bitter morning of mid-winter, with the thermometer at somewhere below Fahrenheit zero, our Ladaki nurse tells us how, coming through the bazar from her home, she has passed small boys sleeping out in front of the shops as watchmen. Right on the ground, possibly ving pushed aside a little snow, with little or no covering

147 but their scanty garments, these small urchins spend the night with only a handful or two of barley-flour as a reward, but they call out a hearty greeting to our nurse as she passes, and neither spirit nor body appears to be chilled by the exposure.

We have already noticed the strange mixture of finery and rags, the incongruity of fine workmanship and adjacent tawdriness. Surely nature herself teaches them this odd combination of the sublime and the ridiculous. Think only of the many examples on the main road up from Srinagar to
133 Leh. As one emerges from the narrow defile which has
361 wound up slowly from Pashkim, just beyond Kargil, to the Mulbeck Valley and about three miles before the village of that name is reached, the gorge opens out into a broad cultivated valley with a great panorama of majestic mountains beyond. Here and there in the foreground are soft sandstone cliffs, behind, strange peaks with jagged pinnacles in their rugged outlines, rising higher yet sinking in perspective as they reach the horizon to stand out clear and sharp against the brilliant azure sky, the whole suggesting some gigantic upheaval of past ages. As one pursues the winding path in and out of soft red-brown sand-hills into the village, the nearer hills and the lower extraordinary formations of sandstone on the further side of the stream come into prominence. These are sculptured by wind, snow and rain into the most grotesque shapes, looking in some places like the ruins of some ancient village or even turretted castles, the rough outlines of the one-time windows presenting the most gnome-like suggestion of a forgotten civilization. In other places the stalagmite-looking relics are more statuesque, and, opposite the sharp turn of the high road to the left, may be seen across
342 the main valley a gigantic looking ruined model of a
133 mother with a child at her knees. Over the pass and into
361 the next village, again straggling along a wide valley, this formation is repeated, and one quaint little cluster of houses

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on the further side of the stream appears to be purposely designed to show the evolution of the house from the rock. Holes in the cliff itself slowly evolve into the apertures of a dwelling, and these merge into the more elaborate windows of a house in a graded transition before one's eyes, whilst portions of the rock are used as walls and foundations for the buildings, so that it is quite hard to distinguish across the valley which is nature's building and which is man's. Even 0-0-0 in the people this similitude to the land and rocks amounts to a protective adaptation like that in wild animals and birds. How difficult it is to distinguish the ordinary coolie seen on the road in the distance. His undyed home-spun, his cap and even his face (for his cheeks receive just about as much washing as the land receives rain in this dry climate) are thoroughly impregnated with the dry dust of the desert. His movements alone distinguish him from the grey-brown rocks, stones and sand around. Very different indeed is the red-robed lama, who can be discerned from afar in a land where the atmosphere is so rarefied that distance is incredibly fore-shortened. Again it is often absurdly difficult to know whether a pile of stones set up by some passer-by to frighten away mischievous spirits is a human being standing or sitting until one is quite near by, when the stones may suddenly resolve themselves into a wayfarer who rises to ask you for some *m'a-ches* (matches) which will enable him to light his fire so much more quickly than the flint and tinder which depend from his waist. On the road between Bot Kharbu and Lamayuru one of the most quaint little clusters of transitional rock-dwellings suddenly comes into view up a narrow ravine on one's left, and one thinks of the inhabitants, the women especially, whose life and world is probably confined to this fantastic corner, appropriately named Henasku. But all these fantasies are only preparations the incredible scene that lies before one as the final is turned in the approach to Lamayuru.

133 776 The Photu La, a 13,400 feet pass, has just been crossed, at the top of which one seems to have had a bird's-eye view of a world of far-reaching mountain tops, so deserted of any sign of humanity that on looking upon this sea of mountains, one is reminded of Noah's dove who, having found " no rest for the sole of her foot," returned to the company of the Ark. So does one's eye return with a sense of common humanity and gratefulness to the unkempt, but triumphant ponymen of one's caravan, who, while their burdened steeds take breath after their exhausting climb, themselves pause to rest by the " Lhato " erected to mark the top of the pass. This structure is a collection of rocks and stones, supporting a crooked staff bearing some tags and rags with prayers inscribed on them, and with sundry marks of gratitude in the shape of old sheeps' and goats' horns, or best of all, a bit of yak's tail, thrown on to the pile. In the words *Sola*, *sola*, *sola*, the men express to the presiding genius of the pass their own relief and gratitude at once more having achieved the ascent, and then cheerfully start on the steep downward track. So it is with this majestic stretch of billowing mountains filling the mind that one proceeds on the way, and then rounds the last corner to see Lamayuru.

361 778 But who shall adequately describe this capital of Hobgoblin-land in its setting of purple hills, distant snow peaks, and brilliant blue sky? Running down towards the village, interspersed with "chorten" fat round structures, rather like gigantic pepperpots, are long " mani walls " built of stones and surmounted by two flattened sides, gently sloping up to meet each other, these tops being formed of flat stones covered with prayers. Nearer the village they end in arches, often with *chortens* on the top, under which the road may run. The village itself is built on the rocky hillside, here formed into strange fissures and crags, bridged by crazy-looking shelves, which the builders have utilized as well as the firmer foundations. It looks as if one shake would topple the whole absurd

structure on to the cultivated fields at the foot. Topping the 361
hill and weirdest sight of all stands the monastery, with its 346
flat roofs adorned at the corners with holy yak tails and
prayer-flags. When staying at the rest-house at the edge of 000
the fields below the village, the whole grotesque impression
is especially enhanced in the evening, when the voices of the
inhabitants going home from the day's work in the fields are
loudly amplified owing to some strange acoustic relationship
between the monastery hill and the one on the opposite side
of the narrow valley. Moreover, as some of these stragglers
ascend round the edge of the hill in the evening light, their
silhouettes are also magnified, so that the whole atmosphere of
this unparallelled and indescribable fortress of lamaism, makes
the traveller rub his eyes in the endeavour to awake from such
a fantastic dream. Before leaving this eerie wonderland there 133
appears again a most extraordinary stalagmite formation of
sandstone, as though whole cities had been tumbled out of
the bowels of the earth, a veritable disruption of Sodom and
Gomorrah after centuries of interment. After this, nature
provides a scene of her wildest and most rugged grandeur.
The road winds up and down the sides of a wonderful gorge,
crossing several times the little stream, which gradually
increases till it finally hurls itself into the Indus as a roaring
torrent. All the way down the ravine, the road now climbs
up far above the water, now descends close to it, but never
leaves its noise, while the rocks provide a constant feast for the
imagination, a succession of weird imagery, with variations in
colour and shade, now fantastically suggestive, now boldly
majestic, until at last the troubled waters are borne away by
Mother Indus.

Thus does the grotesqueness of the land constantly manifest 778
itself, so frequently emphasized by the human touch, as in
these long prayer-walls, the longest of which, just outside
ch, stretches for half a mile across the desert, looking for all
world as though some giant children had been playing

118 trains in the sand, the *chortens* at both ends resembling clumsy engines, the lower one to give an extra push up the hill. Then there are the little piles of stones so often put up by lonely shepherds, or tired wayfarers, who have made their resting-places wherever a big rock will give them shade, these themselves in their sauciness looking more likely to attract evil sprites than repel them. Often on the tops of hills seen from the road side, but apparently on no beaten track, having simply invited attention because of their height or the suddenness, will be seen *lhatos* similar to those on the tops of passes.

133 Yet the strangeness of the land is after all but a minor aspect of these mountain uplands. The majesty of range after range of glistening peaks and shining glaciers in the regions of everlasting snow, their everchanging colour from morning to night, and from winter to summer, always new, always different, who shall tell of their never-failing inspiration, or of their picturesque parables ? How can the wonderful autumn sunsets seen from Spitug close to the Indus in the valley five miles below Leh, be described ? In a riot of crimson, the sun drops down behind the western gate of the valley, the gateway home for us of the far west, and leaves the mountains closing in the south-eastern gate, the way to the great closed land of Tibet, shrouded in mystery, while every possible shade of blue and purple and crimson and gold steal across the great ranges flanking each side of the long valley, and when to go out and wander along the green-turfed flats by the river is to go out to worship. Look at those rugged, jagged, cruel pinnacles of rock pointing upwards to the sky, as we ascend the Photila on the downward road to Kashmir. Do not their crude fingers remind us that even the difficult sorrow-filled times of our lives, have their directive function ?

000 Living year in and year out in these valleys, bounded by their mighty ranges with their sense of mysteries guarded but capable of interpretation in some beautiful way infinitely

beyond our limited human ken, can we not feel with the child of A. B. Paterson's poem :—

> "When people die
> They go to the country over the range."

and say with this Australian poet :

> "Ashes to ashes, and dust to dust:
> Our views by a range are bounded too ;
> But we know that God has this gift in store,
> That when we come to the final change,
> We shall meet with our loved ones gone before
> To the beautiful country over the range."

Then, too, there is such a joyousness in the land, between the long stretches of bare desert of rock and barren hill, which have their own beauty, especially when in an autumn setting of a blue-green river and an azure sky. Wherever a green 137 village snuggles into the brown-red hillside, a rippling stream is heard and a cooling breeze felt in the little plantations of trees, whilst the soft evening light makes the green corn look like plush, or contrasts its autumn gold with the yellow glory of the poplars all set against a background of white snow peaks and blue sky. Nor must we omit the fairy touch of spring, which turns each nestling hamlet into a fairy-land of apricot blossom, exquisite prelude to the return of the green after the long, bare winter. Surely this joyousness gives our people their merry look, their cheerful willingness, and the happiness that bursts into song over every kind of work.

Was there ever a more striking example of the desert blossoming as a rose than is seen on the road between Shimshe Kharbu and Kargil, where in June and July the bushes are aflame with red and pink glory of wild rose, sometimes single as our English rose, sometimes double and varying from light pink to the deepest crimson, fit reward to the traveller who climbs the steep ascent and dares the precipitous paths that precede the flowery outburst. In some parts of Ladak bushes of yellow roses are to be found, having leaves scented like our

137 English sweetbriar. Nestling in the crevices between the hard bare rocks and stones of the same march, the beautiful fragile-looking columbine rears its dainty white bells, and among the driest patches of stone, especially in the neighbourhood of Kalatse, flowers of the somewhat cyclamen-like caper rejoice the eye. One of the most beautiful pictures lingering in the memory of a journey from Srinagar to Leh in June is provided by the little village of Tashgam, two-thirds of the way from Dras to Shimshe Kharbu. Here at the further end of the village by the side of the Dras river is a little green plantation of trees, the usual halting place for tiffin ; near it a bubbling brook runs down to join the river, and scattered about in its course are beautiful bushes of tamarisk, waving their prolific feathery blossoms in the breeze in a setting of green fields with scattered poplars, and framed like most Ladaki pictures, by the softly-graded lights and shades of the near hills, between and behind which peep the greater white peaks lined against the deep blue of a cloudless sky. In the summer-time the village walls, formed loosely of stones set together with mud, give a foothold to all sorts of little feathery plants, one resembling a wild maidenhair with wee brown flowers ; but of ferns there seems to be only one species, which enjoys those parts of the wall over which the water flows to the next terrace in the process of irrigation. Ice plants, such as we conserve in pots and rockeries at home, with their pinky white flowers abound, and the walls are often overgrown with a wild clematis which has the quaintest little brown flowers, surely turning into little elves and gnomes when no human is at hand. The edges of the fields and watercourses are adorned with yellow members of the ranunculaceæ, vetches, purple representatives of the scrophulariaceæ, species of milkwort, wild parsley and mint, and even dandelions. Belladonna is plentiful to the verge of nuisance in our gardens, and lucerne crops up everywhere. Edelweiss grows in broad patches over the lawns of the Leh Residency,

but Nature's most wonderful show is reserved, like the 137 peoples' little box gardens, for the roof of her world. On the Zogi Pass which is the same altitude (11,500 feet) as Leh, in the summer months one of the outstanding features is the profusion and luxuriance of the flowers. One visitor to Ladak, re-crossing the pass in autumn, counted seventy different kinds as she rode along on her pony. At the foot of the high Kardong Pass behind Leh, at an elevation of between 15,000 to 16,000 feet, many of the same varieties grow, but they need and amply repay a little search there, as they have not the grassy sward of the Zogi, but must seek shelter among the stones. Here on these heights, to mention a few only, are found yellow Iceland poppies, Michaelmas daisies, small deep-blue gentians, forget-me-nots, forming a carpet of blue on the Zogi stretches, but replaced by the deep-blue of the borage below the Kardong, deep purple orchids, primulas in all shades of magenta and purple, cow parsley, a kind of stinging nettle, asters, saxifrage, vetches, Canterbury bells, and on the Zogi the single anemone and the tall bunched Japanese variety, even the green foxglove and the coarse edelweiss.

The highest trees in the land are poplars and two or three kinds of willows. A little lower in a few restricted spots are pencil cedars, as at Hemis Shukpachan; these so-called [124] "Shukpa" trees are holy, and their branches are made use of in religious rites. Donkey-loads are brought up to Leh a few weeks before Christmas for an annual religious festival, and the missionaries secure a load or two for making their own Christmas trees. The tree affording most grateful shade in Ladak, the Walnut, does not mature its fruit above Nurla, and apple-trees do not survive above the Basgo-Nyemo Valley, one march below Leh. Nor do apricots ripen much beyond stewing purposes in Leh, and our supplies are brought up from the lower villages. Wild currant bushes are sometimes seen in the lower valleys. Away on the bare hills one would

137 hardly credit any green growth at all, yet even here all sorts of little herbs and flowering thistles grow, each showing marked adaptation to its very dry habitat. Most important of these is the pungent-smelling, low-growing, bushy herb called *Burtsa*, which in the wildest places, far from habitation and cultivation, serves as fuel for man and food for beast.

Even now we have forgotten one of the most typical and best-known flowers in Ladak, the little stunted blue and white iris that springs up all along the water courses, and is the first flower to gladden our winter-weary eyes. Like most species up here, of plants and animals and even men, it exhibits the dwarfed mountain habit, and would look insignificant beside its handsome counterpart in Kashmir.

136 As regards the fauna of the country, we can better describe it under transport and shikar, for under those two headings we meet with nearly all the species which occur, but we might here add a few words about the birds of the country.

In the summer of 1923, Mr. B. B. Osmaston, a keen ornithologist visited Ladak, and made a list of sixty-seven different species of birds that he found in this country. Let it be noted that for many of these, the Ladaki has his own Tibetan name, showing that he is not only an observer, but a lover of nature. We have our residents, and our summer and winter visitors. That the latter should find even Leh too warm in the summer is surprising. Let us begin with our residents. Of the crows and ravens, our friendly scavengers, to whom should be added the noisy magpies with their constant "cha, cha, cha, cha, cha, cha," we have already spoken, but we must not forget the chough with its red or yellow bill, who in the early spring builds his nest in the sandy cliff near Leh, while pigeons (Rock and Blue Hill) abound. Smaller birds on the whole, find the rigours of winter too severe, and many of them leave us, their places being taken by others, who descend from the higher regions. The sparrow we have always with us, and he is kept company by the little Grey Tit in his beautiful grey coat and black waistcoat and cap. We are not sure about the Dipper in his evening dress suit, nor the Crag Martin, but believe that both manage to hold out through the coldest months. The hardy Mountain Finches (Adams' and Brandt's), however, do not even come down from the neighbouring heights, where they manage somehow to find food all the winter, although quite a number of birds from the higher uplands visit us during the cold months. The Eagle and the Vulture, finding too much snow on the mountains, come down to obtain their food, leaving us in the Spring to make room for Hawk, Kite and Kestrel. The little Robin Accentor, with his dull red breast, also finds the mountains, his summer residence, too cold. When the down-country Rosefinch, the Common Redstart and the Field and Desert Larks leave us in the autumn, their half-brothers, Seventzov's Rose Finch, Guldenstadt's Redstart and Elwes' Horned Larks come to represent their families. Most of our Desert Chats leave us in spring, only a few staying behind to build a nest here and there in the deserts round Leh. The winter also provides excellent shooting for the sportsman. Besides the ducks, Mallard, Tufted Pochard, Ruddy Shelldrake, and Common Teal (to mention only a few), and Snipe, which can be found in all the swampy little rivulets, the mountains and hills will provide Chikor (the partridge so common in India) for his gun and his pot, whilst nearer Tibet, the Tibetan Sandgrouse can be obtained. If he wants pheasants, these, too, are represented up on the snows by the Tibetan or Himalayan Snow Cock, who draw immediate attention to themselves by their peculiar and shrill whistle which so rapidly ascends the scale. How sorry we are to lose the company of these in the spring, for not only does this spell the end of happy days in their company with a gun, but a return to the everlasting mutton, living as we do in a State over which a Hindu Maharajah rules. This too, however, has its compensation for now our summer

136 migrants appear. First of all the Wagtails come (Hodgson's
pied ; grey and yellow-headed), making the streams and
rivulets bright with their graceful movements and undulating
flight, soon to be followed by the Siberian Chiffchaff, with his
monotonous "cheep, cheep, cheep, cheep," The common
Redstart, too, is here now, whilst the Hoopoo calls his
"Ooppooppoopp" (the Ladaki name for him) to the farmer,
giving him permission to sow his fields, unafraid of serious
harm to his crops from further cold. The Cuckoo, too, makes
his song heard occasionally about this time, and now one can
notice the Western Blue Rock Thrush, whose coat really does
look a beautiful slaty blue as he sits in the sun. Above the
river, Gulls and Tern wheel and sweep, and are kept company
by Swift and Martin ; on the stones by its side, the Ibisbill
finds his food, whilst the royal Heron meditates solemnly by
the water's edge with his neck well tucked in. So we can
boast of a varied ornithology, full of interest and change.

132 We have already made so many references to climate and
altitude that the reader will have gathered a fair idea of both.
The extremes of the climate may be summed up in the oft-
told saying that if you sit in the shade of a rock, the part of
your body within the shadow freezes, while that in the sun-
shine boils ! The heat of summer out in the desert is
intense, for the long stretches of sand and the barren glaring
rocks seem both to soak up sunshine and reflect it back as it
pours out of a sky which is so often cloudless. Yet in the
shade of rocks and trees and in the ordinary life in and about
a house, it is never oppressive, and there are few summer
241 evenings in Leh when an extra wrap is not needed. The
132 short summer from June to mid-September sees the ripening
of the wheat, barley and lucerne crops, the coarse grained
barley being the more important source of food, and growing
up to altitudes of over 14,000 feet. In the lower warmer
312 villages the summer is longer, and a second crop may be
241 raised. All this cultivation is entirely kept alive by irrigation,

dependent on the melting of the winter snows, so that the 312
stream from the Kardong which waters Leh is completely 241
used up, and never reaches the Indus bed; the average two
inches of rain-fall is almost negligible. Although at such an 132
altitude, the snowfall of Leh is also not severe, the snows exhausting themselves on the surrounding ranges, and it rarely exceeds two inches on the ground at a time. It seems to evaporate without any intermediate slushy stage and a sunny winter is quite pleasant owing to the dryness of the cold. It is even quite enjoyable to sit out-of-doors in the sunshine during the day time. Though the temperature may go down to minus ten degrees F. in mid-winter, and remain by day at about ten degrees below freezing point in a room without a fire, its dryness makes it much more bearable than a less cold, but damper climate, and for a similar reason the heat is much less oppressive than that in India, perspiration being hardly perceptible owing to swift evaporation. The spring, however, is heralded by bitter piercing winds, and often they raise little spiral hurricanes of dust seen chasing across the valley from afar, but woe if one of these "sand-devils" blows across your garden and catches up your verandah chairs in its wake or fills your room with dust.

The further effects of altitude and climate on the human beings, indigenous and foreign, who dwell in the land, need not be dealt with here, but when all is said, the flame of life on the whole burns brightly in this land of clear skies and bright sunshine.

CHAPTER IV

Over the Zogi Pass

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439 THE road between Leh and Srinagar, the summer capital of the Maharajah of Kashmir, and a popular hill station for the white man, is one of the chief highways to Central Asia, bearing its trade to and from India.

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103 No wonder that one of the meanings attributed to the Zogi La, the dread pass that closes this road in winter, is the place of four meetings, for the roads from Tibet, Yarkand, Baltistan and Kashmir all converge here.

467 This road has been described by so many travellers, that it would be redundant to add another detailed account of the journey up to Leh. Suffice it to mention some of the outstanding features and incidents that have impressed themselves on one who has traversed it several times, and for whom most of its turns and corners bring to memory an additional reminiscence. The lower or Kashmir side of the pass includes the first stage to Ganderbal which is generally accomplished either by motor, for a car may go even another five to six miles to the Suspension Bridge which spans the Sindh, or by boat down the Mar Canal and across the Anchar Lake when there is enough water, otherwise taking an extra night and going down the river Jhelum to its meeting place or " wedding " with the Sindh river at Shadipur and then up to Ganderbal. Having once effected a junction with the Sindh, the marches from Ganderbal onwards lead directly up the Sindh river to the foot of the Zogi La. This valley is known to so many thou-

sands of summer tourists in the " Happy Valley " of Kashmir, and does not properly belong to our land at all, so we will leave it for others to describe. Its foaming river and beautiful forested hills, are perhaps seen at their best the latter half of May, when the fresh green of the early summer contrasts so vividly with the evergreen of pines and deodar. The snows then are low on the hills, and the glistening giant peaks peering over the forested edges of their humbler brethren are outlined against a blue sky flecked with soft white clouds, the air is still balmy, and the busy rushing torrent so often skirting the road not quite so thunderous as when the summer sun has brought the melted snows to swell it to a roaring river. This certainly is the most joyous time to travel upwards, though the wonderful autumn tints challenge any comparison with their own beauty, when the winter frost in the high sources of the river is already checking its flow, and the mad rush of melted snow gives place to a quiet flow of clear blue water. The summer heat is then over, but the chill in the air gives its presage of winter cold and bareness. So let us start in May, leave the early summer in Kashmir, already warm as an English mid-summer, and travel upwards towards the spring again, reaching Sonamerg, a favourite camping resort, the last week of that month, and wondering what awaits us on the Zogi, whither a mild winter and the news of an early opening have lured us, possibly, too soon. The crossing we now have in mind, perhaps the earliest in the year we have experienced, was accomplished together with Colonel Theodore and Mr. Kermit Roosevelt, sons of the famous President, who were travelling up with two other American gentlemen into Chinese Turkestan on a big game shooting and scientific expedition. With ourselves were two ladies, but this time no children, as one had gone home to school, and the other, together with her Tibetan nurse, had to be left temporarily with doctor friends in Kashmir, as her health would not stand a return to the altitude of Leh. Looking ahead we could see

487 the Sindh valley narrowing and just make out the snow-covered crest of a mountain which barred its upper end and indicated the site of the pass, about which we must say a few words.

487 133 [103] The name Zogi La has another meaning attributed to it by the Tibetan, as well as the one just alleged, one which indicates the terrors that abound when winter holds it in its icy grip, namely the place of four demons. It is a pass of 11,500 feet, which separates Kashmir and what to many represents civilization, from the wild uplands of the Himalayas and the mysteries of the "distant morning lands" of Central Asia. Though its altitude is not very high for a pass, only equalling that of Leh, its difficulties are great. The summer road should be open from 15th May to 15th November, for on those dates the rates of transport alter from the high winter ones indicating coolie porterage only, to the lower summer ones of pony transport. In winter the difficulties are often insuperable owing to soft snow, blizzards and biting winds, and often the mails are delayed two or three weeks before the runners dare attempt the crossing, the telegraph wires themselves not infrequently breaking with the weight of snow. Traffic is at a standstill from mid-December to early March, save for adventurous travellers who, even then, it is stated, get themselves carried over in baskets on the backs of coolies, sturdy inhabitants of the villages bordering the Ladak side of [485] the pass. In the centre of the Zogi La is a rest-house, often up [205] to the eaves in snow, called Machoi, situated on the top of a small sharp hill, one side of which is sheltered from the prevailing winds, and has two or three small buildings, a serai and a telegraph office nestling under it. The telegraph master must have a dreary time in winter, and in the middle of May is moved to another post higher up on the road to 000 Leh. The winter of 1924–5 was exceptionally mild and very little snow fell on the pass. April in Kashmir was a very hot month, more like June, and it was expected that the pass

would open earlier than usual. However, the weather broke 600 again, and three or four weeks of thunderstorms and heavy rains both lowered the temperature and raised apprehensions as to the new snow which must lie on the pass, and we waited with some anxiety at Sonamerg for news of the road. Having greeted the Roosevelt party as they passed through on their way to the foot of the pass, and exchanged opinions as to its condition over a cup of tea in a tent open both ends to a glorious view of snow peaks and pine-covered hills, we settled down for a second night at Sonamerg expecting them to ascend the pass early next morning. We were in great hopes that their large caravan of 60 ponies would tramp out a good track for ourselves, and indeed open the summer road, which we heard had been mended that day and was ready for use. But, alas, mid-day brought clouds and the afternoon a gale followed by rain which continued all night, and we wondered if they had been able to push on, as this meant fresh snow on the pass. The morning was clear and fine, and then a few fresh clouds gave their showers, but again the sky cleared, and the early afternoon saw us on our way to Baltal, a charming halting place at the foot of the pass. As we neared it the noise of avalanches two or three times called our attention to the falling snows, but the sky was now cloudless, and the evening extraordinarily beautiful. We rode along the nine miles of valley and arrived at the rest-house to find our fellow travellers having tea, to which they invited us, in front of the bungalow with its beautiful surroundings, which increased in loveliness as the soft rays of evening played on the long vistas. We had indeed got back into spring, for the trees had hardly donned their fresh new dresses, and patches of short purple irises, frittilarias, primulas and other fascinating early flowers were peeping out of the grass all around. To-morrow we were to go back still further into winter snows, and pass over into the land of bare hills and scarce trees. After tea, Mr. Cherrie, the ornithologist of the expedition and

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Dedication of a New Mani Wall.

At each end are *chortens*.

A Monastic Band.

One small lay child supports the ends of two long shawms.

A Greeting.

Women who have come out to greet the British Joint Commissioner with flour, water, chang (local beer) and fire. To the right a " band " of welcome is provided by one gentleman !

[FACING p 48]

Colonel Roosevelt retired into the bungalow to continue their work of skinning and preparing birds, of which Mr. Cherrie had succeeded in getting twenty-two specimens in Baltal, and wanted to get them ready to pack before dark. The rest of the bungalow with its two main rooms and verandah was full of luggage under shelter. Our own camp soon went up, and both parties dined early out-of-doors, so as to be ready for an early start in the morning. If only we could get off while the snow was still frozen and before the hot sun softened the surface, how much easier the going would be. We arranged together that the Roosevelts should make a start at five a.m. and ourselves follow in their tracks at five-fifteen. The four members of the expedition slept in their small but serviceable little brown tents, bedding on the ground being much the warmest and best for these high uplands, and soon after dusk there was silence in both camps. Our own, depending on an alarum clock, which failed, rose an hour late to see our neighbours just before five a.m. finishing their breakfast at their out-of-doors table by the light of a candle lantern. However, we need none of us have made such efforts, for, alas, as is usual at this halt, the ponymen let us down. The grass round Baltal is poisonous, and ponies who eat it unwittingly become seriously ill, so overnight the owners of the hired transport drive their steeds away to the hills to graze, and have difficulty in finding and collecting them in the morning. Thus both camps had to wait about when all was packed up and ready to load. The Roosevelts had a fire of logs, which are easily collected in the vicinity, burning merrily, and we were all glad to warm our feet in the cold morning air as we waited. At last, past six o'clock, the bulk of the pack ponies were off, but some still had not been found. Two of our own riding ponies, which we discovered soon after we started, were grazing up towards the pass, while their owner had gone to look for them in the opposite direction, and one or two of the Roosevelt's pack ponies, for which Mr. Kermit Roosevelt waited by his

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fire, were also late. A stalwart figure he looked, ready to brave the elements in his solar topi, serviceable khaki shorts, leather waiscoat and short khaki coat with interesting bulges round the bottom which apparently was double so as to form a continuous pocket all round. He soon caught up his caravan, climbing the steep side of the valley, while we all wound up the zigzag summer road, a broad path cut high up in the side of the cliff. It was not under snow in the steep part of the ascent, though as it rounded a big bay there were two avalanches to cross by a narrow track; these always persist well into the summer. At the top of this steep ascent we came upon continuous snow, and our difficulties began. There was a big hold-up while coolies with spades dug a path across an avalanche which had been re-covered with fresh snow. It led down a short steep descent to the main valley, where the winter road up the central gorge joined the summer one. Huddled in the middle of a long line of ponies on the narrow snow track, with a precipice on one side sloping down to the valley, we could see ahead first one of the expeditionary sahibs with one or two servants, behind them their empty riding ponies, while further back the laden animals slowly began to flounder down the improvised path over the avalanche to the main valley. Some got on fairly well, others plunged about, one rolled over and his pack after him, but at the bottom seemed none the worse for his fall. In the valley again we tried to go ahead, but there were long waits while the four sahibs in the front made a track. At last we seemed to get a move on, unable, of course, as yet to ride, for by now the sun was quite warm, and the surface snow very soft. A little further on we passed a poor empty riding pony in trouble, for it had eaten the poisonous grass at Baltal and was grievously ill, in fact the unhappy beast had only been dragged up the steep ascent to die at the top, and had given up its life before we had all passed. In this sort of travelling each wayfarer must get on as best he can, and one passes and is passed according to the exigencies of the road, so that from time to time one's fellow travellers vary. In this way, the Doctor Memsahib, who was riding their well-known old pony, a sturdy white Zankskari who had been with the missionaries of Leh some thirty years and served them well in return for the care he had received from his babyhood, got ahead of the rest of the party, with one of their servants, and was able to ride every now and then, for Dromar is a wonderful old pony in the snow, and the more difficult the road, the more he raises his head and steps out to overcome the difficulty. Dismounting every now and again to let him be led swiftly alongside over the trackless soft snow, so as to get in front of another batch of slow-going laden ponies, then up again for a space over the trodden-out track till another lot of burdened toilers were passed, she soon got ahead. Here and there the laden animals sank very deeply, sometimes the snow lay on thin ice which would not bear the ponies' weight, and in they went to the shoulders, occasionally leaving their packs on the top of the snow. Even in walking one not infrequently stumbled into some softer underlayer and became wet to above the knees. Presently we came to a narrow ford, with the expeditionary sahibs waiting at the other side, and Mr. Cutting, their Cinema man, poised with his camera to catch the pack ponies as they floundered off the snow bank into the little stream and clambered up the ice and snow on its further edge. This ford seemed merely to add to Dromar's enjoyment, bringing, who knows, what reminiscences of high pass and mountain stream in his long life of faithful service. Somewhere about here we noted a telegraph wire sagging right down under the snow, no doubt broken by its weight. A little further on was a small hut, just a rude shelter of roof and wall. Here again the American Sahibs were waiting and looking back to see how their caravan was coming, and their care for their pack animals was again demonstrated, when, having crossed a snow bridge over the main stream of the watershed, now running in the opposite direction, the Doctor Memsahib came upon the party sitting on a ridge of bare earth and stones, which had thrust out from the surrounding snow, where it was more exposed to the sun and less could have settled. They explained that they did not like the look of that snow bridge and were waiting to see if it would stand the strain of pack animals, meanwhile cogitating where best to make a track down and across the stream should it show signs of giving. The Doctor Sahib and the other two ladies reached this spot just when the owner of the dead riding pony came up, howling with all his might, less for the fate of his animal than for the compensation he hoped to get by the compassion his noise inspired. The road soon re-crossed over a stronger snow bridge to the original side. About a mile beyond this round a corner came the welcome sight of the Machoi Bungalow, perched on its little hill athwart the valley, and with its proximal slope free of snow and showing the serais and other buildings offering their shelter. Dromar stepped from the heavy snow-path on to this terra firma with much vim, and ascended the hill with great zest as though only beginning his day's work. The Memsahib soon got the caretaker to unlock the bungalow, threw off wet boots and stockings, put them to dry in the sun, and in its warmth sat looking back and watching the long train of animals slowly moving over the snow, the black spots on the vast expanse of white like a veritable train of ants. The Doctor's party did not attempt to go further that day, but the Roosevelts waited a little in the vicinity till all their caravan had caught up, and then proceeded about two miles further, where the small plateau on the beginning of which Machoi stands again descends steeply to the main valley. On this descent also there was practically no snow, and they were able to pitch their tents while their ponies sought what grazing they could on the bare slope. But besides their sixty ponies and our twenty, another small caravan was crossing the pass that day, 000 belonging to the Rajah of Khaplu, a gentleman distinguished by the title of "Jo," who was bringing his family home after the winter in Srinagar. His twelve ponies and those of some odd traders who had joined the procession brought the number of animals to well over one hundred, so that the long string of black ants on that white snow was a picture worth remembering. The Jo Sahib had a son about fifteen, one younger, a little girl of two, and his wife travelling with him. The latter being a purdah Mussulman lady, was conveyed in a dandy closed by curtains and carried by four coolies, changed at intervals. How this lady had endured the gyrations of her carriage as it swung about in every angle and in every plane, when first one and then another coolie stumbled and floundered in and out of the soft snow and up and down the rough road, it is hard to imagine. It would seem preferable to be carried on someone's back like the wee girl, and at least see the meaning of such alarming movements. But worse still was to come, at least to our Western minds. For when the traders brought up the rear of the procession, a pony was seen stumbling along with its usual pack burdens on each side, but sprawled across the top between them on her abdomen, face forwards, stockinged feet behind, her head covered with the usual *burkha*, and secured by a rope with the rest of the load, was a Yarkandi woman. Peeping through the eyelets of her headdress she could see all that was coming, and tied down as she was, must remain helpless, swaying with the rest of the pack in response to every stagger and stumble of her pony. Typical it seemed to Western eyes, of the place to which woman is too often relegated in these lands—a necessary, but onerous part of the baggage.

CHAPTER V

Into Ladak

AT daybreak next morning we were off again. On 640 the whole there was less snow on this side of the pass, and by about six a.m. we reached the Roosevelt's camping ground on the hillside, the front of their caravan just debouching down the valley, those in the rear still standing about in groups, as their loads were fastened on. Ahead of all could be seen the sun-helmeted figures of the four sahibs. The stretch of road now to be covered brought vividly to the Doctor Memsahib's mind the last time she travelled upwards over it. That year the winter snow had been excessive and though the Zogi was not crossed till the middle of June there were still long stretches completely covered with it. To grown-ups this would have been no obstacle but we had with us then our two children, Helen the elder being five, and Josephine the younger not seven months. The former rode a pony, and, having no khud sense at all, was perfectly happy save when fatigue overtook her. The wee mite was carried in a wicker cot with a pole which the coolies swung on their shoulders passing under wicker loops attached below the roof. In this nest she slept serenely, and, even when her blue eyes opened on the white world around, she was blissfully unconscious of all danger. It was the mother who was all too susceptible to every difficulty, potential as well as real. When one of the coolies slipped in the track on the steep hillside sloping acutely down to the rushing river below, and the little cot swayed dizzily

000 for a moment, it was she who caught her breath in dread
suspense ; but there was always another figure in attendance
291 who was quick to give an extra hand. This was Choskyit,
the children's Ladaki nurse, a faithful, delightful woman, and
a picturesque lady as she rode along in her dark plum-coloured,
full-skirted Ladaki home-spun, with a fur-lined waistcoat
fastened on the shoulder in Tibetan style, and her red velvet
Ladaki hat turned up at the back and sides, showing the black
301 lamb-skin lining. Large round hoops of seed pearls with a few
small turquoises and red stones adorned her ears and framed
her kind cheerful face, which gave the lie to the rather barbarous
000 leather horsewhip she carried. Riding behind her baby's
dandy, scolding the men roundly when they carried it
crookedly or loitered, she was off her pony in a minute to lend
her aid in any time of need, to adjust the curtain to a change
in the direction of the sun at a turn in the road, or to see that
the little one was comfortable and happy. So trustworthy
was she that she and the baby were always sent off first in the
early morning, the parents catching up before the stop for the
roadside meal. And now again the Memsahib had reached
the piece of road where the track led over the frozen ice and
snow, undermined by the rushing river, so that every now
and then it ended abruptly where another large piece had
cracked off the bank and remained tilted up at an acute angle
into the river. At such places a new path was beginning to
be trodden out further up the hillside, but, when it joined the
old one again, one wondered how long before any new piece
would in turn yield to the pressure ; whether perhaps one's
own pony would prove to be " the last straw," and pony and
rider suddenly find themselves taking a sideways somersault
into the river. However, the baby was now safely in Srinagar,
so there were no fears for her, and such dangers as the road
presented merely acted as thrills to the grown-up mentality.
Again Dromar went ahead and his rider found herself in the
company of the head cook of the expedition. Going along

together with his help every now and then to hold the stirrup ooo for remounting after a nasty bit, and conferring with him as to the track advisable to pursue when the path suddenly broke off into the now increasing river, they conducted such conversation as the Memsahib's limited Hindustani would allow. So over snow and stream we journeyed, then, coming at last to an open plain free from snow, where Dromar could indulge in his favourite amble, we parted like " ships that pass in the night."

It was on this part of the pass that we distinguished the call of some of its inhabitants. Not only the shrill cry of the marmot was heard in the stillness of this wilderness of bare stone and rock peeping out of the patches of snow a silence only broken by the rushing stream, but even the spring call of the cuckoo came frequently across the clear air, while nearer Matayan the song of the soaring lark trilling in exquisite joyousness, floated on the air. The song of the cuckoo recalled a previous crossing in mid June of another year, with late snow, but far less than at this time, for just about the same place its call was heard, and could be traced to one pathetically lonely tree up on the hillside. Here also at a bend in the river, which was a fierce, wide, rushing torrent by June, a zo, the hybrid between the yak and the cow, was seen struggling in the water. We thought it had arrived there by a mishap, but were surprised to be forced to the conclusion that it was purposive, for, steering a calculated course very slantingly across the tremendous current, it ultimately was deposited on the other side, got out, shook itself, and walked calmly on to seek pasture, as though such an immersion were a daily occurrence.

Dromar soon overtook the walking expeditionary sahibs, and, as on the previous day, drew up at the head of the whole procession at Matayan Rest-house, the pass with all its dangers and difficulties now well behind. One pleasing ceremony was missing at this snowy crossing. It is usual when a white

It is usual when a white

431 man crosses the pass for the first time, for the ponymen to present him as he nears the rest-house with a little posy of flowers, which he is supposed to acknowledge with the usual rupee, an exchange of mutual compliment and congratulation on the safe accomplishment of the crossing of man and beast, but with the pass covered in its white mantle, there was too much concern for real safety to attend to this little ritual, even had Nature been able to prepare her spring favours. It was amusing to recollect how on coming down from Leh one August with their five-and-a-half months' baby who had been born up there, the Doctor and his wife had paid toll for the infant's first crossing though they themselves were exempt.

164 On this second day several of the travellers suffered with sore eyes, and a bottle of eye lotion which the Doctor Memsahib happened to have with her was in great request. Two or three natives were passed, heads directed downwards, one with a precious umbrella, another even holding an end of his puggaree across his painful eyes. One of our party had a severely inflamed eye in spite even of glasses and veil, and this

000 snow blindness is extremely painful. Among the patients was the elder son of the Rajah of Khaplu, who was found with his family at Matayan, and, although we arrived there at just after nine a.m., they had not started off on the next march, Matayan being the full stage from Baltal which they had actually achieved the previous day. The Doctor Memsahib went in to see the purdah lady and found her perfectly composed and cheerful and ready for her next bumping. Meanwhile the Roosevelt party had passed on to Dras, twelve miles further, having only come four or five miles from their camping place. The Doctor's party stopped to lunch or rather " brunch " (for this roadside meal is usually a combination of breakfast and lunch) on the bungalow verandah, and, when the ponymen came up, they said they would prefer to go on to Dras rather than stay the night at Matayan, as there is no pony fodder there. So we took to the road again,

the snow having now receded to the distant hills and left our 000
path clear, and by about three p.m. reached Dras.

But we must not, in all fairness to the Zogi, leave it as
though its presiding demons always held sway. In the three 137
months of July, August and September, this dreaded road loses all its difficulties and is transformed into one of nature's most beautiful flower gardens. A visitor to Leh re-crossing it at the end of August describes it as follows : " The Zogi on our return journey was one vast flower garden and rockery, impossible in its wealth of beauty to describe. From my pony's back, I counted seventy different wild flowers crossing the Zogi La alone. There were carpets of edelweiss and blue gentian, mauve daisies, yellow ragwort, pink 'coralflower' and rich purple pelargonium. The whole hillside in one part would be sky blue with a sheet of forget-me-nots, further beyond the rich verdure of the grass there would be a mass of pink or mauve where the flower grew in rich profusion."*
After the bare hills of Ladak, the green slopes are extra- 233
ordinarily verdant, and large flocks of sheep and goats are brought up here from the Plains in summer to pasture. We were particularly interested, one August, when stopping for the night at Machoi on our way down, to notice one of these enormous flocks pass near the rest-house in single file. One after another they came in unceasing procession, over one thousand of them, tall Kashmiri goats with their look of foolish fearfulness ludicrously mixed with the patriarchal solemnity lent by their tufted beards, all of them so expressive, and many with irrisistibly humorous resemblances to one's human acquaintances, sheep of all sorts, mothers bleating and young
ones following: it seemed as if they would never end. Fortu- 000
nately for us their shepherds had set up a little camp quite near us at the foot of the great glacier behind Machoi, and we were able to procure a little fresh goat's milk from them instead of resorting to tins. With the words and tune of the

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* *Tales of Tirah and Lesser Tibet.* Mrs. Lilian Starr. 113

000 song "The Lord God planted a garden" running in the writer's ears, the following adaptation evolved in response to the surrounding scenery :

Song of the Zogi La

The Lord God planted a garden,
Up here on the roof of the world,
Where in winter the snow was warden,
And the wild winds swept and whirled.
So near to the gates of heaven,
Its Gardener lived in the sky,
And colour and fragrance blended
To gladden the passer-by.

And there on the verdant hillside
Were pastures clean and sweet,
Tucked in with fleecy cloudlets
Where sky and hilltop meet.
And many a glistening glacier
Gave birth to a shining stream
That bore the life-giving water
To where the great rivers gleam.

CHAPTER VI

Back to Lamaland

AT Matayan we have really crossed the Zogi, but 361
it is at Dras that we change our transport, and see 485
the last of the steeds and their syces (grooms) who have brought us over. The former place consists of a few huts, a serai (caravanserai) and a bungalow, in a desolate wind-swept spot with practically no supplies accessible. Probably owing to wind and weather the traveller is here left to his own resources, with the result that several visitors have launched into poetry, of which there is an amusing collection of rhymes in the bungalow book. The rest-house has two small rooms with well-boarded windows and a limited verandah with a windscreened corner. Here the Memsahib 000
has recollections of a real pressure of accommodation. Travelling down from Leh to send her elder child off home to school, and to try the effect of the lower altitude on the ill-health of her little one of two-and-a-half, an awkward incident occurred between Dras and Matayan, for one of the zos carrying luggage fell down the khud, and his load rolled on into the stream. The locks of a suitcase were broken on the boulders, and away floated all the baby's warm clothes for the return journey and daintier ones for the civilization of Srinagar, and also all the contents of a sewing basket, whose empty case remained in position in the crown of a hat, not a nice quandary to be left in with two children, and no needle or cotton, so far out in the wilds! A yakdan, with all the Memsahib's civilized clothes, shoes, books and incidentally money—was also

brought out of the river broken and sopped through, but with all the contents intact. A little beyond the scene of the accident, news of which reached us at our roadside meal, we met over thirty ponies, the advance half of a caravan belonging to a party of seven Swedish missionaries who we knew were on the way up, bound for Yarkand, a month's journey beyond Leh. Since the Great War the members of this Mission have had to reach their posts by a three months' journey through India and over the Karakorums, whereas in times of peace it had taken them only three weeks to travel *via* Russia and the Transiberian railway. Now they could only get to and fro in early autumn, over roads and passes compared with which the Leh-Srinagar road is a promenade, yet in one year these heroic folk brought two babies under a year old through Leh, one travelling in each direction. We inquired from the ponymen where the sahibs were stopping, and they replied Machoi, so as soon as we reached Matayan we established ourselves literally all over the room, for the wet goods salvaged from the water were taken out and spread over every available shelf, peg, and article of furniture, as well as weighted down on the hot stones out in the sun and wind.

The other room of the bungalow was occupied by a Yarkandi lady and her family who were travelling down with us. This lady's husband had been Aksakal (a kind of minor Consul) for the British Government in Leh, but was now a trader. She was suffering from an abdominal tumour, for which she had steadily refused surgical interference until it was much too large to risk removal in the altitude of Leh, where collapse after such operations so often occurs. When at last her husband returned from a long trading visit to Yarkand, they were at length persuaded to come down to Srinagar under the Doctor Memsahib's wing, their two boys travelling with them, so that she might take her only remaining chance of life. The lady had been almost moribund in Leh, but with careful treatment and plenty of fresh air after years of purdah, when her roof or enclosed court-yard afforded the only resort for outdoor exercise, she so much improved that she arrived in Kashmir a different woman, having covered the miles mostly in a dandy but often astride on their own quiet horse. Here she was operated upon in the Zenana Mission Hospital by women surgeons, and a tumour weighing twenty-four pounds removed. She made such an uninterrupted recovery that she was able to return to Leh with her family before the winter closed the pass. 000

But to come back to Matayan, we had just finished spreading our things out to dry, and were beginning tea, when the seven missionaries bound for Yarkand arrived. In the evening, they found the wind too strong and the ground too dry and hard to hold their tent pegs, so eventually two of their ladies slept in a small room with the two children and their Ladaki nurse, the other two and the Doctor Memsahib and two gentlemen, on the small verandah, while a third gentleman, seized with a bad attack of malaria, had to suffer his high fever and rigors in the bathroom. Such is life on the road !

On the upward journey the path descends from Matayan by the side of the river, as it rushes off the Zogi, and trees have now been left behind, but the hills and rocks are very beautiful and the vegetation and flowers of great interest. B 101 In the village of Pandras, just across the first bridge, one is introduced to the gnomish dwellings and weird unkempt inhabitants of Ladak, though we are not in Buddhist country yet, but in the intermediate Mussulman province of Purig, where a mixed race of Ladakis and Baltis live. 000 Passing down the gorge the only shelter for our roadside meal is a big rock on the right, near a waterfall tumbling over the cliff on the left, and on a hot day to sit under it is really to experience "the shadow of a mighty rock within a weary land."

The Dras bungalow is also famed for wind-and generally much abused, but we have always been glad to spread out in its many little rooms, and especially to enjoy a bath in the delightful little streamlets that come gurgling from the valley behind. Sad to say this naughty stream carried off the false teeth of a friend of ours on one occasion, so ablutions in its waters should be accomplished with care. Even this bungalow's accommodation was well taxed when the Doctor Memsahib came through with her children, and found a party there on their way down from Leh, with one gentleman suffering badly from altitude collapse, and a cook who was supposed to be taking drugs. Presently a third patient came up from a camp near-by whose history, past and present, like another famous person's, seemed to include every disease except housemaid's knee, and who certainly was the last sort of woman who should have attempted such a journey for pleasure.

The march from Dras to Shimshe Kharbu is one of the longest, and a pleasant memory comes of a lazy morning at the bungalow, and, after an early tea, a ride down the long sloping plain with its green fields and sparse clumps of trees, the soft lights of evening playing round the nearer green hills and the further bare or snowy ones. It was on this stretch of cultivation that a loose pony once suddenly rushed up and wantonly tried to bite our famous old Dromar with no provocation whatever. The latter's rider much regretted he had no whip in his hand, for Dromar needed no urging himself. Our evening ride brought us into camp at Dundeltang, a small riverside *bagh*, opposite a mighty glacier. Round a corner a mile or so beyond this was a precipitous bit of path where a luggage pony was edged over by his stronger brethren, whilst their guardians stopped to drink at a spring in the rock, and all curios collected in Ladak by the owner of the load, and his change of clothes, were drowned with it. Far more terrible was the tragedy which occurred at Dundeltang some years later, when a young American, travelling to Leh with friends, left his tent for an early morning stroll by the river, and was never seen alive again. His disappearance remained a complete mystery until his body was found some weeks later about ooo thirty miles further down the river, after its junction with the Suru.

But let us get on to that beautiful little stopping place where we have our tiffin at the further end of Tashgam village, still by the river, which we have with us through the whole of this march. Here in June is that fairy-land of waving blossom to which we have already referred, its bushes dotted about the course of a tumbling stream, with a few tall poplars, standing up against the blue sky, and a background of great brown mountains relieved by a glistening glacier. Crossing a rough little bridge, or wading through the stream, we shall find a cool *bagh* awaiting us, with the river near enough to rejoice, but not disturb us. A little way beyond we cross another bridge over a very strongly rushing, angry bit of river, and just over it, with the path levelled on a precipitous cliff above the tumultuous waters, and the ground steeply rising above its inner side, we remember the thoughtlessness of some "zos," grazing on the almost bare hillside above the path, who, as they moved, loosened large stones which arrived in our vicinity, much to our ponies' alarm.

The next bungalow at Shimshe Kharbu is a nice roomy one. The river rushes along below a deep precipice on the left, though not too steep for us to find a way down to a delightful side-pool, inviting a dip in the cold invigorating water. The slope of the river-bed is so marked, and the rush of water so tremendous, that at night its very noise is apt to keep one awake. The cook-houses are opposite the bungalow and at right angles with it, and, when sitting, on the verandah, one's eyes are fascinated by the goblin-like expression of the nearest chimney, whose two slits look like mischievous eyes leering wickedly, the goblin impression being increased a hundredfold as dusk creeps on, and curly blue smoke issues from the four sides. It was here that the Doctor Sahib gave one of his very rare beatings, for a pony came in heavily laden and terribly lame. Discovering the owner, that gentleman received a lesson on his back, which lost considerably in its application and came to a premature conclusion by the stick breaking on his heavy homespun garments.

The next day's march was also enlivened by a similar incident, for the Doctor as he walked, came up with a Yarkandi merchant urging his already well-laden pony along, and then added his own well-clad fat self to the load. Coming to a channel across the path the animal overladen with its double burden, did not jump with sufficient vigour, and the rider gave it a vicious beating. To his great surprise, he immediately felt a similar beating on his own back, and, stout of build as he was, he and his companions all dismounted at the command of the white man and continued on foot. Further on is a spot where we once saw a pony left to die by the roadside. It could still lift its head feebly, although the vultures had already removed the upper eye as it lay on its side. Unfortunately we had neither gun nor knife with us, and after discussing whether we should be successful in giving the *coup de grâce* with a big stone or merely add to its agony, we feared the latter, and had to pass on.

But there are other memories of this bit of road, for it was here that we saw one June " the wilderness blossoming as a rose," and not only as a rose, for in many little sheltered nooks and crannies of the big boulders white aquilegias clustered, so fragile-looking in their hard stone setting. Further on, just past a joyous " watersmeet" where another stream joins the Dras river, we always look for a funny little nook under a big overhanging slab of stone, so typical of the little sheltering places which meet the simple needs of our Ladaki brethren, as the traces in blackened stones put together for a camp fire, shew. But on the upward road we lunch at Chanegund, a little *bagh* on a small plateau with the village of Chuli Skampo (dry apricot) still higher on the hill above. We notice some houses and a little area of cultivation on the

BALTI AV2

other side with tracks leading in and out, and we wonder at the inhabitants who spend their whole lives there, and possibly never even reach the bridge some four miles away, that would lead them to a comparative civilization. This is the suspension bridge over which the road branches off for Skardu, the capital of Baltistan, but we keep straight on and where the Dras river pours into the swiftly flowing Suru, turn a sharp corner, and slowly wend our way into Kargil, enjoying the gradual opening out into a broad valley, and the soft lights on the distant hills. Kargil is the capital of Purig, and even has a small bazaar, but its rest-house is famed among those of us who know the road well for the unpleasant amount of personal "shikar" (hunting) that must always be done there. 000

B 101

The next day we set out with pleasant anticipations, for we shall at last really re-enter Lamaland, our own Ladak. This is the longest march of all, and this, too, we have sometimes varied by getting the first few miles done the previous evening, and enjoying all the special glories of the westering sun. So we remember, as we round one corner, how the long rays caught the figure of a woman on the other side of the gorge, as she rounded the top of a small hill, and exaggerating the furry outline of her rough sheepskin and her unkempt hair, made our companion, new to the country, exclaim "Just look at that bear." For some miles along this march, we note the remains of a long aqueduct which was laid out to bring water to an extensive plateau just above Kargil, with the hope of transforming its desert barrenness into cultivated fields, but alas! when the source was directed into the channel it was inadequate and after all the expenditure incurred, not a drop reached the dry acres.

B 312

At the end of the first few miles is the village of Pashkyim, a long pleasant area of green valley reposing in its peaceful hills. Once when we camped there on our downward way it was anything but peaceful, for a wind-storm arose and blew masses of dust into our tents, and into a meal on which we 140

000 were engaged, becoming so violent that our tents partly blew
down we were partly helped to descend, for its inhospitality
drove us on into Kargil. The camping ground is a very
pleasant one near some mills by a stream. On through a
[672 gradually narrowing gorge to Lotsun, where half of the whole
[564 march is done, then through Darkit, where the "headman"
of the wee village is a woman, and then at last the defile opens
out, and the mountains round the valley of Mulbek come into
view.

133 As we emerge we see our first *chortens* on the hill on our
778 right, and a little further on we notice that another broad
valley enters the Mulbek one at an obtuse angle, while whole
ranges of mountains come into view, vast upheavals at all sorts
346 of angles. Still a little further till we have to turn our heads
well round on the right, then at last we spy, built into the side
of the rock behind and facing that other valley, Shergol, our
first lamasary, the queerest, most elfish of structures, only
distinguishable by its whitewash from the rocky formation
into which it seems to merge. Now indeed we are back into
757 Lamaland. Even before this, while watching for our first
dGompa (monastery), again a perfect little picture has claimed
our attention on the left. A dear old grandmother, with her
white uncovered locks blowing round her cheery wrinkled old
[285] face, is standing near a mossy-looking rock from which springwater
is falling, with her picturesque country basket, a foursided
structure converging to a cone-like point, at her side.
This is a medicinal spring, famed for its tonic effect on the
stomach, but on inquiry, the old lady says she has been applying
the water to her arms and shoulders for which it is also remedial.
Evidently she suffers from rheumatism in her old age.

000 The next part of the road has already been referred to in
our third chapter with its ludicrous resemblances to scenes
and statues, all the more fantastic for the stately majesty of the
great hills behind. Had the long march so wearied us that
we were getting dreamy, or was that really an old judge in

his wig standing over there, with a markedly malevolent look 000
in one big bad eye, seeming to watch with great resentment
the intrusion of our Western selves into his valley ? Certainly
that eye follows us till we are level with him, after which
suddenly turning, we find that he too has turned back again
to see what other intruders will follow, and we wonder how
the rest of our party will stand his evil scorn. Then our eye
falls on a giant emerging with his broom from his cave, from
which we can trace the track down which he goes to fetch
water. His face is hidden, but shoulder, arm and broom
are clearly visible. What mystery is he brooming out with
such persistence ? A little further we spy a Mongolian-
looking female, eyes closed, and flattened nose turned up in
utter disgust at our European smell. So, though the last few
miles are generally the longest, these are more than beguiled
by all the strange wizard-like forms and fairy-like scenes we
see depicted opposite, varied with glimpses into deep narrow
ravines with more weird formations, suggesting the strangest
mysteries.

Our attention is diverted, however, by Mulbek's monastery, 346
perched high up on inaccessible-looking crags and dominating
the whole valley. Strange and sudden on its perch, fascinating
in its form and outline, we at last turn down under its very
shadow to the polo ground, on the nearer side of which is the rest-
house, and on the further side the central stream. All along 291
we have been noting how exactly the strange dwellers of this
valley fitted the scenery from head to foot, indeed especially
head-dress and footgear, no doubt contributing to our feeling
of being intruders. The chuckling fat babies with their nun's
style of close-fitting cap, tucked into one of the aforementioned
baskets, and left on the edge of the field in which their care-
taker is busy, are particularly attractive. At the bungalow
we find a lot of *respas* (turn-men) waiting to secure the job of 735
our transport for the next day. In our staff is a coolie boy
from a village near Leh, who came to us utterly destitute in

735 Srinagar, wearing a puggaree, a pair of trousers, and a warm shirt with military breast pockets, in which he apparently carried all his worldly goods, rather to the confusion of the natural outlines of his broad manly chest. This boy, a Mussulman named Ibchung (little Abraham) constantly delighted us by his cheery ways, and naïve enjoyment of life. Seeing our interest in these strange people, he promptly marshalled them before us and shewed them off as though he had specially collected them for the purpose. Dirty and ragged, but delightfully cheery, enjoying us as we did them, all looked ready to pop into a fairy tale. One with a red cap was quite the dandy of the party, another wrinkled old man with hair untidily fringing out of his pigtail and round his face, had a big cavern between two isolated teeth. There was a boy with a coarsely-quilted sleeveless padded waistcoat, even at the end of May. Here was a living representative of Absalom, a Balti wearing a little round cap with rolled up edges, dark curling locks falling on to each shoulder, big black eyes, and, unlike our Buddhist Ladakis, an expression of utter gloom.

100

As we waited for our luggage, we noted the paraphernalia attached to the people, as demonstrated by Ibchung. One old chap with bracelets of wool on his arm was spinning from it on to a little wooden spindle. From his wool he would make sacks, carpets or ropes. His was black wool from a cow, while another, filling his enforced idleness with like industry, was spinning from the white wool of a goat, twirling the spindle almost unconsciously as he gazed at us. In their belts and about their persons was quite an array of instruments, such as flint and tinder, knife, long spoon, spectacles in case, sewing purse and pen-case, the last empty as is usual with these people. These were all depending from the waist, and often a large brass soup or tea ladle was stuck in the folds of their ample sash behind. In front, hanging by a small chain, one man had a little pair of broad-ended forceps for extracting thorns or obstrusive whiskers, the nasal vibrissae being special objects of dislike. Some wore necklaces of turquoise and coral or red beads, others had ear-rings and many had bracelets, often in the form of a clasp not quite meeting round the wrist, whose two ends represented the heads of snakes. As we turned to attend to our luggage we gave them a coloured picture torn from the back of a magazine, and they carried it off and discussed it with great joy. 000

The next day we still had to traverse the further half of the valley, and even in the prosaic morning time, we constantly noticed fantastic shapes in the rocks on the other side. There was a realistic statue of Judge Cockburn, a certain outline of Cardinal Wolsey, and, just as we turned to the left to leave the main valley, guarding the entrance to a small nullah on the opposite side, was that strangest formation of all, a high pinnacle of rock, left standing like a gigantic solitary stalagmite, whose outline was weathered into the irresistible suggestion of a maternal figure, with one child nestled at her knees and another peeping over her left shoulder. In strong contrast to the size of these figures one slowly descried a monastic house and a few less important dwellings built into the base of the pillar in the usual gnomish fashion, from whose chimneys the blue smoke rose to curl up like incense obscuring the Madonna's face.

Leaving this strange valley, which, for all its weird suggestiveness, has an atmosphere of pleasant peacefulness, we turn to the left and then to the right again, and slowly wend our way up a long bare ascent to the Namika La (the Sky-high Pass) of 13,000 feet. On the way a ragged picturesque man, and a little child who was far more so, were seen leading a flock of small sheep and goats along the hillside, though what sustenance they were going to find in this dry barrenness was hard to see. The top of the pass has a fine panoramic view, and, having dismounted from our panting ponies, who ascend the last steep bit with constant pauses and periodic breathing, 133

133 we let them rest a few m[illegible]s, while we sit by the *lhato* and enjoy the sea of mountain tops all around. The path descends 369 into the open valley of Bot Kharbu, a long smiling stretch of cultivation with several small villages and a few ruined forts and castles on the hilltops. These were the scenes of fighting in the seventeenth century. Occasionally we note a rough bridge across the main stream, made just of the trunk of a tree or of two such logs side by side, of which one is a little lower, so that, if nervous, one could choose it and hold on to the higher. One noticeable cluster of houses, called Stagtse, is picturesquely grouped round a pointed rock on the other side of the stream. Near the rest-house, we see, on the further side also, that little collection of houses which gives the best example on all the road of how the native dwelling is fashioned like and merges into the surrounding rock.

Overhanging that part of the village in which the dak bungalow is to be found is a high rock with ruins of a castle or fort, conspicuous above which, and noticed from afar, is the figure of a man meditating over the valley, and brooding over the past history of its wars. When we arrive under it, we see it is only a sandstone figure, carved by the storms of centuries just as those seen on the day before.

133 The next day we leave the valley and enter a slowly narrowing long defile, leading to the foot of the highest pass we have to cross, and some six miles out of Kharbu we pass Henasku in a ravine on the left, already quoted as an example and, perhaps a better one than yesterday's, of a series of transitional rock dwellings, and looking so lonely and so weird 788 on its high cliff. Pausing at the foot of the Pass, where there is 484 water though no shade, for a meal, we then climb up to 13,500 feet, but just before the summit is reached, we come upon a nice group of Ladakis camping in that glorious scenery. We turn round to admire the way they have "parked out" their loads of bulging sacks into a wind shelter, against which they rest their own appropriate figures. Behind them is a magni-

ficent stretch of mountains, its breadth and expanse exceeding 788
those of yesterday's pass ; the glory of light and shade are 484
indescribable, and this little group of humanity in the foreground just completes the picture. To their right by a tiny
trickle of water behind a little rock, a delightful pair have
detached themselves from the party to engage in "Chos
Choches" (doing religion). One has a wee tray on a collapsible stand and a spoon, all of which can be shut up within a
kind of teapot, its cover forming a second platter when
reversed, and here he is busy with his libations and mumbling
away at his prayers, though apparently only a layman, while
the younger man assists him. Completing the ascent an 000
equally wonderful view bursts on the sight, but there is no
sign of cultivation on these bare brown or snowwhite peaks,
and one really feels as though even at the "back of beyond"
in every direction, there never would be human habitation
again. But there just below us a yak tosses up his head, and
gallops off, while soon our eyes light upon another picturesque
camp arranged within a wall of sacks. One of our Tibetan
friends, preferring a sun to a water-bath, has slipped his arms
out of his wide sleeves and sits there bare to his waist, though
we ourselves find the breeze quite chilly at these heights.
Down, down, down again, and the big peaks vanish while the
little hills rise. Round many corners we come to a bare wild 361
ravine with a dark frowning hill behind, fit framing for a [778]
solitary *chorten*, throwing into relief its whitewashed base and
red-ringed superstructure. Now we know a village must be
near, and up a little zigzag path we go, and around another
big *chorten*, then catch our breath at the picture that lies before
us, a village we have already described as a suitable capital
for "Hobgoblinland." Nor does this impression diminish,
rather, each time one rounds that corner it strikes the imagination more forcibly, and seems as though it can only be some
dreamland phantasm. Even as you come down upon the
prosaic little rest-house on its platform below the hill, the

FACING p. 72

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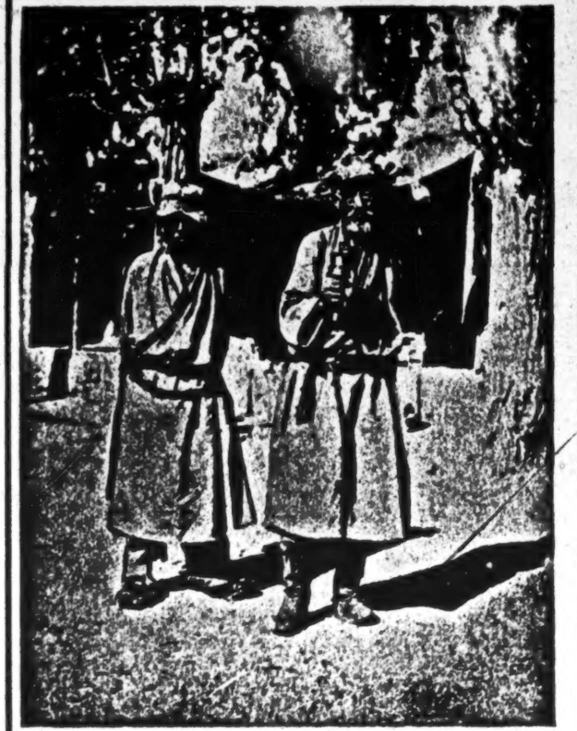
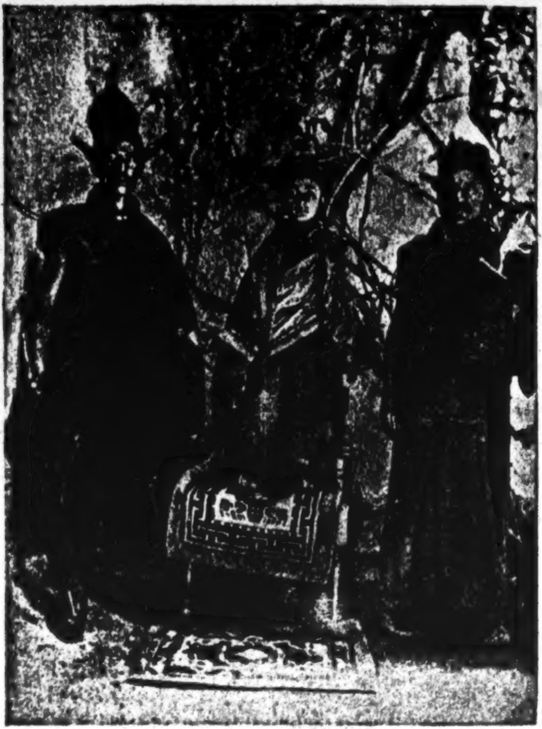


TWO LADAKIS IN THE BAZAAR AT LEH.

The old Meme (grandfather) has his prayer-wheel with him in order to accumulate merit. He is wearing *charoks*, Yarkandi boots of thin red leather with a felt stocking inside. His companion prefers Ladaki footwear, of which the uppers are woven of coarse wool, sewn on to rope soles. The toes are turned up.



THE BABY SKUSHOG OF SPITUK

With his two lama "nurses." He is wearing the gilded official riding hat.

361 chimneys of its cook-houses look up at you like unblinking owls. To visit the monastery the path leads up to turn 346 abruptly near a series of little dwelling places covering a small hill. Unrelieved by the usual balconies and adornments of village houses, they appear more like stables, but we are informed they are the abodes of the nuns. The *dGonpa* itself is very picturesque and a camera might be busy at each corner, 792 but the dirt and dust are terrible. The Lamas who belong to the red sect, are degraded looking, and the whole atmosphere 000 of the village is evil, as several travellers have noticed. What wonder that below the village we come upon that disinterred Sodom and Gomorrah already mentioned, perhaps more aptly described as a ruinous Gehenna with its twisted sulphurous [491] pillars. So we pass along the high road, meeting the Indus at the suspension bridge just below the village of Kalatse, and keeping it company to Saspola. It was when riding along this piece of road that seven year old Helen asked, as more mountains came into view, peering over their fellows, "Mummy, how 361 did the mountains make theirselves so big?" After a long uninhabited stretch of stony road we note a welcome green patch on the other side, where about three houses find enough cultivatable ground, fed from a falling stream, to support their inmates, and we are told that in winter they send their animals across the frozen river, now wide and rushing, to find what roots they can and to bask in the warmth on the sunny side. 491 As our destination approaches, a crazy-looking cantilever bridge with no side rails crosses the river. Though fairly broad, it spans a high gulf, and it is only certain local ponies who are used to it, whom one can dare to take over. Fortunately it is not on the high road, and we may pass on in peace of mind.

000 The following march ascends a *rong*, which may be defined as a pass "which goes up, but not down," a narrow defile which opens out eventually on to a broad plain, whence the snow crests surrounding the long broad Indus valley in the

300 neighbourhood of Leh can be seen. But there is a sudden
361 descent from this plateau into the pretty and quaint little
778 village of Basgo, which, with its peculiar rocks and ruins, *chorten* gates and *mani* walls, appeals to some people more than Lamayuru. In spring it is certainly a gem in the bare hills, for on the verge of the plain one suddenly comes upon it as a mass of apricot blossom. Above the Basgo-Nyemo valley neither the apricot nor the apple ripen properly, and the Leh
[487 supplies come mostly from there or from Saspola. The main road, which we must occasionally remind ourselves is the high road to Central Asia, leading through the village, passes many tumbledown *chortens* and *mani* walls, and, in one little recess on
788] the left, one sees a fine example of a prayer-wheel made of a kerosene tin. On the outskirts, a row of prayer-wheels may be noted on a roof, waiting to be turned by the wind.

Over a sandy four-mile plain with a long *mani* wall extending half-way, we reach Nyemo, which looked only about twenty minutes ride from Bazgo, and are glad to enter the shade of
486 its large *bagh*, and new bungalow. Here we remember camping once and taking our meal in the open by our tents, when a group of traders and their servants from the serai came
000 to watch this interesting performance. Wearying of their unabashed stare, the Doctor Sahib at length rose, and addressed them in their own language. Pointing solemnly to the members indicated, he said, " I too am a man, I have eyes, ears, nose and mouth." A grin slowly spread over their faces as they caught the rebuke, and they stole away to bother us no more.

131 Now we have one more *rong* to ascend, then we soon come out on to a long terraced plain with a glorious view of our own Leh valley, the Indus spreading out into several silver streaks as it winds in and out of its broad acres. Grateful after the narrow gorges and long defiles is this open expanse, ringed by range after range of peaks pointing up to some 20,000 feet
600 above sea level, whose snow can never melt. " My very own

600 hills" says our small Helen, returning to Leh from England at the age of five. "Not Daddy's nor Mummy's, but my very own Leh Mountains, I was borned there." The 361 terraced plains are very long, but at length we pass Spitug with its monastery-crowned hill on our right, and turning a corner see Leh away up in the foothills to our left. Such a short journey it looks in this clear, rarefied air, but it is a good five miles uphill before we enter the "Sta-rgo," horse-gate, of the little town we have come so far to see. Once more we view with delight its broad bazar, headed by the mosque, its row of poplars on one side, its castle high on a hill to the right [481] and behind it the mountains, over which the Kardong Pass leads to the Karakorums and distant Yarkand.

CHAPTER VII

Over Many Passes

HAVING seen the high road to Leh, let us take a 491
trip off the beaten track, along a much less prosaic road, for it is much more thrilling never to know what surprises lie just round the next corner. Towards the end of the march, however, there often seem to be endless "next corners" before the welcome sight of tent or dak-bungalow greets the eyes; with its promise of tea and a nap, the value of which are perhaps best realized after a hot march. Thus round such a corner may come into view the most ricketty of bridges sometimes made only of twigs and spanning a rushing river. Where the stream is smaller, not even this bridge is provided, and the only way across is to ford, which is no easy matter when the bed is not smooth but formed of huge boulders, so that one moment the pony is high up on a rock, the next plunges deep down between the stones. Then, too the boom boom of the swifter torrents filling one's ears inspires an additional fear of the onrush of these stones and smaller boulders which may catch the ponies' legs and break them. At times the road may lead along the bottom of a valley over the most stony of pathways imaginable, and with the overhanging rocks so low that man must "stoop to conquer," and even the ponies' saddles occasionally need to be shed and loads dropped to get underneath. Again, having climbed up a high pass there 600
bursts on the view a panorama that defies description in its immensity and grandeur of upheaval. Moreover in these

000 sparsely populated regions the people are so interesting, for the customs and ways of the unadulterated lamaism often differ considerably from those of the high road.

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133 But let us now accompany the "padre" and the "doctor" in their trek from Ladak through Zankskar to Lahoul, and home *via* the Plains, thus traversing the whole of the Himalayan ranges from north to south, except the most northern, named the Karakoram Range. Leaving Leh we must first travel down the high road towards Kashmir for four days, that is along the Indus as far as the foot of the Lamayuru gorge. But let us remember the real name of this river is the "Senge Kabab," which means the one which "descends from the mouth of the Lion." The Tibetan names of the other rivers flowing from the region of the holy lake, Manosarowar, also indicate the true sources of their mighty waters, for does not the Sutlej or "Langchen kabab" descend from the mouth of the elephant, the Gogo is the "Mamzhi kabab" descending from the mouth of the peacock, while the Brahmaputra or "Damchog kabab" descends from the ear of the horse. In our Western ignorance we often garble these Tibetan names. Thus Darjeeling should be called "Dorjhe Ling" the "Country of the Thunderbolt," whilst Kalimpong is our distorted version of "Kalonpug," the cave of the prime minister. But let us get back to Lamayuru whence our road turns due south across that division of the Himalayas known as the "Ri-gyal" or 361 mountain king range. Our first march takes us over a small pass to Wanla, and we must get used to Passes, as within a short period we have to cross fifteen, of which all but five are fairly high ones. Wanla is a pretty village and shows signs 346 of having been an important one. Crowning the hill which 788 dominates the village is a fine old ruin, and behind it a most peculiar built monastery, in many places resting on beams which look so insecure that they must give way on the slightest provocation. That they still hold is doubtless

due to the fine water prayer-wheel in the village, which day 788
and night turns round its prayers to benefit the community, 346
while in the walls of the little shelter made to accommodate it
four more rather large prayer-wheels are inserted to be
worked by hand, so that the passer-by, giving them a
meritorious twirl as he goes along, may add his contribution
to the volume of prayer that brings favour to the village.
Just now is the time of harvest in Wanla. Here the barley 241
and wheat are cut and carried to the side of the hill to dry,
a process which must soon be accomplished, for the heat
from the stones is very great. In the evening a poor old 164
man, blind in one eye arrives, and the cause being established
as cataract, a temporary operating theatre is set up,
instruments boiled and the trouble removed. Another poor
old fellow completely blind, deaf and otherwise deformed,
also asks for help, but alas, he is beyond the aid even of
Western medical science, and, as he is very poor, the meagre
solace of a little gift is all that can be done for him.
There is hardly any operation so dramatic as that of cataract
extraction, for the patient may be totally blind at one
moment and the next receive his sight. It is all the
more sad to have to tell some of these poor blind folk
that it is impossible to give them back their vision, especially
when so often that faculty might have been saved had they
come to the doctor sooner.

Arrangements have now to be made for the next day's 000
march, and we are told that the road is so bad that it will
take all the Wanla horses and all the Wanla men to get us to
Hunupata, the next village at which we halt ; nor is the
picture overdrawn. Next morning all are busy. Breakfast
is cooked and eaten, and wise is he who begins by shipping
aboard plenty of food ! Stores and cooking utensils are [482]
packed into *yakdans* and *kiltas*, the Indian-made travelling
boxes and baskets, one of which forms half-a-pony load, and
we are off, enjoying the sheer delight of marching in the clear

000 pure cool air of the early morning. Our road runs along the left bank of the Wanla stream for about three miles, then we have to cross it by such a bridge that those of us who are riding dare not trust our ponies to it, and must ford. Soon after the thrills promised by our friends in the village begin. The path runs along the cliff, varying from ten to two hundred feet above the river, which is now fairly deep and rushing. Often it is hardly wider than the hand can span, and, of course, the track always runs along the extreme edge, as roads in this country usually do, while over the edge is first a rapid decline, then a perpendicular drop straight down into the river. One slip off the road and the chances of recovery are practically nil, while the preliminary slither down the slope would just allow time to realize the pleasant drop which would occur when the perpendicular part was reached. Walking along this so-called bridle path, I remembered coming along the same road some years before in early summer, and how at one place the path, to add to its terrors, was actually covered with sloping ice, and I admit having shirked it by climbing up along the hill above. After a walk of two-and-a-half hours we reached the pretty little village, Panjila, but, before arriving could not help noting the only sign of vegetation on that bare hillside, one lonely pine tree of considerable age. Evidently it had found a
778 little spring to sustain its life. So quaintly does the smallest rill or source of water permit the growth of one or two trees in such a dry stony land. No wonder that in its fantastic isolation the *shugpa* or pencil cedar of Ladak, is regarded as a holy tree and in it dwells a *Lha* or good spirit. Often an altar piled high with the horns of wild sheep or goats is built around the stem of such a tree, and of certain *shugpa* it is said that to break off a twig or branch will cause the death of the offender within a year. Thus, among the oldest trees in the land, where wood is in such demand for fuel, is the *Shugpa*, owing its existence to the protection of its gods.

But the road does not mend, rather it grows worse; nevertheless he who braves it is fully repaid, for it leads to one of the most wonderful gorges in the world. Soon after leaving Panjila, we cross quite a short bridge, two hundred feet below which roars the river, running between high perpendicular cliffs. A little further down, it has hollowed out of some conglomerate rock a magnificent tunnel through which the waters thunder. The road has now become difficult enough, consisting of large slabs of slaty rocks which have descended irregularly from the cliffs, which rise up perpendicularly for some thousand feet at the side. How one would enjoy watching, from a safe distance, the descent of one of these large rocks. The Padre tells of how he was once belated on such a road, and suddenly the cliff above him and his servant began falling down. His Ladaki companion cried out, "Sahib, our end has come," but they pressed themselves tightly up against a rock, trusting their horses to do the same, and thus escaped. Now we come to a bridge, and what a bridge! Four poplar trees have been thrown across the stream, but wood has apparently been scarce, for on top of these large slabs of stone are placed, which bob up and down as the pony crosses over them. However, the drop is not more than eighty feet even if we should go over. Up and down the hillsides we go to avoid precipitous cliffs; then the brook must be forded, and, as the pony plunges up and down, one wonders how wet the tiffin bread in the saddle-bag is getting. Now we wander along the bed of the stream itself, not too full of water this time of the year, yet not without difficulties, for in three or four places the adjacent rocks overhang it, while in one place they are actually so low that the ponies can only pass underneath with their saddles removed. But look around at the view. Here by your side is a clear bubbling stream which can yet make a very respectable roar as it passes through its self-excavated tunnels. At its side grow rose bushes and tamarisks in profusion, while

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000 the wild red currants, now ripe, are wonderfully sweet to the taste. Then look up to right and left, and see the great slabs of cliffs, rising absolutely straight up from the river for over 1,000 feet; or, where they lean at all, the slope is inwards. Behind them are further tiers. Beyond, more cliffs, rising up to a similar height, look just like huge stalagmites, the formation of cliff and stalagmite together often suggesting one of nature's wonderful cathedrals with its many spires. [813] The Ladaki would people them with his *lhas* (spirits), which he certainly believes inhabit the stalagmites.

At last we turn a corner and our hair might turn grey too, for the natural road stops abruptly at one of these perpendicular rocks, on to which human hands have built a kind of rough scaffolding. On every little projection from this rock stones have been merely laid to the desired level, and not even cemented with mud. Jutting out from the rock are beams; how they have been fixed in it is impossible to say, and resting on these more beams parallel with the cliff, and finally, to give a firm footing, slabs of rock. Why the whole crazy structure does not topple down is past comprehension. The doctor, wishing to be whole in order to render first-aid to the Padre should calamity over-take him, crosses over first, to feel peculiar sensations up and down his spine as he watches his colleague follow after him. Even the horses seem to realize their precarious position, and press close up to the cliff. Having safely traversed this piece of road, we [778] are not surprised to see a *chorten* and a *mani* wall, though still miles away from human habitation, for even the Ladaki must feel he needs a special safeguard for such a perilous passage.

361 From now our road descends until we reach Hanupata, where, although the onset of rain threatens to damp our welcome, the villagers make up for it in the heartiness of 622 574 their greeting. The *mGopa* or headman begs us to come and rest in a "very nice room" of his house until our luggage

arrives, and leads us thither up crooked rocky lanes, through 622
dark alleys, up ricketty ladders, and under low portals, which 574
give rude shocks to our heads or topees. This "very nice
room" with its mud walls is about 15 ft. by 18 ft. in size, while 342
its low dirty roof just above our heads, has been stained a
beautiful shining mohagany by years of smoke, a process
being continued by a fire at the further end, whose acrid
fumes, most painful to the eyes, fill the room. To the left
a nice large verandah admits fresh air, and appears to be the
only clean spot in the room, not excepting our travel-stained
selves. While the water for our tea is being boiled, the family 574
produce a black rug, woven from sheeps' hair, and place it
on the floor, so that we may both sit and "lay our table"
upon it. The family, vastly entertained and entertaining,
sit around, consisting of father, son, son-in-law, and one or
two ladies whose relationship is not precisely ascertained.
We tell them of the road already traversed; they tell us of
joys to come. The old grandfather, or *Meme*, is specially [292
interesting as he sits on the verandah, wearing a peculiar
type of hat of a fashion only retained by a few of the oldest
inhabitants, though still part of the ceremonial dress at
weddings. Like a very elongated tea-cosy, it is doubled
over to one side in the middle, has a turned-up brim, and was
introduced by King Senge Namgyal. The old man is [276]
smoking his pipe with such enjoyment, that we are constrained
to inquire as to the source of his tobacco, for such
relish can hardly be credited to the old metal pipe. He
replies that he has gathered the fragrant leaf from the hillside.
The Padre having a fellow-feeling with this smoker
gives the old man some of his own "Country Life" tobacco
to sample. He fills his bowl, and his face lights up as he
puffs away at the wonderful new concoction, and assumes a
beatific contentment. Taking out his pipe, he surveys it
with a smile, for who could have believed even that old
friend could have produced such a delightful inhalation.

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574 Asked how he was enjoying it, he replied that if he smoked much more he would become intoxicated.

000 Having refreshed ourselves with tea, and the rain having ceased, we go to look for a good camping spot, and fix on a field already harvested. Soon our luggage arrives, and the ponymen tell us that for four miles they had to unload their ponies and carry the loads themselves. Fancy carrying a heavy tent over a bad road for four miles! Two of the ponies had fallen down the steep hillside with their loads tightly bound on their backs; but, fortunately for them, these were bedding and tents, so they did not hurt themselves seriously, and, fortunately for us, they just stopped short of the water, so we had dry beds that night. This part of the road has been described somewhat in detail, and, although all is perfectly true, yet it is not so bad in the actual going as it sounds, for one is much too occupied with the next step to worry about potential accidents, and it is only in prospect or retrospect that the perils of the road appal.

[136] Early next morning we are off again, and soon come to the inevitable pass. Here the many marmots provide interest by announcing the coming of a stranger with a shrill policeman-like whistle, as they sit at the doors of their burrows. They are remarkably tame, for the Doctor stalked one and actually touched him with his stick as he disappeared down his hole, only to reappear a few minutes later. He was then about to reach his hand out to stroke him, but was warned by his Ladaki *zhabzhi* (foot-helper) that they bite hard. When travelling in another direction some weeks before this, my companion's dog noticed a marmot running hard for his hole. "Bunty" managed to head him off and bowl him over, biting him hard in the abdomen, but nowhere else, for friend marmot was a sportsman. He sat up on his hind legs held up his fists in the approved boxer fashion, and kept "Bunty" at bay. We were able to walk right up to the combatants, when, seeing the marmot was badly

injured, he was given the *coup de grâce* with the business end of a riding-crop. 0-0-0

Horses and men being rather tired, we decided to give them a rest day, which we began by extracting two cataracts and excising a large tumour, following which medicines were dispensed. The sahibs being thus engaged, the servants took the opportunity of having a baking day, so as to substitute bread for the chupattis with which they had now provided us for some days. Baking in this part of the world is an interesting process. First the dough is made with leaven, placed in a covered tin, and put into the sun to ferment, but if there is no sunshine, it is kept warm by covering it with all the bedding of the servants, and wise is the sahib who does not scrutinize this covering too closely, remembering rather that what the eye does not see, the heart does not grieve over. While the dough is rising, the oven must be prepared. The walls of this are made of large dry plaques of cow manure, and the roof of a big slab of the same material. The latter interested us, and we inquired how it was procured. We were told that throughout the whole winter the stables are not cleared out, but the continual stamping of animals and men makes quite a hard floor of manure, which is cut out in large chunks in the spring. But if we wait too long for these explanations, our bread will be sour. The oven itself is now set on fire, and by the time the dough is ready the whole thing is glowing splendidly. The dough in its covered tin is placed inside, and a door of glowing dung closes the oven. The resulting bread is all one can wish ! Having cooked the bread, the fire still functions, for on it the servants' Sunday dinner is cooked. A sheep has been killed for the sahibs, and the servants receive the head as their perquisite. The head, with hair, eyes, brain and everything intact, is placed in the fire of manure, the hair burns off, and a meal, fit for a Ladaki king at any rate, emerges. 252 264

On again next day over the " Sengela " or " lion pass." 000

ovv A long gradual ascent leads to it, covered with wonderful flowers, and as the doctor climbs up, he remembers an experience he had there some years before. His colleague's mare was taken ill when nearing the top, and was unable to proceed unaided. It was a matter of either deserting her or dragging her over, and as the last half mile of the pass was under deep snow, the latter proved to be an even harder task than anticipated. Holding with one hand to the tail of his Zankskar pony, and with the other pulling the mane of the sick mare, the former animal dragged both of them over a 16,600 feet pass through deep snow.

This pass brought us to Yulchung, from which we made a detour to Lingshed, but we will not linger there now, as we shall be referring to it elsewhere. Beyond it, the road runs along the side of the hills on the right bank of the river, whose left one would seem to have been shaped out by some Goliath into gigantic stalls to stable his horses. Next comes a steep drop down to the river, where a truly Ladaki bridge awaits us. No doubt some belated traveller, needing wood to provide himself with the consolation of his butter-tea, has helped himself to some of the flooring of the bridge. The next arrival has not been long troubled by this lack of boarding, for there are plenty of large slabs and stones about to place on the various gaps. As our pony stepped on to one of these, it tipped up, and a hundred and fifty feet below roared
778 the Charab river. Such a place must abound with evil spirits, but nature has kindly provided a large rock, shaped like a sugar loaf, as a foundation for the propitiatory altar. On one side of it some human hands have managed to make another large stone rest, supporting others up to a level with the top of the sugar loaf, and across this peculiar base have balanced a huge flat slab of rock, piled high with the horns of wild sheep and goats. Facing this strange structure a throne of stone has been erected for the officiating *Skushog* or lama, when religious rites are performed here.

From this point we slowly mounted for two days before reaching the " La ngo ' or head of the pass. On the way a large avalanche had blocked the whole road, through which the river had eaten a channel. Here a council of war had to be held to decide whether to surmount the obstruction or get under it. The former involved a bad high jump for the ponies, the latter the enlarging of the entrance with a wood chopper. We decided that to go under would be the easier solution, as it generally is. Inside we found ourselves in a tunnel, about a hundred feet long, roofed by the frozen snow of the avalanche, floored by the river, and walled in by two mountains, along whose bases we crept. One of the ponies stepped on to a slippery rock, and fell into the river, knocking the man who was leading him over on to one side, and we all breathed a sigh of relief on finding neither man nor beast had broken a bone. At the outlet of the tunnel, a high wall of snow still remained, cutting us off from the road, out of which a slice had to be hacked with the chopper to allow access to the latter. 600

On the third day we reached Zangla, the first village in the province of Zankskar.

CHAPTER VIII

Into Zankskar

631 ZANGLA is the capital of a small province of Zankskar, consisting of only seven villages, which were presented to a former King in reward for aid rendered to Zorowar, the Dogra general, on his way through to the conquest of Ladak.

643 We were heartily welcomed by the King, who is also a
792 *Skushog*, and who allowed us to put up our tents in his private
576 garden. That evening, when requiring a place in which to show our lantern slides, a fine large room in the castle was put at our disposal ; the majority of the villagers came to the entertainment, and his Majesty also honoured the performance, sitting on a chair, of which he possessed two, placed among his subjects, who squatted on the floor around.

466 Next morning quite a concourse of men had gathered to
482 carry our luggage. Some of our loads were naturally lighter than others, but in Zangla everything is done in an orderly fashion. A young fellow, perhaps the only layman of the village who can read, has a small bundle of sticks, on one of which each male villager has his name written. The ones representing those whose turn it is to carry to-day are picked out and placed at haphazard on the various bundles. Each man finds his own name-stick, and without demur shoulders the load which the god of fortune has sent him.

In the province of Bashahr things are not quite so nicely arranged, for when it comes to the casting of lots, each man fetches a stick for himself, but if he happens later to find that

stick on a heavy load, he calls upon "dGonmchog Sum" (the 466
three Gods) to witness that this is not the stick of his choice; 482
but his neighbour's. Spitti's method is far superior, for there the dice settles the matter.

Another day's journey brings us to the capital of the 491
province, but before reaching this we have another type of bridge to cross, this time made of rope. From this place onwards we saw a good many of these, so it may be well to describe one. A prominent rock from which to sling the ropes, is selected on either side of the river. These ropes are made of the twigs of birch or poplar, plaited together. Four such ropes tied together constitute the actual pathway, just broad enough to accommodate a boot. On either side is a rail of the same material, connected by similar strands to the footway, and at each end the latter and the rails are wound and tied round beams, kept in position by large pieces of rock. Often, of course, pieces of this bridge completely disappear, but it is not till someone falls through and ends his present incarnation, that the Ladaki considers there is an indication for repairs to be undertaken. To cross this bridge we first mount the cliff over which its end is swung, then lean well forward to catch hold of one rail with each hand, and place the foot gingerly on the footway. It is impossible to grasp the whole handrail, for it is far too thick, and so rough that it may tear the hands. The bridge sags in the centre, so the first half descends at rather a steep angle, which does not make matters easier, for after about ten paces one cannot help catching sight of the swirling river some hundred feet below. Towards the middle the bridge begins to sway, as a slight wind is blowing, but there can be no turning back now; moreover the worst half is over, for from the centre the ascent to the further side begins. Looking back, we find that even our Ladaki cook has lost his nerve and will not venture. The prospect is bad,—no cook, no dinner. But the problem is soon solved, for a local man hoists him up and soon takes him over

[Facing p. 88]

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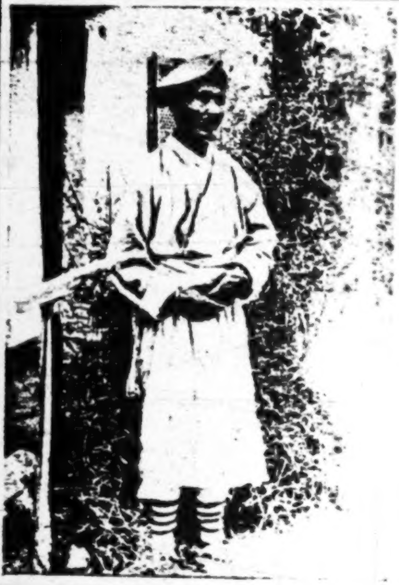

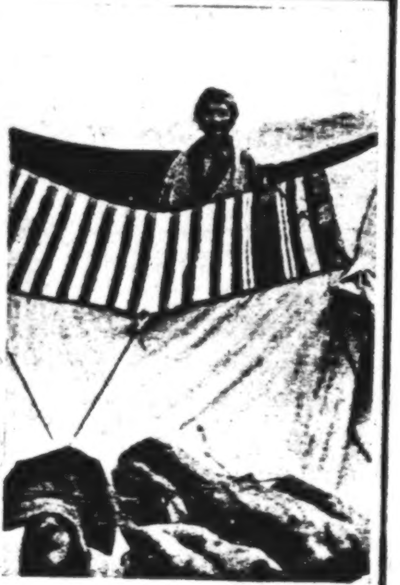

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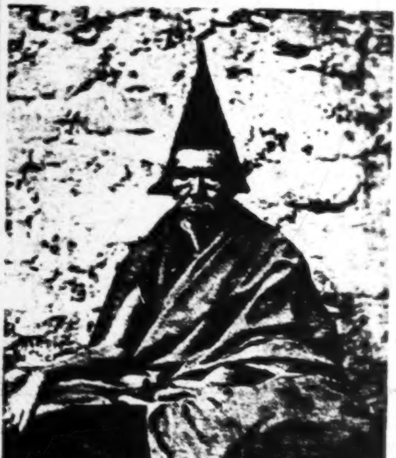

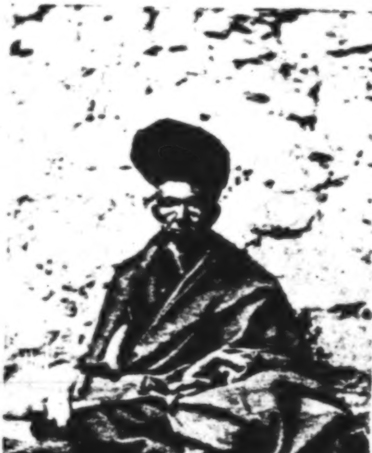

1. A Ladaki from a Side Valley.
One of the few old men who still wear regularly a turnover hat introduced by a former king.

2. A Breezy Dwelling.
A Tibetan nomad looking through the aperture at the top of his quaint tent, which serves as chimney, ventilator and observatory.

3 & 4. Head Teacher of the Monastery of Sankar.
He is the secular instructor of the Baby Skushok. He is wearing ceremonial hats used on different occasions.

491 pick-a-pack. To the men of these parts their bridges offer no thrills ; they often carry cattle over on their backs, first taking the precaution of tying their legs. Some time after we had reached camp, our other two servants came in and told us of their experiences at that bridge. "Are you afraid?" said one. "No, not a bit," replied his comrade, while in sheer fright the tears chased one another down his cheeks. However, one soon gets quite blasé about these bridges, and I crossed my fourth with a light heart. But how do the ponies fare? They have to be relieved of their loads, which men carry over the bridge and they themselves must swim the torrent. Our own Mongolian pony was shown a horse on the further side, hoping that he would think it had arrived safely and would follow its good example, but he had to be driven in several times with much shouting and raising of arms before he would venture across, and the sturdy animal was quite out of breath on arriving at the other bank.

164 At Padum a day's rest was decreed, not only from marching, but also to extract fourteen cataracts, which were awaiting operation. The next day on again, until finally we reached the Shingkung La, the Pass which divides Zankskar from 342 Lahoul, and which took us four days to cross. Going to the foot of the Pass on the first day, we noticed some peculiar huts on the opposite side of the river which proved to be dwellings, built of yaks' dung. During the summer, when the yaks are allowed to graze the hillsides, their shepherds first build low walls of stone, then bring the plaques of dung, which they collect each day, to build a slanting roof, of which each superimposed layer overlaps slightly inwards. When winter comes, the yaks are driven back into the village, and the collections of dung taken home for the winter fuel.

000 Having reached the top of the Pass, a most wonderful view is unfolded. To right and left rise glorious peaks covered with glittering snowfields or glaciers, while our path itself lies across an avalanche, though it is difficult to realize this,

as it is covered with a thick layer of stones and rocks. To the right the river torrent has cut a deep gully, walled-in by tall, perpendicular snow-banks. But we have still far to go, and must not linger. At the bottom of the pass a very welcome sight reaches us, for there a splendidly-built bridge spans the river, and from its further side winds a well-made road. After scrambling and slipping over the most appalling tracks for days, what a joy it is to plant one's foot fair and square on a well-metalled road. It is hardly necessary to state that we have now passed into the territory of the Government of India. About four miles further along, this road brings us to some very high cliffs to the right, whilst on the left and below us is a tremendous jumble of huge boulders and rocks. We were informed that it was the site of a once flourishing village, but one day part of the cliff crumbled away, burying all the dwellings and their inhabitants. Great treasures might be found on digging here, but an ogre, who has actually been seen by several people, guards them at nights, and no-one would ever be so foolhardy as to pass that way.

Soon after this we struck the Bhaga river, which comes from the Baralatcha, and a little further on joins the Chandra, also descending from the same pass, to form the Chenab, and thus, after marching for nearly a month, we accomplished the first half of our journey, and reached Kyelang in Lahoul. Here we had intended to stay for eight days, but, alas, on the seventh snow began to fall, and continued to do so without interruption for three days. Such a heavy fall so early in the year was unprecedented, and the results were most unfortunate. All the leaves being still on the trees, the snow they lodged proved too heavy a weight, and not only were large branches broken off, but numbers of big strong trees were uprooted. Most of the harvest was still standing, and it was a sad sight to see wheat, barley and rye laid flat on the ground. We ourselves were entirely cut off from the outer world, to the north by the Baralatcha, and to the south by the Rohtang Pass, the latter being the one over which the mails from India come in summer. After waiting patiently for a week, we thought we would try to open the Baralatcha, and get home to Ladak as originally planned *via* the Rupchu plateau. We reached the end of the first stage, only to find the snow was so deep that it was impossible to get ponies, and further progress was hopeless. As for the road itself, what a difference had occurred. Only a fortnight before it had been delightful travelling over it, but now large stretches had been completely carried away. We could hardly have believed it, had we not seen it with our own eyes. This happens every year, and every spring the Government of India repairs it.

Another week went by, and we thought we could try again, taking coolies right through. These were collected by order of the local Rajah, but they practically refused to go, and it began to look as if this road might have finally closed for the winter. Eventually we had to decide to cross the Rohtang Pass, march right through Kulu to the railhead at Pathancote, travel thence by rail to Amritzar and Rawalpindi, then along the motor road to Srinagar, and up to Leh along the usual sixteen marches.

This was going to be an expensive détour, so all possible kit was left at Kyelang till the next summer, including our Mongolian pony and two servants. On the third day we crossed over the Rohtang from Lahoul into Kulu, and, although the snow was still deep, by accomplishing the ascent in the early morning, it was hard underfoot and going was easy. The damage done on this pass was tragic. One avalanche carried away six hundred sheep and two shepherds, and a second accounted for four hundred sheep. Some weeks afterwards the sequel was published. One of the shepherds sheltered under a rock and was buried for fourteen days, but he happened to have some of the local butter or "ghee" with him, with which he kept himself alive, and finally managed to crawl out. A few days under normal conditions left him apparently none the worse for his terrible experiences. The Baralatcha also opened before winter, but of forty-two horses in a caravan travelling to Kyelang from Leh and caught on the Rupchu plateau at the time of the storm, only twenty-four reached their destination. Our further travels through Kulu and Mandi State are in better known regions, and need no description here, save that one cannot refrain from referring to the country there as one of the most beautiful handiworks of our Creator.

CHAPTER IX

With Brogpa & Khampa

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WE have spent a good deal of time over our trip to Lahoul, where we met with some interesting folk, and now we must visit other parts of the country where we shall meet with the Dards and the Khampas.

Is there anywhere in the world a stranger set of men, than those who call themselves "Drogpas," although they write this, if they can spell at all, "Brogpa"? Soon after we had first arrived in Ladak, a deputation from these people waited upon us requesting us to visit their villages to vaccinate old and young. So one fine day we set off along the usual roads, of which some were good and some were bad. While riding along one of the latter kind, we had an uncomfortable experience, for one of the ponies slipped and fell, but instead of throwing his rider over a very nasty precipice sheer down to a rushing river, he dropped him on the inner side next the cliff, and it was comforting to be told that the Ladaki pony always acts in this considerate manner, more to save his own skin, one has to confess, than that of his rider, for he has no desire to go over the precipice either. Apart from this we can recount no thrilling incidents, though we derived considerable amusement from our nightly halting places. Having determined to travel lightly, we took neither tents nor camp-beds, but for the former trusted to the hospitality of the villagers, and for the latter we carried large empty sacks, to fill which we borrowed straw at each village, returning it on our

departure. These mattresses placed on the ground, with our 000
own bedding on top, provided comfortable and warm beds for the cold nights of early spring. And what pictures the words early spring conjure up in this part of the world. The snow is still low on the great mountains all around, but the mid-day sun is already hot, and the sky is an azure blue, flecked with white fleecy clouds.

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Riding along the bare hillsides with the rivers hardly yet 361
beginning to rise, their sources still icebound, round some corner suddenly comes into view a little gem of a village. The leaves are not yet in bud, but the apricot trees are in blossom, a veritable pink and white fairyland. At the approach is generally a picturesque *chorten*-topped gateway, often flanked with gay blossoming trees, and all about the village the little newly-melted rills with early green peeping out from the banks add their joyousness to the whole scene, set in a background of blue sky and snow-covered hill with distant white peaks peeping over. Sometimes we spent the night on a roof, partially covered or walled-round in places, sometimes a room was given us, and once even the portico of the village temple, where all night long a gay goddess painted on the wall never ceased to pluck at her stringed instrument as we slept at her feet, while at dusk our own feet were stepped over by a young attendant who went in to trim the temple lamps.

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After a week of trekking we turned up a side valley which 563
leads to one of the villages, whose inhabitants are exculsively Brogpas; but one also finds some of these people living scattered about in the ordinary hamlets of Ladak. On the road from Srinagar to Leh, Brogpas are met with in Dras. Here they are all Mohammedan, whilst in the village of Hanu D
the predominating religion is Buddhist. They are said to 174
have originated from Gilgit, where they no doubt played the D
national game of polo and later introduced it to Ladak, in [cat]
which a good many villages now have their own polo grounds.

Dard AV3

174 They must have been quite a brave people at one time and
they still love to recount the deeds done by their forbears ; in
486 fact Dr. Francke says there are certain times when they like
to forget that they are Ladakis, only remembering their
Dardish descent. At such times they tell how siege was laid
to one of their castles, food ran out, and it became a question
of surrendering to the enemy or dying. Like brave men they
decided on the latter. They all gathered in the large hall,
and the oldest man was given the privilege of pushing away
the stone on which stood the main pillar which supported the
roof. Thus these courageous men passed into the Walhalla
174 of the Dards. Or they tell how a Ladaki king wished to
466 make his Dardish subjects do their share of forced labour, to
which they objected. They therefore chose one of their old
men to inform the king, that they never would be slaves, not
even of a king. The old man received the reply that he himself
would be the first who would be forced to work, but as
he absolutely refused, they immured him. However his
fellow countrymen were equally obstinate; so no forced labour
could be extracted from any of them.

576 Now we meet our first representative of this race, who has
come to welcome us from the village of Hanu. How quaint his
greeting is ! He takes off his hat and twirls it round one of
his fingers, reminding us rather of an English hip-hip-hurrah.
291 Of course his hat differs from any hat worn by anybody else
in Ladak, where the hat is of great diagnostic value. It is
not unlike the hat of the Ladaki, but the part which is turned
up is not lined with lambskin, and is continuous all the way
round. Those worn by the ladies are different again, the
upper half being turned over somewhat like a billycock hat ;
the side turned over and uppermost is usually a veritable
needle-case with rows of needles stuck into it. We asked
them why they carried all these in their hats, to which they
replied that each needle had been given by and represented a
friend. The popular Brogpa woman should therefore not

be difficult to recognize, that is if those who are less so are 291
scrupulously honest ! Although they now speak a dialect of
Tibetan they must at one time have had a language of their 197
own of which one sometimes strikes peculiar remnants. At
Kalatse, for instance, the branches of the pencil cedar are 788
freshly put on one of their *lhatos* at the New Year, accompanied
by the mumbling of phrases which they do not understand
themselves, but which are usually remains of their own Dardish
language.

Nothing, however, can be more strange than their religious 162
arrangements. As has already been mentioned, the *Brogpa* 592
of Hanu and also of the village of Da, which is quite near-by, 771
is a Buddhist, but often in a Buddhist family one member
must of necessity be a Mohammedan. Of a similar, but
converse arrangement, a most striking example is told. We
passed through the village of Bot Kharbu on our way up to
Leh. Here there lives a family of Mohammedan Brogpas,
but one member of this family must always be a Buddhist [792]
priest of the neighbouring monastery of Lamayuru. Now
the Mohammedan is only allowed to eat the meat of an animal
that has been *hallalled*, that is to say has had its throat cut,
whilst the butcher says " Bismillah—it is the will of God,"
whereas the Buddhist eats meat killed in any way, so long as
he himself has not taken the life of the animal. This family [252]
avoids such complications by the simple expedient of cooking [264]
all the meat in one pot, irrespective of how the animal has been
killed, then inserts a bit of stick into the cooking pot, which
is said to separate off *hallalled* meat from *unhallalled*, and all
the Mohammedan has to be careful about is that he shall not
take meat from the wrong side of the stick. Another method
they have of keeping on good terms with the spirit powers of
both religions is to make members of successive generations
of the same family belong to the religion of Mahomet and the
lamas in turn. Thus the Brogpa supplies us with another
version of the Vicar of Bray story. Some authorities account

D
162 for this extraordinary arrangement by the fact that originally
542 the Dards were Mohammedans, and presumably have not been
771 able entirely to throw off this allegiance. It is stated that in
D one of their villages, they actually found a burial ground;
[764] sure proof to them of a Mohammedan ancestry, for the
Buddhist burns his dead, whilst it is the Mohammedan that
D inters. This may be a satisfactory explanation of their
764 religious ideas, but from whence have they derived all their
taboos? Thus the Brogpa must not raise fowl, nor may he
eat their eggs. The cow may be employed for the ploughing
of his fields, but the gods would most certainly be displeased
were he to drink their milk, or even use the butter which is
made from the same. In other villages the eating of fish is
taboo, and by the look and smell of them washing surely must
D be also. In fact they avow that it is "Krims med"
751 not the custom. For some time it almost seemed to us as if
vaccination was also on their list of prohibitions, for, although
they had actually begged us to come for this very purpose, it
took the three of us quite a long time, cajoling, threatening,
entreating and advising them, before they would undergo
this fearful operation. At last one faced it, soon to be followed
by the others, so that eventually we had quite a busy morning
vaccinating. A week later this must have been a sore village,
where most of the people wished vaccination had been taboo,
but by then we were well away with the knowledge that, should
smallpox attack Hanu, it would find the defences fairly strong.

WT Now let us pay a visit to the Khampas, although it wants a
563 George Borrow to describe these gipsies of Western Tibet.
443 Kham, from whence they come, is a province of Tibet, but
671 when we see the numbers of them who wander over the Indian
parts of the Himalayas, we begin to wonder whether any of
them are left "at home." Evidently the Khampa finds it
more lucrative to wander like our own gipsies than to stay on
his native soil. As the bazar in Leh provides most of the
things needed by the people who inhabit the upper valley of

the Indus, we do not meet the Khampa much in Ladak, but 563
as soon as we get into Zankskar, he is ubiquitous. Does the 443
lady of those regions need cloth with which to make her shirt, 621
or needle and thread with which to sew it, the Khampa will
supply them. Should the bridegroom need a nice button
for his coat, he has only to apply to the same source. One of
our lady missionaries ran out of needles for her sewing
machine, which, moreover, was of a German make, but why
worry with Khampas accessible, for, after having supplied the
said needles, no doubt the Gipsy said in the approved Tibetan
fashion—" And the next, please." But not only does he sell
things, he also buys and is especially keen on Zankskari and
Spitti ponies. All likely four-year-old ponies are very welcome
to him, for whilst he buys them for about Rs 60, he sells them
at three or four times that amount down-country. When it
comes to horse-dealing he has nothing to learn from his
English confrère. We ourselves were anxious to buy a
Zankskari pony, but had not succeeded in picking up what
we wanted. But one day we struck a Khampa's camp, and
thought we would try to get one from them. There at the
foot of the hills, on the way down from a high pass, stood five
tents in a semi-circle.

The Khampa's tent is quite distinctive. Two ordinary 342
poles which fork above, taken, no doubt, from the poplars
which grow in the country, are used as uprights, and across
the top of these another is laid over which is stretched a plain
piece of canvas, fastened by ropes to wooden pegs or stones.
At the bottom of this many hiatuses are left, which are conveniently
filled up with the bales containing their merchandise.
At the top of the uprights a flag is stuck; this, however, is not 789
placed there to signify the presence of royalty or its representative,
but to keep out the evil spirits or to welcome the good.
Behind their camp on the hills, their many ponies are seen 621
cropping the grass, and, incidentally giving the order to the
camp to move on when all this has been eaten. As we ride 000

622 As we ride up, the chief gipsy appears. He is a short, stout, healthy-
looking young fellow, and his good-natured smile of greeting
seems to us to presage a successful deal. He wears long
741 trousers of homespun, and a short jacket of the same material.
301 A Ladaki hat is placed jauntily upon his head, and his rather
large earrings make him resemble his Spanish brother still
more. He is followed by several others of the same ilk. His
spouse, too, makes her appearance, and a nice picture she is.
Her happy, jolly, round, fat face shines from the amount of
butter with which she has anointed it, and is surmounted by a
half-circle of red material with large stones of turquoise
matrix inserted. Her well-covered body testifies to good
living and plenty of fresh air. There is nothing of the
Zenana lady about this dame. Two or three children play
happily around her, but their dress is so scanty that one's
197 description may be still more so. We address them with our
Ladaki "zhu," and make a few further pleasant remarks.
Although our dialect is quite different from theirs, they under-
stand not only ours, but that of most of the people among
437 whom they live and trade. "Have you a pony to sell ?" we
523 ask, and are told that they have such marvellous ones for this
731 very purpose, that they defy description, and as for their
amble, well, riding them is like sitting in a chair. I am not
sure that they did not say *raeil* instead of chair, for anything
that has wheels is designated by this Ladaki pronunciation of
our English word "rail," even though it be only the mission-
ary's perambulator. "What sort of an amble has this pony
of yours ?" we next inquire. "A '*Stongyor* of course"
comes the rejoinder. Now this needs some explanation. In
countries like Ladak, where one has such long treks and few
pieces of road that can be trotted on, the most comfortable
and least tiring pace a pony can possess is the amble, with the
result that if a pony does not have one naturally, he must try
to acquire it by having the two legs on the same side tied
together. The natural amble is called *stongyor*, which means

"empty amble," for the pony uses it even when he is not 437
ridden, whilst the *labyor* or "learnt amble" can only be 563
obtained when a rider on his back holds the reins fairly firmly, 231
and unfortunately an animal, like his human rider, forgets his lesson in less time than it takes to learn it. A *labyor* therefore minimizes the value of a pony. To come back to our gipsy, he soon sends one or two of his servants for one of the said wonderful animals, which seems as good as its description. But we, too, know something about ponies, and, therefore, request the rider to dismount and drive the pony along empty, with the result that the amble disappears, for it is only a *labyor*. We then inquire the price of the beast, and are told that as a favour we shall have him for Rs160, but as our opinion on this score does not harmonize with his either, no deal results. This does not trouble our friend much, for he knows that by taking the pony down country he will get an even higher sum, and no inhabitant of the Himalayas ever argues that "time is money," or that a quick turnover of cash is a good business proposition.

This roving tribe, originating from Tibet, subscribes to 563
the Buddhist creed. Like our own gipsies they are properly 779
organized, having their own lawful king, and under him 621
Tehsildars (magistrate), headmen and other officials necessary to keep the community in order, and although they are to be met with here, there and everywhere, they seem to be under quite good control.

CHAPTER X

"Curiouser & Curiouser"

563 162 YET another trek awaits us, for we have not yet seen the Changpä, the nomad who wanders over the high plateaus of Western Tibet, and the Botpa who is the real inhabitant of the Closed 648 Land. A dispute about the actual boundary between Ladak and Tibet must be settled on the border itself whither the British Joint Commissioner, Major Robson, who holds a watching brief for the Government of India, the Wazir Sahib, who represents his Highness, the Maharajah of Kashmir, and the Doctor Sahib, who accompanies the former, must travel to meet a gentleman who is styled the "Gaspon," and who acts on behalf of His Holiness, the Dalai Lama.

687 648 The cause of the dispute was a Ladaki who had settled down in Tibet proper, where he had taken unto himself a lady of the country as wife, and had grown rich. As a result he became liable for the heavy Tibetan taxation, and, wishing to escape this, he returned to Ladak and settled down on his own side of the border. But our Tibetan friends were not to be done out of their taxes quite so easily, for they calmly entered Ladak, seized their man, and took him back again. His brother then appealed to the Kashmir authorities and the Government of India on his behalf, and these naturally objected to such high-handed procedure. Tibet tried to contest the matter by saying that the place from which they had removed the Ladaki was in Tibetan territory, but from

the discussions which were subsequently held at this con- 687
ference, there seemed to be absolutely no doubt that they 648
had no grounds at all for their contentions.

So off we go one beautiful summer evening from Leh to 000
accomplish our first stage, which happens to be quite an easy one. There is a beauty about the summer evenings and the sunsets, especially in the autumn, of this long stretch of broad valley through which the Indus runs, which must be hard to rival in any other of the world's uplands. The roads we travel do not vary much from others we have described, and a detailed account would be tedious, so let us just look at a picture here and there as we go along.

We are now travelling with the representative of his Majesty the King, one of that splendid set of men working for the good of India and the maintenance of the Empire, of whom we are justly proud. Our reception in each village
testifies to the fact of his exalted position. As we enter, we 576
are met by the village band, consisting of two to three kettle- 534
drums, and a similar number of flageolets. High up on the [792]
hill overlooking the village stands the monastery, and on the edge of the roof twenty to thirty lamas, silhouetted against the evening sky, are busy with their musical honours, wearing their red priestly robes and those weirdly shaped hats which lamas like to don. At one end are several lamas with big flat drums, measuring about three feet in diameter and about a third of the thickness of an English drum, with a handle attached to the brim so that they are supported by the hand underneath at the level of the waist; in shape they much resemble the old fashioned warming-pan. An ordinary drumstick may be good enough for an Englishman, but here something with a more characteristic shape is preferred, so it is formed like a long sign of interrogation. Next to the drummers are those who clash fine large brass cymbals with a very resonant clang. One of our English friends has made a pair of these into a dinner-gong, and a very imperative

576 summons they produce. Next come those who blow the
534 flageolets, whilst the further end of the row is assigned to
the long shawms, which are so long that, when they are put
away, the three parts of which they consist have to be telescoped
one into the other. Priestly music must be described elsewhere,
but the greeting to the Commissioner consists of
single notes blown on shawms, and flageolets, clanged on
cymbals, and beaten on drums at the same time, with a slow
rhythm. This is not nearly so discordant as might be
imagined, and when produced in its own setting seems quite
576 harmonious. Again we are riding across a desert road with
534 a village well to the left. The inevitable band has been
292 sent to the roadside to play us their greeting, but next to
them there is a group of four women, gay in their bright red
and green, ceremonial or dancing cloaks, lined with long
sheep-skins; one holds a pot of local beer, the next a plate of
flour, the third a vessel of water, and the last presents glowing
000 embers. One's thoughts almost naturally revert to that scene
in the Bible, where Abraham, having followed the army
which had carried off his cousin Lot, returning victoriously
was met by Melchizedek, King of Salem, with bread and
wine. Thus does the unchanging East still keep up its
ancient customs, even on the sandy plains of Western Tibet.
Abraham no doubt took of the fare provided, but we had
not been fighting an enemy, and did not feel the need of
sustenance just then. In my politest Tibetan I explained
that the Commissioner did not drink *Chang* (the local beer),
which harmless and perfectly true remark only produced
roars of laughter.

Now we have ascended the Changla, a pass of about 18,000 feet, and to right and left of our road have seen the most wonderful variety of wild flowers. Looking back from the head of the pass, we see about fifty feet below us a large, perfectly purple patch of ground, made up of a mass of wild primulas—surely a remarkable sight at such an elevation.

Looking overhead into a clear azure sky we noticed two 821
perfect and complete halos round the sun, and were informed by our servants that these signified either the crossing of the pass by some really great men, or the birth of a King.

Our camp had been pitched in a sandy plain surrounded 600
by hills, through which a sluggish streamlet meandered, passing within a few yards of our tents. After a cup of tea, partaken of inside our temporary home as a cold wind was blowing outside, and a rest after the day's trek, we emerged for a walk, and to our surprise found that the whole plain had been converted into a lake. Literally within a space of three hours some giant must have dumped down this expanse of water, measuring about two hundred by one hundred and fifty yards. Next morning practically the whole had disappeared, and this seems to have happened daily for weeks. From here we passed over other plains where the same had occurred, till suddenly there lay before us a large green deep lake, from whose banks there rose a row of sandy mountains, behind which glorious snow-covered peaks stood sentinel. This large inland lake, called “The Panggong,” runs far into Tibet, and is formed of brackish water. Seen in the morning light, it really is a fine sight.

Leaving it on our right, we reach the village of Pobrang. 563
We may call it a village, for it can boast of two houses, and 361
is certainly the last resort we could designate by such a name, until we get well into Tibet. Here we get our first glimpse of the Changpas or inhabitants of the Northern Plain. Rough and unkempt-looking, they are not altogether the sort of fellows one would like to meet alone by night, but their jolly smile would soon dispel all fears. Let us first describe them, as far as description is possible, and then glance at their dwellings. Their eyes are typically Mongolian, their 144
noses large and firmly flattened. Long hair, which surely has not made the acquaintance of brush and comb for years, 142
if ever, and which ends in a pigtail, surmounts faces

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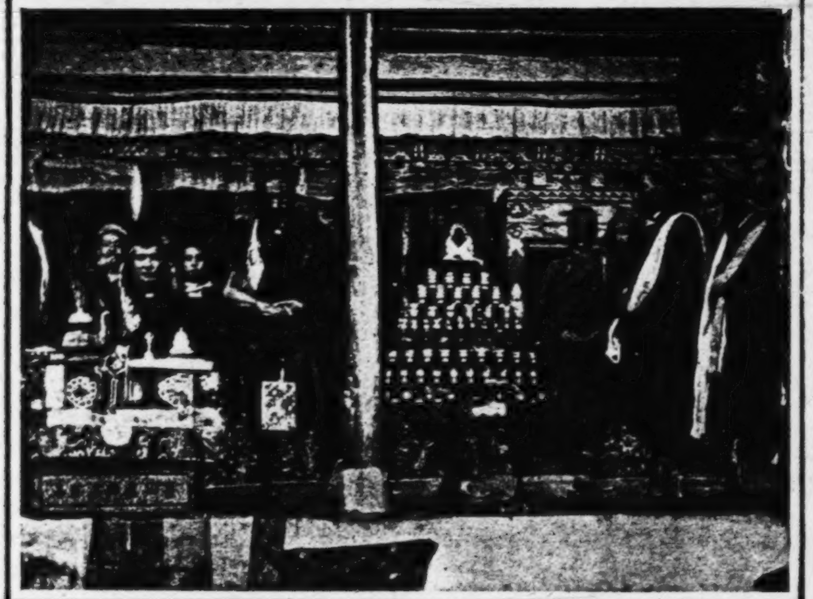

THE TOWN BAND OF LEH

who appeared in the Moravian Mission Compound of their own accord to greet the bride and bridegroom on their return from Church on the rare occasion of a Sahib's wedding in Leh.

A PRIVATE CHAPEL.

The service resembling High Mass being held on the verandah of a "private chapel" in the summer residence of a prominent Tibetan in Leh.

Facing pg. 104

142 unaccustomed to washing, but well-acquainted with smoky
fires. Their long coats reach just below the knees, and are
291 cut without shape or form of any kind. The fronts of these
over-lap, and in lieu of buttons they wear a long, broad
kammerband round their waists to keep their coats closed.
On the lapels of these garments are broad strips of nicely-coloured flannel. The Changpas are shod with long boots
reaching up to the knees, red in colour and with very thick
342 soles. Their tents, to European eyes, seem to be just about
as ridiculous as tents can be; but then the Changpa does
not go into them for protection from the rain as we do, but
[132] from the wind. Although in these high uplands there is
plenty of rain, for it seemed to be pouring or snowing most of
the time we were up there, he considers that the wind is the
worse of two evils, for in a high wind you cannot make a fire
to boil your tea. He therefore makes his tent so that the
wind shall find it difficult to get in, while the smoke of the
fire inside shall have an easy egress. To do this he leaves
the top of his canvas home absolutely open to the sky. His
shelter consists merely of two sides of black cloth made from
yak's hair, of which the upper two corners only are fastened
together and fixed on the top of upright poles whilst the lower
corners are fastened to the ground. These tents are so low
that, if the Changpa wants to see what his sheep are doing,
he has only to stand up and put his head and shoulders out
of his “chimney” to view the landscape, when he resembles
nothing more closely than a released jack-in-the-box. Inside
their tents these pastoral people sleep, cook their meals, and
keep their goods and chattels, while grazing around are
their horses, yaks, and sheep—a simple life indeed.

133 Pobrang itself is a very pretty place, consisting of a long
stretch of grass lying among sandy mountains with the usual
snow-covered peaks behind. Through it there run many
226 delightful rivulets in which the snow-trout are so abundant
that in quite a short space of time we pulled out about sixty,

226 two of which weighed about one pound. And how unsophisticated
they were. At first we fished with a kind of
larva as bait, but this was scarce, and we had to try how
small chunks of mutton would do. They proved successful,
and were taken with avidity. We were told that during the
autumn the natives caught them in basketfuls, for at that
time of the year they go upstream every night, to return in
the morning, when they are trapped and then dried, thus providing
meat for the winter.

233 From here we ascended the Kiula Pass, and on our way met
our first flock of Changpa sheep, which were slowly grazing
482 their way up the pass. The largest of them was carrying a
load, which proved to be the shepherd's bedding and food.
The weight did not seem to trouble the sheep at all, nor
lessen its enjoyment of the grass. In this country sheep
have to carry all sorts of things. Sometimes it is salt for
selling in Leh, where its carrier is turned into mutton, and
flavoured from its load. At other times it is bales of wool
000 or it may be borax. Our camp that night was pitched at
17,000 feet, and was bitterly cold. This camp really must
be described, for it was a fascinating picture.

The camping ground was so small and withal so terribly
rocky and uneven, that a Public Health Officer of Camps,
did such exist, would have condemned it for overcrowding.
There were all sorts and conditions of tents ranging from the
imposing ones of the B.J.C., in front of which flew the
Union Jack, and the Wazir's, flying the flag of Kashmir,
down to the airy tent of the Changpa. To our left were about
thirty yaks, laden and ready to start off with our second lot
of camp equipment to the next halting place, for now we are
travelling *de luxe*, and we like to find our camp ready
when we arrive, making it unnecessary to wait exposed to the
cold wind. In the centre of the camp are the horses which
233 have brought us to-day, tethered to each other by their forelegs.
What are those sheep doing to our left? They look

233 as if they might be playing a sheepish musical chairs. Actually they have been tied neck to neck, but with alternate heads looking in opposite directions, resulting in such a mix-up of horns, that it looks as though they would never sort out their own again. They are being milked, which done, they are freed by the simple expedient of pulling the end of the rope, when they come undone like a piece of knitting. 372 Looking around the camp we notice sixteen little fires made of 252 *ayug*, the dry root which is found on the mountains, whence also the dried dung is collected for fuel. Round the nearest fire, on which Ladaki tea is boiling, sit four Ladakis ; at the side of each lies his bag of barley-flour. From the folds of their ample coats they pull their silver-lined wooden cups. 264 These are filled, and kept filled from the teapot by means of a wooden ladle. Instead of flavouring it with sugar, they take out of small bags some butter to add to their tea, and there is no need to ask " Have you put butter in my tea ? " for the appetizing layer of grease floating on the top loudly proclaims the fact. Having quenched their thirst, each man fills his cup with some raw flour from his bag, adds sufficient tea to make a thick paste, and then eats it with his fingers. You ask me how they can possibly enjoy such coarse fare, and I can only reply that judging from their laughter, they 147 evidently do. Whilst we, shivering with cold, stand watching this dinner party, a Changpa strolls up from the river with a can of water. He seems to find the heat oppressive, for he has slipped his right arm out of his sleeve, leaving arm, shoulder and side of chest bare to the gentle breeze. How 511 complex has become our civilization ! The Ladaki needs but some dry flour, a little tea, and, with one rug to cover himself by night, is quite happy. If not, he simply takes off his day clothes, which then serve him as blankets by night. If the cold is really bitter three, four, five, six, or even more, sleep together, giving one another warmth. Presumably they do not say " Last in bed puts out the light," but "Last

in bed sleeps on the outside," as the outside bed-fellow has 511
one side relatively exposed. Sleep at an altitude of about 000
17,000 feet is fugitive; in fact neither of us got much that night, and, even when it did come, we woke up with a most disagreeable sensation, as if somebody were sitting on our chests so that we could not properly fill them with air.

We have finally arrived at Drogpo Karpo, where the 648
conference is to take place. This is a large grassy plain, surrounded by snow mountains, at the further end of which the camp is pitched. In the centre are the tents of the Commissioner and Wazir with their respective flags. In front of these stands a square tent nicely carpeted, in which are a table and chairs. This is to serve as conference room. We had arrived a little before time, and before the Tibetans. They, however, turned up soon afterwards, and presented quite an impressive sight, as they rode, two and two, into camp. First came, not the standard bearer, but the Umbrella-of-State-Bearer. After these some soldiers, although we should not have recognized them as such, had we not inquired as to their function, for there was nothing very martial about
them, save the muzzle-loaders they bore. They wore the [292]
usual dressing-gown coats of homespun held together round the waist by a big kammerbund, red Wellington boots with very thick soles and hats shaped somewhat like lemon squeezers. These were followed by various members of the staff, then the great man himself, whilst still others followed him. Having settled themselves into their quarters, the Wazir sent a message across to say that H.H. the Maharajah
desired them to regard themselves as his guests. They on [431]
their part sent a delegation with twenty-five bricks of tea, and a piece of *snambu* (homespun) with the request that a time be fixed when their chief representative, the Gaspon, could
come to pay his respects. Punctually to time he arrived. 292
His dress consisted of a lovely blue skirt, and a Chinese coat 648
of the same colour which was buttoned up to his neck. His

292 hat was the same shape as that of the London messenger boy
648 only with the addition of a large brim which was turned up all round, and on the top was a red knob made of coral.
[301] From the lobe of one of his ears depended an elongated ear-ring made of turquoises. It would take a professional reporter of fashions to describe all the various kinds of hats worn, but perhaps the most favoured head-gear was an English felt hat, worn the wrong way round,—as it would be in this country,—that is the ordinary long axis going across the head. Others liked to flatten them into a round shape, like a padre's hat. Then there were hats made of papier mâché in almost any shape that might occur to the fancy. The Tehsildar seems to have desired to create the impression that he was wearing a *chorten* on his head, whilst the Gaspon's little son preferred the idea of a candle snuffer.

648 On arrival the Gaspon placed a salutation scarf round
576 the neck of the Commissioner. Photographs were then taken, after which we entered the conference tent, where we sat round a table, and, by means of an interpreter some kind of conversation was sustained:—the word “sustained” is used advisably, for even our Ladaki servants who speak the language of Western Tibet, cannot understand these representatives from the forbidden land, so special interpreters are needed. Next to me sat a jolly old lama on whom I tried to air my Tibetan. He evidently could understand just sufficient to be thoroughly amused. He had quite a jovial face, and was evidently no ascetic, but resembled much more the good old English friar, so often represented in pictures engaged in piscatorial pleasures. Needless to say more presents were given. Business began next day, but one regrets to have to report that it was impossible to make our friends from across the border see reason, and so there was finally nothing for it, but to exchange still more presents, and to return to our various homes.

CHAPTER XI

Domesticities

THE homes of Ladak, with the exception of those 342
in its metropolis, Leh, and perhaps in the small 361
town of Kargil, in Purig, are practically all village
homes. In these desert uplands a village must centre
round a stream, which brings its contribution from the glaciers
of the great heights—ever in the background—to one of the
smaller rivers, most of which eventually flow into the Indus.
Where such a stream runs through a broadening valley, it is [241]
possible to lay out a series of terraced fields, which can be irri- [312]
gated in turn by directing the supply into small artificial water-courses. Indeed the turns for sharing the precious water are often the subject of much quarrelling, hoarse shouting and invective, while some less fortunate inhabitants have sometimes to stay up all night to water their fields. Above the area of cultivated terraces, and at the foot of the actual hills, where it is too rocky and steep to plough and sow, the houses are clustered, approached by stony paths or tracks, and so built into the hillside that convenient pieces of rock are often used for wall or floor, and, where the rock overhangs, even for roof, while a little sunny platform will be enclosed with a rough wall to stable the animals by day in winter. The setting of roof and balcony is always arranged to catch the maximum sunshine, so that even in the low temperatures of winter, many domestic activities can be carried on out-of-doors.
Crowning the chief hill of the village, and dominating its [346]
common life, as its position would suggest, is the monastery.

346 Usually perched on almost inaccessible crags, from its commanding
361 elevation it can not only view the activities of the field-workers in the terraces below, but can discern the whole domestic life of roof and yard at its feet.

361 The road both enters and leaves the village through a
487 *Chorten* gate. Suppose a child sets up two plain bricks with
346 a third across the top, and on this placed a fat Chess pawn, he would have quite a good model of these *chorten*-crowned archways. But these are still more fascinating and picturesque in spring, when surrounded by apricot-trees in full blossom and seen against a background of azure sky and glittering
343 peaks, for the snow then is still low on the mountains. Between
351 entrance and exit, the road is usually just a rough path trodden out at the base of the hill, with the fields below and the houses above, varied here and there by a rough bridge of logs covered with stones and mud, and by an occasional watercourse which must be jumped as it carries its clear ice-cold water along. The stables for ponies or cattle, who are brought into the bottoms of the houses by night, in winter at any rate, may be enclosures roughly walled in by stones, balanced on
[423] each other to a height of four to six feet. These rough walls are also built as boundaries to fields, where there is no natural delimitation, as by the edge of a terrace, or to enclose small orchards of apricot and apple-trees, or even to fence in a "bagh," that is, a small plantation of trees, whose wood is so precious, and whose luscious bark attracts the cattle. A slight push with the hand topples over enough wall to make a convenient gap, easily replaced, for entrance and exit, and, after the winter months, during which the donkeys and sheep, and especially the nimble goats, are allowed to wander at will picking up such bits of roots and fodder as they only know how to find, there are few walls that do not need rebuilding.
231 Round the edges of the growing cornfields throughout the summer cows and goats may be seen feeding on the scant grass, always either tethered or led by a small

child or perhaps by a mother with one or two children in her 231
wake. A few houses are also scattered here and there among
the fields, while in a larger village, many families have also a 342
"country seat." This *yarsa*, or summer-place, usually 361
consists of a small hut with a stable below, and a kitchen-room 221
above, leading on to a balcony or flat roof. These may be
on the outskirts of the village, or a mile or two up the valley
behind. Anywhere on the hillsides, not too far distant from
the rest of the community, where a spring or brook is available
to water a small patch of cultivated land, these *yarsas* may be
found, while in a large village such as Kalatse a considerable
proportion of the population move in the summer away to
the hills, taking their cattle with them to the so-called *brogs*.

Coming back to the village one often notices a little roofed 342
balcony placed over the front-door, containing its three 778
miniature *chortens*, coloured red, white and blue, with its
demoniacal gods crudely painted on the wall behind. Near 252
the house a young girl may be seen with a small stone in her
hands pressing out the oil of apricot-kernels on a large flat
boulder with a hole in the middle, into which the fluid runs.
This oil is used for cooking purposes, for dressing the hair,
and for burning in the little vessels before the altar. On the 439
high road we have met in early summer donkeys and ponies
loaded with sackfuls of these apricot kernels, proceeding down
to Kashmir to sell them for the same purposes. They come
from Baltistan, where the best apricots of this part of the world
grow, and one can picture the inhabitants sitting out in the
winter sunshine, when there is no field-work to occupy them,
and cracking open the innumerable stones necessary to fill
all these sacks with kernels. The seeds of a species of mustard
plant are used for the same three purposes, though the
mustard-oil is not so strong as that of the apricot.

In the house of the headman of the village, and in many of 342
the better-class homes of the town, one room is dedicated as 788
a little private chapel, used chiefly by the master of the house [622]
FOR READING HIS HOLY BOOKS AND REPEATING HIS PRAYERS.

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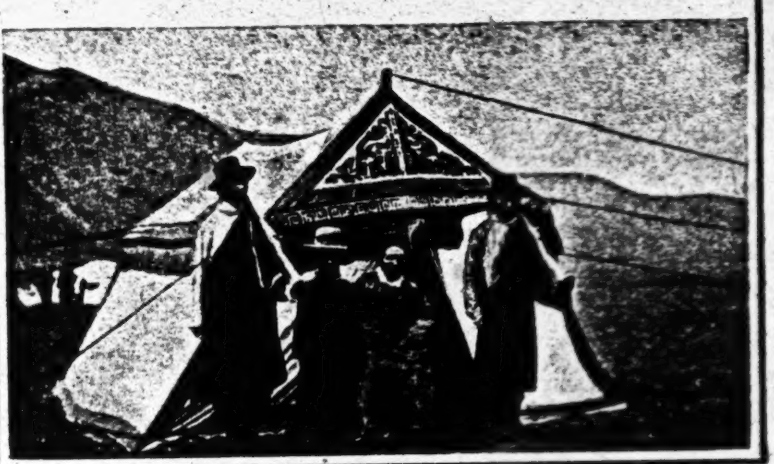

A Skushog and his Monastic Band

greeting the British Joint Commissioner on his tour. The Abbot is seated on a "wooden throne."

The Big Drum.

A similar band, shewing especially the type of drum used with its hooked beater, like a large mark of interrogation.

The Chief Tibetan Representative and his Son

who have come to confer with the British and State (Wazir) Joint Commissioners of Ladak about a boundary dispute.

Opp. Pg. 102

342 for reading his holy books and repeating his prayers. Here,[1]
788 too, the lamas are accommodated when they are sent for to
-793 come and " do religion " in the house. Their presence can be detected from afar by the monotonous beat of their drums, while nearer at hand the sound of their chanting can be heard. At such times, lasting one or two days, the priests must be both fed, and paid in money.

788
778 Where a whole room cannot thus be set apart for religious purposes, a small corner in the best room will be arranged as an altar with all the necessary paraphernalia of ritual. These include the brass vessels for burning oil, vases containing peacock feathers, and chased vessels of brass, copper or silver or combinations of these to hold the rice, barley and other offerings. Quaintly-shaped vessels for holy water, small idols in metal cases, with a tiny window in front and slots at the side through which string may be passed to tie them round the waist when travelling, salutation-scarves of wide meshed raw silk, little bits of tawdry rags, doubtless blessed by some Skushog, and one or two sacred books in their long covers also find a place there.

554
[758] One has often noticed in Mussulman homes that the best room is always used by the head of the house if he falls sick, and in most houses the best gowns and coats, especially the headman's, adorn its walls, along with soiled Turkish towels hanging on rough pegs. But surely the best and brightest room is most conducive to a successful toilet and effective ablutions !

342 The ordinary inhabitant, however, who only gives his religion an average place, and who cannot afford many lamaistic luxuries, generally has to make a living-room of his best room, though as we have already indicated most houses have a large bright room upstairs for use in summer. The greater part of the side of this is a window space, framed in wood with three or four longitudinal partitions, each of which can be filled to any height desired for warmth or privacy by

[1] [i.e., in private chapels in better-class houses in town.—Analyst]

342 fitting a series of short horizontal boards into the slots cut in the sides of the framework. The big family stove is built of 252 a special black mud, deposited at the bottoms of rivers or streams, or dug from under the damp turf on their banks, which becomes very hard when dried. The stove is roughly square in form, with a hole at two or more corners round which the hard mud is raised into three upward projections, thus 415 376 supporting the local rounded cooking-pots. These are made of copper and tinned over by the local blacksmith. We Europeans have to be very careful to have this lining kept intact to avoid copper poisoning, but one often finds the Ladaki brewing his tea in a pot from which all traces of tin have long ago vanished. Perhaps this is why we are so often upset 252 when we accept invitations to meals in their houses. In 372 front of the stove on the right-hand side is a projection of the same hardened mud, which is to accommodate the right-hand of the "fire blower," as he operates on the bellows. These are very effective instruments with a large nozzle pushed well under the glowing fuel, and an elongated bag of goat-skin at the outer end of which two small bars of wood are attached, with small loops of strongly-twisted thread in the middle. Through these the thumb and fingers are placed to open and close the mouth, and though it sounds and looks a simple process a certain knack must be acquired to get a good fire. [357] Children of the house often keep it going, but the fire-blower is generally a sooty-faced, ragged woman servant, the counterpart of the old scullery-maid in the West. The stove has a large central tunnel with branches radiating out to the corner holes, and in the middle is a depression for the biggest hole of all.

252 Here the large pot of butter-tea is generally brewing. The tea, of which the best variety comes from Lhasa (where it is used as coinage) in bricks, is stewed for some hours, then mixed up in a special churn, phonetically named a *gurgur*, with butter, soda, salt and milk. Some writers have said our

752 Tibetan friends prefer rancid butter, but in Ladak at any
rate, those who can afford to be so are most particular that
the butter shall be fresh, never melted previously, and with-
out a strong smell. The resulting concoction to us tastes
more like soup, and few Westerners can stand more than one
262 or two cups without disastrous results. For the Tibetan on
the other hand it is one of his staple foods, its butter helps to
supply the carbo-hydrates which he so rarely takes in the form
of sugar, though he gets plenty of starch from his uncooked
barley-flour, mixed with water or tea. The fat also warms
and sustains him in the bitter winter, and as this separates
[415] out if allowed to cool but slightly, his cup is supplied with a
metal lid and saucer if he moves in better circles, and
his wife or attendant constantly adds hot tea as soon as there
is any room to fill up. In this way over twenty cupfuls may be
574 taken at one midday meal. For us it is a very trying custom
when we visit our Ladaki friends, and we have to explain that,
just as much of our tea (fortunately for us !) upsets them, so
our internal economy can only deal with a small supply of
their favourite beverage ! Another difficulty for us is to sit
cross-legged on the floor for so long, and, although we know it
is bad manners to stretch out legs, eventually when stiff knees
or needles and pins become intolerable, we have to ask our host
554 or hostess to excuse the position. To return to the fireplace
352 —we find the seats of election are on the side of the stove
[354] opposite the bellows, for here is a little trough into which the
hot ashes are pushed through from the other side, as aeration
necessitates. Squatting cross-legged on mats round these
hot embers, which can be constantly raked over with a rough
fire-spoon or even the hardened fingers of our native friends,
we can stretch our hands out over the warmth, and renew the
glowing vitality by occasionally leaning over to give a few
good blows. This cosy corner is, of course, the warmest at
night, and given to either the weakest or most distinguished
000 member of the household. The Doctor Memsahib once had

The Doctor Memsahib once had 757

the privilege of coming upon a family unawares just at dawn in the middle of winter. She had been called out to a case in a village, nine miles from Leh, the last two miles of which had to be done in the dark, that is by snow and starlight, and she and her Ladaki nurse were glad to walk over the frozen snow a little to keep their feet from freezing. Already icicles stretched from upper to lower eye-lashes, and whiskers, formed by the frozen moisture of their breath, adorned their mouths. The patient's friends had sent for the Doctor three days too late; already two small lives were extinct, and the last dim hope of the mother lay in a surgical interference. An operation was performed, after sterilizing instruments in a cooking pot by the light of a fire of sticks on the mud floor, the nurse giving chloroform for the first time. But it was too late and, at about two a.m., the patient died. We sat on till the first dim light appeared, for out-of-doors we feared wolves in the dark, and a strange experience it was. On one side of the 593
room the corpse covered with sacking and filthy sheepskin, 764
near the fire on the floor quietly sobbing, was the unkempt, shaggy, ragged husband, who, for all his uncouth appearance, had exhibited the most extraordinary tenderness and patience with his suffering wife; near the stove his mother-in-law, a wrinkled old hag, who wailed intermittently. On the further side of the stove hens nestled. In the next cold fireless room two children were sleeping, and we were told that downstairs a blind old grandfather had been put in the straw cellar (again the "wrong way round" compared with our hayloft in the West) to keep warm in the horses' fodder. The Ladaki nurse spread her coat, lined with sheepskin in the corner by the stove for her Doctor, and fetched a thick horse-cover for herself. The fire of manure in the stove had gone out, and the two mourners occasionally added sticks to the one on the floor, but the room was bone cold. The family were so poor 511
that they had not offered us even a warm drink during the long, 574
bitter night, though, when they thought we were drowsing,

571 they themselves took a little barley-and-water soup. Nor
574 was there a cup from which we should have cared to drink, so
our supper consisted of one and a half buns each, which the
Memsahib had hastily crammed into a pocket. As soon as
it was light enough to see, we crept out of that chamber of
death into the crisp freshness of the morning air, leaving our
ponies and saddlebags to be sent afterwards, and made our
way over the hard snow to the nurse's home, which happened
513 fortunately to be in the same village. Here, then, we roused
the family from where they slept, all together in the big
kitchen-room. The old grandmother was in the cosy corner,
cuddling up a little grandchild, and other members had their
bedding on the floor round the room, the head of the house
574 and his wife being in an adjacent chamber. The latter was
soon blowing the bellows, and the nurse made a hot native
soup for the Doctor Memsahib; and how welcome it was with
its tiny wormlike rolls of flour and water in the steaming
264 broth. Later on chupattis and butter-tea were prepared for
the family breakfast, which was served about nine o'clock, the
women clustering near the big stove, the men warming themselves
round a fire of sticks kindled on the floor near by, and
the head of the home doing a little spinning as he waited for
572 his meal. In this establishment the old grandmother, a
widow, had been assigned separate rooms in the house, so that
428 she could live quite independently if she pleased. It is quite
usual when the son of the house marries and has reached
years of discretion, for his parents to retire if they wish to do
so. Then all the possessions are divided into three parts, the
parents retaining one, whilst the other two go to the eldest
son. When the parents die, he also gets their share. Finally
everything really belongs to the heir, but he is responsible
for seeing that the other members of the family have sufficient
provision.

264 But before we leave the family group round the fire, let us
565 inquire a little more into the nature of their meals, and some

of the customs concerned in the partaking thereof. The 264
better class Ladaki always washes his face and hands before 566
eating. The Buddhist also performs his particular kind of
grace before meals. First he takes a little of his flour which 782
he throws away for the gods. Then he dips his ring-finger
and thumb into his tea or *chang* (beer), and flips a taste of that
away for their benefit, too. He uses the ring-finger as he
considers this the cleanest of his digits, for man is born with
this finger in his nose. If he wishes to stir anything, he uses
this same member. If for his meal he has killed a sheep, he
is supposed to offer up a bit of its heart, kidney, liver and every
part of its flesh to his god. But meat is rather a luxury for 252
the normal household, yet they have many ways of cooking [511]
it which are really delicious. When a *dron* or feast is
made, the meat is of course, prepared as a very tasty curry
to be eaten with rice, the meat being first fried with plenty of
cooking-butter and onions, then stirred for hours till it is really
tender in a well-flavoured sauce with plenty of vegetables. The 264
rice is served, piled up on enormous plates, each of which two [554]
or three guests will attack, unless they have brought their own
normal sized plates. The grander ones then eat with small
spoons, the man's being a different shape from the woman's,
as the latter is double, the second tiny receptacle at one end
being for a child. It is not etiquette to finish up what is on
the plate—in most cases it would be impossible; the mother
especially must take a large portion home for the rest of the
family. The feast is usually begun with butter-tea, and, if so, 262
when the plates of rice and meat have been removed, it is 594
quite good manners in some circles to clean out the cup with
one's tongue (much more labour-saving than our ways of
washing up !), ready to have it filled with stewed dried apricots.
After this course, the same cleansing process will prepare the
cup for more filling of butter-tea ! "Chupattis," that is, round
flat cakes of unleavened bread, are generally served too, and
dipped into the apricot juice or the tea. At a very grand

262 feast, proceedings may begin with *gyatug*, a dish of long
574 vermicelli-like strips of flour-paste over which mincemeat in
a nicely flavoured sauce is poured. Meat is also minced and
made into delicious little dumplings, called ***mok mok***, or well-flavoured and rolled up into sausages, which are eaten with
[565] rice—in fact in a rich house, after the plates of rice have been
served, many kinds of subsidiary dishes are handed round with
meat done up in different ways, sauces and vegetables, the last
[357] often soured. For a *dron* an experienced cook is hired to
take charge of all the culinary operations, usually a Mussulman,
otherwise one of the women of the house superintends
262 the kitchen. But in the villages where there are no butcher
shops, and a sheep is killed only occasionally, the staple food is butter-tea and barley-flour, varied with all sorts of vegetables prepared in several ways. The poorest people mix the flour in water just as it is, eating it out of cheap little wooden cups with their fingers.

262 An ordinary middle class family will breakfast on butter-tea
565 and small breads, raised with leaven called ***kambir*** ; at mid-day they will have more tea, and perhaps chupattis with a sauce of vegetables, mixed with buttermilk, while in the evening, tea may or may not be served again with flour kneaded into a paste in some form or other, and mixed with meat well stewed in a broth.

More usually as the hot tea is drunk, the butter floating on the top is blown to one side, and after many cups a nice little residue is left with which to mix up the raw flour with the aid of a finger.

252 In summer when milk is more plentiful, its various products
[262] are much used as a food. The milk is collected into a large
pot at night and warmed, some sour buttermilk being added to make it curdle. The pot is then covered with garments and blankets so as to maintain the blood-heat for proper fermentation. Some of it may be set aside to eat as *zho*, this being a kind of junket, only less insipid, especially when well

made of creamy milk; it then has a delicious fruity flavour with 252 a slight suggestion of wine. By early morning the *zho* in the large pot will have set, and the house-mother must rise early to churn it. She has a long instrument with leather fans on [416] the end, which must be kept twirling in the pot, and it is a matter of some skill both to keep the curdled milk at the right temperature by adding hot or cold water, and to twist the churn at the correct rate. An experienced housewife eventually separates out a fine cone of yellow butter, while in the pot the sour buttermilk is left, the remainder of which, after having retained enough for the household's needs, is taken to the bazar to be sold. It is used for various kinds of food. Vegetables, which we would consider weeds, are collected from garden and field, washed, boiled, washed again, then kneaded, fried with onions and added to the *darra* or buttermilk. This mixture is used as a sauce with *zan* or *baba*, which is made by boiling the milled flour of roast wheat, barley and peas into a mash. The peas are like our English ones, but harder and more flavourless. The milk curds when set are also hung up in a bag, and after all the whey has dripped out and the curd dried, it is well pressed and cut into strips,—perhaps fried in butter and used in soup. From Yarkand come dried curds of horses' milk, which is also used for this purpose. Other changes in diet are afforded by mixing barley-flour into paste with a little *chang* or native beer, and allowing it to ferment. This is then dipped into and eaten with more *chang*. Another delicacy is made by mixing good butter, sugar and, perhaps, currants into a paste and eating it with chupattis like jam.

At the New Year a special dish is provided by making a [527] round flat barley-cake, and pouring a little butter into a hole in the middle.

All this use of flour, whether of wheat or barley, presupposes the long processes of cleaning the grain, shaking it up and down on a *shupu* (a kind of straw tray), so that the loose husks blow away, and the little stones and odd bits which get

252 swept up with it from the threshing-floor are easily separated, washing it, spreading it out in the sun to dry, watching it the while so that birds do not steal it, then sending it to the miller in large sacks, and sitting to watch it being milled so that none is stolen by him, for which cause the flour should
256 also be weighed before and after grinding. The mill itself is as effective as it is simple. Below is a large flat stone, above and resting upon it is another, connected with a paddle on which the water impinges, thus driving it. In the centre of the upper mill-stone there is a hole through which the grain drops from a cone-shaped basket, getting thus between upper and nether mill-stone. To keep the cereal running gently, a goat's horn is attached to the basket and allowed at its other end to touch the rotating stone, whose roughness keeps the basket gently shaking. A trough is dug round the edge of the circular mill-stones, and in this the flour collects. The whole is picturesquely housed in a little stone and mud hut, which is placed over a rapidly flowing watercourse, the momentum of which is increased by a sudden drop before entering the mill.

CHAPTER XII

Modes & Manners

THE most important domestic work next to the 283
preparation of food is spinning, and it is rare to 462
visit a house without finding some man or woman
busy with wool. First of all the raw wool has 439
to be procured. The majority of this comes from the Changtang,
the great " Northern Plain " beyond Leh, on the way
to Greater Tibet, but some comes from Yarkand, and there
are many varieties and qualities of it. The best wool, called
lena, is of soft, silky texture, and is the short downy growth
near the skin of the goat, which grows in winter under
the long shaggy hairs, and is removed for export in summer.
A still finer quality of camel-coloured wool can be obtained [435]
from the breast and neck of the Tibetan antelope, but as
twenty to thirty of these animals have to be captured in
order to procure one *batti* of this wool (a common measurement [804]
in Ladak, equal to four English pounds), the price of
this quantity is about Rs20, in the raw state, so the textile
products, though exquisitely fine and soft, are expensive
and rare. The ordinary soft *lena* wool is sent in large
quantities to Kashmir, where it is known as *pashmina* and
is woven into the celebrated Cashmere shawls. At the time 175
of the great Mogul Emperors, Mirza Hedar, grandfather of 439
the celebrated Akbar, came to Ladak from Yarkand with
five hundred men, and paid a long visit to the King. At
the latter's request, he conquered the country of Purig, and
presented it to his host, then went on down to Kashmir and

175 subdued it for himself. The Ladaki King sent him some
439 *Snambu* or Ladaki home-spun, woven of *lena*, as a present, and he admired it so much that he introduced the import of the wool into Kashmir. He is said to have had it woven into the first two shawls, or *shal*, the word meaning "a board," a name which he seems to have given them *faut de mieux*, for it hardly suits such essentially fine soft cloth. Two Persians then came to Kashmir to buy saffron and cummin, and bought these shawls to take back to present to their King. Next year they tried to obtain more ; later the cloth was taken also to Alexandria, and so its fame slowly became world-wide. Thus these delicate soft shawls are really derived from the protection which nature has given to our long-haired Himalayan goats to withstand the excessive cold on the roof of the world.

283 But we must return to the large part played by wool in the
462 domestic activities of Ladak. First of all the raw product, arriving in rough twists, must be cleaned. If it is washed in water, the resulting cloth or *snambu* is said not to be so nice, but sometimes there is no choice, for the wool may be so impregnated with fatty grease that it has to be taken to the nearest spring or clear-running water to be cleansed, though it must never be squeezed or rubbed in the process. Sometimes it is further cleaned with white chalk from the cliffs near by, with which it is well mixed, then teased out. The next process, or *malches*, consists of the pulling out of the wool, and teasing out all little bits of tangled, extraneous matter, so that it is quite soft and ready to spin. Then comes the actual *kalches* or spinning, which is carried out on a slender cone of wood, elongated at both ends, called a *p'ang*. The end of this is supported in a little cup, either hollowed out of a small block of wood, or, what is infinitely preferable, made of the kernels of apricot-stones after all the oil has been pressed out, leaving a hard matrix or kind of oil-cake. The left hand manipulates the *p'ang*, twisting it to and fro in its little cup,

while the right hand feeds the wool on to the spindle and pulls 283
it out into long threads. These two activities of *malches* and 462
kalches are the constant occupations of the women in their
homes, and do not hinder them from keeping their eyes on
the family dinner cooking on the stove, or on the babies
crawling round the floor. Spinning is continued also while
they sit on the roof with their neighbours, gossiping and watching
the happenings on the adjacent house-tops. Even to
purdah Mussulman ladies, who are not too strict, the roof is
available. Roof-land in the East is the woman's special 562
domain, where she can gather all the news, and witness many 342
an interesting street scene, the participants little thinking of
the fair eyes enjoying all the thrills of their quarrellings from
their vantage-point behind the tiny slits or windows in the
low walls which sometimes surround the flat roof. More [24]
often, however, the roofs of the houses, whose owners keep
ponies, have a light wall all round, made with bundles of
lucerne which slowly dry there, and in this land of scanty
rainfall remain in good condition until the next harvest,
adding a picturesque touch to the appearance of the dwelling.

After the wool has been spun on to the *p'ang* it is taken off 283
from two of the latter, placed side by side, and wound on to 462
a ball. Then they are twisted together on to another *p'ang*,
which has a little wooden disk attached to one end. This
process of *zhuches* is combined with the *kalches* by many
spinners, but if done separately, the resulting home-spun is
less likely to be crooked or to pull and give in the wrong
directions. Another advantage of doing the twisting alone 443
is that it may be done in the bazar while the ladies spend the 283
afternoon marketing. Having arrived with baskets on their
backs, filled with the little local vegetables grown in their
small gardens or weeded out from their cornfields, their
twisting is also brought, and a lot of wool can be prepared
while they stand about or squat on the ground, talking to their
fellow-vendors in the intervals between attending to their
CUSTOMERS

283 customers. A much quicker way to get on with the twisting
462 is to attach the wool to hooks on the roof from which the
spindles are suspended. Then, sitting on the ground with
four or more spindles in a row, each in turn may be given
a twist with the hand, and so four or five balls can be twisted
up in less time than one. Where there is an industrious
housewife, large balls of wool may be seen hanging from the
roof or even out in the fresh air of the balcony, where the fish
insects are less likely to get them, ready for the coming of the
286 weaver. If a very fine cloth is required, the balls are first
soaked in water to shrink and harden them. The warp is
prepared out in the road where there is a nice level stretch,
and an experienced weaver walks up and down its length,
arranging the threads and directing his assistants. The
warp is then wound on a roller and transferred to a machine
for weaving. The woof is made from the wool of three
p'angs twisted together and passed in and out on a shuttle.
The weaving machine is a very primitive-looking affair,
worked by a treadle, and the resulting *snambu* is little over a
foot wide, so that a Ladaki garment has many longitudinal
seams. But before sewing, the cloth must be shrunk, and a
whole day is spent trampling it on a flat stone selected for
the purpose in a running watercourse. This decreases its
width by another three or four inches. It is then wound on
a smooth stick and rolled up and down for about an hour by
way of mangling it, and finally spread out in the sun to dry.
[292] If it is to be used for a woman's or a lama's dress, it still has
to be dyed the necessary dark red.

463 For sewing clothes a special man is generally employed,
462 but rough mending anyone will do, especially the men.
Both sexes also help in the regular irrigation of the crops in
summer, and the other agricultural occupations in their
[857] season. There are the cattle to tend, in which occupation the
children are so useful ; some of the male members may travel
651 about the country trading, while there is always the bugbear

of supplying for the forced labour on the road, exacted in 651
lieu of taxation from each village.

So we see there is plenty to do even on the roof of the 461
world, and we must not grudge the man of the house his 276
leisure when he sits down to have a restful pull at his hookah,
the favourite pipe of the East, passing it round for the other
men, and even some of the women, to have a turn. As their
hands intervene between their mouths and the mouthpiece,
this is not so unhygienic a sharing as it sounds. Sometimes
the snuff-box will be passed round, too, and in the villages
snuff or ash for this purpose may easily be procured by collecting
and burning a kind of broom from the hillside. If your
friendly "hubble-bubble" has been left behind, a pipe can
easily be arranged by making a hole in the ground, tunnelling
a passage into it, then pushing in a hollowed piece of wood
as your mouthpiece. Now place your tobacco into the hole,
get on your knees, bend down, light up, and there you are.

Let us look at our pigtailed friend as he bends over his pipe. 291
Down the back of his natural-coloured garment is a long 302
greasy mark where his pigtail rubs on it. The pigtail itself
is continued by wool when the hair gives out, and his big wide
skerag, a long woollen sash about six inches wide and six feet
long, bound in many turns round the waist with the ends
tucked in, is wound over it, so as to keep it in place. This 291
skerag, as we have already seen elsewhere, is a repository for 293
many articles, either stuck in the back or depending from the
front, or, like the little wooden travelling-cup, placed inside
its voluminous folds. Another repository for accommodating
the cup or other precious things may be termed the breast-pocket,
for it is entered where the coat folds over in front of
the chest. But before we leave the pigtail and its greasy 302
mark, we must learn that a Ladaki gentleman likes to have his
hair washed about once a month, a process during which he
must sit with his head on a wooden support, while his wife
or nearest female relation carries out the ablutions with soda

302 and warm water. There is something very ludicrous in the
sight of an aged be-whiskered man-servant, coming to his
daily work with his long hair hanging round his shoulders
to dry, but the sun soon does its work, and the hair can be
well oiled with apricot or mustard-oil, and plaited up again.
291 The ordinary fur-lined Ladaki hat with its turned-up corners
177 is of Indian origin, though the long robe comes from China.
If the corner of the hat is turned down, it signifies that the
wearer is in mourning; while if the whole thing is worn
jauntily at an angle, it is the sign of a true dandy. Before
the great war the words " Made in Germany " were often
seen on a hat, generally upside down, but to the wearer it was
illegible, and regarded as a nice pattern selected from the
576 edge of the roll of cloth. It is quite good manners to use
the corners of one's dress as a handkerchief, turning it up to
blow the nose on the inner side. When a great occasion
[592] demands smart clothing, it is also quite correct to borrow
whatever is necessary from a friend.

302 The outstanding feature of a Ladaki woman's appearance
291 is the extraordinary arrangement of hair and head-dress.
The latter is called a *perag*, the first part of the word being
an old name for turquoise.

291 In olden times the women of this country wore a round
head-dress like that which adorns the lady of Purig or of
Central Tibet, until a Ladaki King brought his royal consort
from a small state in the closed land where the *perag* was the
national head-dress, and the ladies of his realm at once copied
their new Queen. The *perag* consists of a central elongated
piece of leather, covered with red cloth, converging slowly to
a long narrow point below the waist behind, and a shorter
blunt one in front. The whole thing is supposed to represent
a snake, and the front part appearing over the forehead
301 certainly resembles the head of the cobra. On this bright
291 red background rows of turquoise matrix are sewn, often
ending in front with a chased gold and silver ornament,

studded with small turquoises. Sometimes a large red 301
cornelian also varies the apex. This would seem startling 291
enough, but unfortunately a later Queen had an attack of earache, so attached a large piece of black lambskin each side to protect her ears. The court ladies must do likewise, so now every *perag* is accompanied by these large ear-flaps, and the *coiffure* is most wonderfully adapted to them by plaiting the hair into a number of small plaits, which are sewn into the ear-pieces at each side, and continued with wool down the back on both sides of the *perag* to unite below in a large tassel, which reaches to the bottom of the skirt. To one side of the *perag* a projection of silver from which rows of coral-beads depend is also fastened. This is said to represent the serpent's tail, though it seems to us to have become
rather dislocated. In the villages there are only a few rows [369]
of turquoise on the average woman's *perag*, but the town ladies are very resplendent, and their head-dresses become so heavy with stones that they sometimes support them by a broad black tape passing under the armpits. The central portion is taken off at night, and sometimes when at work in the house, leaving the ear-pieces in place, stitched to the hair, for so elaborate a *coiffure* can only be taken down once a month, when the hair is washed, oiled and done up anew.
For this process in the town a lady hairdresser attends, [463]
getting four to eight annas a day, and in addition food of the feasting standard. In the country the women have to oblige each other. Also occasionally the whole *perag* has to be taken to pieces, a new red cloth substituted, and the turquoises resewn, during which time the proud owner of a brilliant head-dress has to be content with her ordinary fur-lined hat. Small girls sometimes begin with a skimpy little *perag* at the age of five or six, bearing a single row of turquoises in front and ending in cowrie shells behind. The latter are slowly replaced as funds permit, and cowries should only be worn by unmarried girls. By the time she is grown up, a girl

BALTI AV 2

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585
292

Balti Coolies.

They carry peculiar sticks in their hands on the march, like a short-crutch with rather a long cross-piece at the top. When they stop to rest, they pass the stick behind and under the load, so that it takes the weight off their backs.

A Ladaki Wedding Group,

Shewing the rich Chinese robe of the bridegroom and his high tinsel-covered hat. He wears his nuptial white scarf and a gold amulet box studded with turquoises. His little wife is rather obscured by her large cape lined with sheepskin.

FACING p. 178

301 By the time she is grown up, a girl should thus have quite a good sized *perag*,[1] which functions as
291 her dowry, in fact she regards it as her bank, for she invests
757 money in turquoises as a provision for widowhood or old age.
583 The mother's *perag* usually goes to the eldest daughter at
478 her marriage, after which the mother must be content with a
[583] small one. As the eldest son inherits all land property, so
the eldest daughter inherits all ornaments. Unfortunately
152 the number and size of the turquoises on a head-dress are a
source of great jealousy, and a lady with a very resplendent
301 *perag* is often one of suspicious morals. In olden times the
291 ladies of high rank in Ladak all wore ear-flaps of sable, brought
from beyond Yarkand, but now these are seen only on the
Queen and the old Queen Mother. Another custom traceable to a royal indisposition is that of wearing a large gold and silver ornament in front of the neck at weddings. This originated from the desire of a Queen on such an occasion to hide a goitre which disfigured her neck.

301 The women also have many other ornaments. Ear-rings of seed-pearls, threaded on a large wire hoop, which passes round the whole ear, with one or two turquoises and corals at the bottom of the circle. Necklaces composed of little chased gold amulet boxes, interspersed with coral and turquoise, or other less elaborate ones, made with red beads and little silver ornaments. Silver chatelaines worn on the breast, with picks for nose, ears, teeth and other purposes, and large round brass ornaments at the waist from which leather threads pass to a brass needle-case, to the other side of which are attached a number of chains of cowries, also threaded on leather. Finally bracelet-cuffs, made of chased silver or white shell, used to knock together in salutation but also convenient for keeping back the long sleeves.

291 Here is another custom the reverse of ours, for whereas European women wear short sleeves, in summer at any rat (the Ladakis probably think this must be to economize stuff), both men and women in this country have them cut very

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[1] [i.e., turquoise studded headdress. - ANALYST]

291 much longer than their arms. In winter this is very useful,
as the hands can be threaded in the opposite sleeve to keep
warm, and any surplus length in a man can always be turned
back as a cuff. A woman's trousers are also far longer than
her legs, and look very peculiar garments when spread out
to dry. But the concertina-like creases into which they fold
when worn, and which come right down to the ankle, add
all the more warmth in winter. An unmarried girl wears
white trousers, but a married woman must wear black, at any
rate after the birth of her first son. A woman's *skerag* or
waistband is also wide and very long, and wound round her
very tightly. Her gown is shaped rather differently from a
man's—the bodice and skirt being cut separately, and the latter
sewn on to the former with very full pleats, and if it is a best
dress the whole is edged with an effective little narrow binding
301 of gay pattern. Occasionally she thinks to enhance her
beauty by using the small berries of a common weed, and
sticking them all over the upper part of her face, where they look
563 like little yellow spots. These berries are also said to relieve
291 headache, and withdraw superfluous serum. We must also
mention the head-dress of the Mussulman women in Leh, for
the town contains a large proportion of them. The *perag* is
rightly considered an emblem of an idolatrous religion, and
should be discarded on changing over to Mohammedanism.
Then a white head-dress covering over a little round foundation
cap, and hanging in folds to below the waist, is worn.
[301] In front is an ornament which may be quite costly, of seed-pearls
and turquoises, often arranged to form the sign of the
crescent.

144 Now we come to those important members of the home,
the children, and it would be hard to find more fascinating
little persons than the elfish little sprites whom we meet in
Ladak. To our Western eyes the flattened face and large
cheeks of a Mongolian type of baby are particularly quaint.

844 When Baby is coming, in contrast to the complicated

844 layettes over which the occidental mother spends so many loving hours, no preparations of clothing are made, but as soon as he has arrived safely, some cloth is fetched from the bazar
843 in which to wrap him. Before his birth his mother must eat a great deal of fat to "oil the wheels" well for his arrival. One other
854 preparation has been made, for goat's dung has been collected, dried (and incidently somewhat sterilized) in the hot sun, then crushed up finely. This powder is then placed on a sheepskin, upon which Baby is laid, and thus all his excretions are absorbed, the powder being changed every day or two. Lactation is continued as long as possible, sometimes to the third year, but the child is also allowed to eat other food, just as he fancies. Some women once visited the Doctor Memsahib on a winter evening and were astonished when she took them to peep at her baby, for had she not left the sleeping child alone, in the dark, and in a cold room with the window wide open? Their babies on the contrary sit on their mothers' laps or crawl about until the grown-ups go to bed, tasting all the supper, and enjoying the warmth, not to say stuffiness, of the big stove, as well as all the light and conversation. While still a tiny mite, Baby is slung in a cloth over the back of his small sister, who makes a little picture of premature motherliness, as she goes to her work or play with a bobbing baby on her back.

857 It is extraordinary how alike childhood is all the world over. These children have a game called the wolf and lamb, very similar to our fox and sheep, in which they will sing "The wolf is not there; to the horse gate we'll go." Then the wolf comes out, and the mother sheep with outstretched arms has to try to protect her little ones, who stand behind her in order of height, while the bad wolf seizes the last and smallest, one after the other until all have been stolen. Then there is a kind of hopscotch, which has come up from India, and an indigenous hide-and-seek called *Yib-ches-lo-lo*. And of course the boys have their games of fashioning idols on the

mountain side and imitating the lama's ritual, or pretending to be kings and wazirs, with wars and fighting. The little girls—true daughters of Eve—interlace iris leaves to imitate *perags*, and exercise their housewifely instincts by making little houses and kitchens of stones and earth, and arranging quite nice little models of the family stove on which the most delicious *drons* are cooked, for, "lets' pretend" is a more potent spell than ever in this land "the wrong way round." 857

But soon work begins to be mixed with their play. Little people early become expert with the bellows and can keep the fire going, while mother attends to the contents of the cooking pots, for to make bright flames is always fascinating. Quite small children can take out the sheep and goats, and even the cows, keeping them in sight on the damp turf near spring and stream, where there are all sorts of games to be played, stone throwing, bridge-building, dam-making to irrigate minute fields, and all the wide-world mud delights of children. In the autumn fuel must be collected for the cold, hard days of winter, and the boys and girls, slipping their old sheepskins on their backs to keep the baskets from wearing out their clothes, go off to the hills to follow up the tracks of donkeys, ponies, zos and yaks, picking up the manure and flinging it over their shoulders into their baskets, varying their work with laughter and fun, and many a game. Back for breakfast, then off again till midday, and then another basketful in the evening, till a goodly pile of dung is drying on the sunny roof. As the leaves fall, they too must be swept up with rough little brushes of straw tied together; basketfuls of these are taken home and used to roast the barley before it is milled. Still better are the long days of spring and early summer, when boys and girls go off to the neighbouring hills and valleys to collect *burtsa* and other roots. for fuel, or to mind the sheep and goats while they wander about in search of fodder. These long days in the mountains 868

868 are real picnics, for *zan* and cooking-pots and wooden cups
are all taken, also a little bit of food ready prepared in the pocket
to eat when away up the hillside, where many a tale is told,
and many a song is sung, echoing across the valley from one
[872] rocky perch to another. So the happy days of childhood pass,
and in this land of primitive needs it is indeed difficult to get
the children together for school. In the winter they get up
so late, for fuel is scarce, dung has to be collected, and wood is
so expensive, and bed is the warmest place till between 9 and
10 a.m. Summer is still worse, especially for the girls, as
they must be off to the hills with the sheep and goats, so
cannot be spared, and when they reach their teens plans for
marriage are laid.

802 But why learn arithmetic when nature provides such a convenient
counting-board as the knuckles. With the thumb as
pointer, each finger has three joints, a total of thirty on which
805 calculations can be made. Why measure time in years,
when a contract may be worded as poetically and conclusively
as follows :—" the bond to last till the crows turn white, and
465 the glaciers melt." Where payment is made in kind, wages
565 need not be calculated; thus your fields can be worked by giving
782 the labourer part of the products. Only the gods must not
614 be forgotten, for the first few handfuls of corn plucked must
776 be tied to the pillars of the best room, and dedicated to the
god of the brotherhood to which any given family belongs.
For each family is linked up in such a brotherhood, the
members of which are called *pa-spun* (man-brethren). These
are originally relations, though outsiders may be sworn-in at
a special feast, and all worship at a common altar, presided
over by their special deity. This custom is said to be a
remnant of the ancient worship before Buddhism came to the
country, the gods sometimes having Hindu names. The
778 altar is originally built as a platform of mud and stone, and
782 on it is placed a clay pot, round which a wall is built. Into
792 the pot are placed small offerings, such as grain, coral, pearl,

pieces of silver and gold, and then a local *Skushog* or great 778
lama comes to dedicate it. The mouth of the vessel is closed 782
and the wall built up over it, then, on top of this is placed 792
another clay vessel whose offerings are renewed annually.
On the third day of the new year the lamas are called in, and
fresh offerings of rice, wheat and barley are dedicated, while
the altar is decked with flags, branches of the pencil cedar,
arrows, and horns of wild sheep and goats. Members of the 614
brotherhood have certain duties to perform in connection
with the great events of life. After death only a ***paspun*** [764]
may touch the corpse, and in marriages it must be a ***paspun*** [585]
who carries all the bride's belongings and dowry to her new
home. Thus the countryside is linked up together in the
bonds of a brotherhood based on religion.

CHAPTER XIII

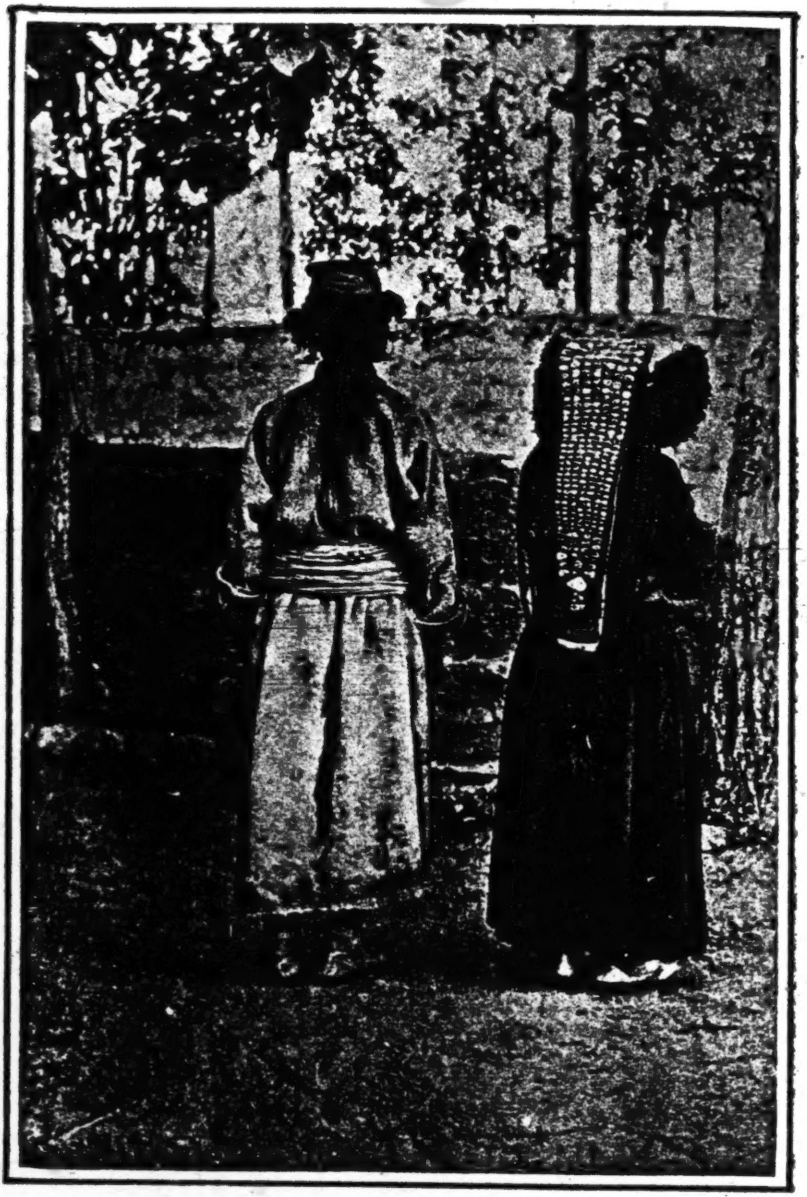
Professions & Industries

463 [511] WE have now to watch our Ladaki friends as they earn their livelihood, for not all are owners of fields, and even those who are find that an extra vocation allows of a dish of meat, rice and other luxuries on special occasions. Let us begin with the professional gentlemen. The clergy will be treated with elsewhere, but in addition there are doctor, horologist, teacher and nun to consider, all of whom, though not real priests, are 759 regarded as performing religious functions. There are quite a number of doctors, some of them doing useful work, although the treatment, by even the best of them, occasionally shows shocking results. Their method of training is much like that which obtained formerly in England, when he who aspired to medical knowledge became apprenticed to a practising physician, and thus by actual experience learnt his [777] trade. The theoretical knowledge is found in four large volumes, belonging to the *Kahgyur* which are the one hundred and eight large books containing the wisdom and knowledge of Lamaism. The doctor or *amchi* dons no distinctive dress, but he can always be recognized, for slung over his back he carries his medicines tied in a long cloth. These he has carefully collected on the hills during the spring and summer months, his knowledge of herbs being doubtless considerable, and to his stock he adds by purchases in the bazar from down-757 country merchants. See him as he climbs up the rickety staircase right on to the roof to visit one of his patients who

lies huddled up in a corner, complaining of bad pains in his knees, one of the ills to which most Ladak is advanced in age seem to be heir. The bad knees are felt, the tongue looked at, and then the serious business of examining the pulses—in the plural—is undertaken. Although they are all found at the wrist where the Western physician looks for the single one, yet there are actually six pulses, three on each hand, so that not only may the pulse of the heart be examined, but also those of the stomach, lung, liver, kidney and spleen. This thorough examination finished, the doctor proceeds to treatment, which in this case is the cautery, a great stand-by of the *amchi*. This may do good if only it does not go septic; at any rate it is a strong counter-irritant. Some powder is then given, and the patient informed exactly how to take it, whether with hot, cold or lukewarm water. Food, too, has a most important bearing on the complaint, for, whilst the meat of a white sheep will do nothing but good, that of the black would aggravate the symptoms. As this patient has no fever, he may let himself go to sleep, but if a man has a temperature to let himself drift into such an unconscious state would certainly be fatal. Cupping, the raising of blisters, and venesection are other methods of curing all sorts of complaints. 757

Next to the Lama the *Onpo* or Horologist is perhaps the most important individual, for if you wish to plough your field, to call in the lamas for the reading of holy books, or desire to choose the best day on which to marry, in fact for the decision of all the important affairs of life, you must get him to settle the auspicious day. There is little to distinguish the *onpo* outwardly, but on official occasions he may dress like a lama, even to the wearing of a priestly cap, but his pigtail will distinguish him from the ecclesiastic. On his back he carries his bundle of books, and the Tibetan almanac. 791

Puntzog, who is thirty years of age, visits the horologist, for he desires to attend the festival at Hemis, but he wants to leave Leh on the best day possible. Hemis occurs in the 787



PIGTAIL AND PERAG.

A typical Ladaki man and woman taken in summer. The lady need not wear her cape in and about the house, and the sidepiece, or "tail of the serpent" is missing from her *perag*. The gentleman shews well the effect of the rubbing of his well-oiled pigtail on his natural-coloured homespun.

FACING p. 136

787 fifth Buddhist month, and, referring to his books, the *onpo* finds that for him to travel in such a south-easterly direction on a Thursday in the fifth month is most auspicious. But consulting the star for that day he finds the fates are unkind, and that should Puntzog leave on Thursday, he will be robbed. What is to be done, for, in every other respect Thursday is so lucky ? Further research into the horologist's library shows a way out of the dilemma. Let Puntzog go seven steps in the direction of Hemis the day before, returning then if he likes, and he can travel safely on Thursday. One day the *onpo* paid the Doctor Sahib a visit, and he, wishing to have horological proof of his married bliss and to be assured of its continuance, asked the *onpo* to read his nuptial horoscope. His age being forty-three years showed that he was born in the "water sheep" year, whilst his partner appeared in this incarnation in the "water snail" year. Now it is quite evident that water and water mix splendidly, so that divorce was out of the question. But he had had a narrow escape, for a year's difference would have been disastrous, as it would have involved the union of wood and water, and as the latter rots the former, married happiness would have been impossible. He then inquired whether his actual wedding day had been a good one, and a beam overspread the *onpo's* face when his books told him that both the day and the constellation pointed to the choice of a perfect day. Not only riches, but a quiver full of children would be our lot. The *onpo* also advised the Doctor to take a sea voyage this year, for he was born in the water year, and this is the wood year ; a ship is made of wood and is meant to go in water, therefore such a journey would be most auspicious. As he was to travel to England this year he trusted the omens would not belie themselves.

792 Among professions a few words must be said about nuns. Most Buddhist families like to have one representative in the Church, but sometimes they have no boy or cannot spare one.

792 In this case a girl must do duty. She begins her monastic
life early. Her hair is shorn, she dons the clerical red, which
is, however, cut like the dress of a lay-woman, and wears a
tight-fitting red or yellow hat, with the sides only turned up.
She is now dignified with the title of Grandmother or *Abi
Jomo*, just as a lama of any age is respectfully venerated
as Grandfather or *Meme Lama*. Generally the nuns
continue to live quietly in their homes, but sometimes they
are segregated, as in Lamayuru, where there is quite a little
nun village. They do not in Ladak perform any ritual,
though in Central Tibet they are fetched from their convents
to read the holy books in private houses just as the lamas are.
They of course remain unmarried, and are generally very
ignorant, spending their time in menial labour or working in
the fields of the monastery.

792 The teachers in this Buddhist country are generally lamas,
875 and their work is practically restricted to teaching those
youths who will enter the Church or the sons of noblemen
to read. It is quite unnecessary for their scholars to understand
788 the written page. In this there is little virtue, but the
actual reading of holy books is meritorious. If the lamas are
called in to read *Chos* (religion), they each take one page and
then read all together, so that ten lamas reading ten pages will
get through a book of a hundred pages in one tenth of the
779 time, which is all to the good. The only books possessed by
Buddhists are religious ones, and when the unsophisticated
villager sees a Westerner reading a novel or secular literature,
he respects him for "reading religion," though a more
travelled gentleman may suspect the reading of an *akbar*
795 or newspaper. The Mohammedans too have schools for the
872 children of their co-religionists, and their text-book is, of
875 course, the Koran in the original, namely Arabic. Sitting in
a sunny spot in a semi-circle can be seen about a dozen
Mussulman boys, each with a book before him. The teacher,
an ordinary layman, who knows a little more than his brothers,

795 acts as mentor. He probably has a shop on the other side of
872 the road, and keeps his eye open for stray customers while
875 listening to his pupils. He reads a phrase and all the boys
say it after him. Ask taught or teacher to explain what has been read, and they will acknowledge complete ignorance, and this with absolutely no feeling of shame. In Mohammedanism and Buddhism it seems as if the letter does not kill, but gives life. If the teacher is tired, he allows his class to practise reading by themselves. Each boy reads in a loud voice what 'seemeth him good,' and a horrible noise results.

533 Next in importance, though not in status, come the musi-
[563] cians and minstrels. Although no function is complete
534 without the band, yet those providing the music are low in
caste and classed with carpenters, both generally of Mon descent. They possess two kinds of instruments only, the small kettle-drum, the parchment of which is tightly stretched over a wooden frame shaped like a large bowl and is beaten with two short sticks; these drums are termed *dummadums*, which describes the music made so accurately that nothing further need be said. The other instrument is the flageolet, made of wood about two feet long, decorated with silver, and having a small metal mouthpiece. The tone this produces is a beautifully mellow one, and the tunes consist of many demi-semi-tones. If necessary these gentlemen will play almost continuously from morning till night, only needing a little beer or butter-tea and barley-flour occasionally to keep
538 them going. These are the professional musicians, but many
an ordinary family can boast its bard, who recounts the wonderful deeds performed by the mythical King Kesar, or tells of an heroic act done by some ancient townsman. The story is told, but every now and again the teller breaks into song, accompanying himself on his home-made fiddle. This is much like its Western counterpart, only the wooden section is narrower, shorter and deeper, and this sound-box is covered above with parchment. Strings are made of sheeps'
GUT, AND THE BOW OF HORSEHAIR.

gut, and the bow of horsehair. Let us listen to Tsiring 538
Rolmar, as she recounts to her husband and her two boys,
one of these stories. In the corner of their living-room is the [554]
stove, behind which sits the housefather on a slightly raised
platform, before him his cup of tea which he sips the while.
On the opposite side, also sitting cross-legged, is his lady, who
while she spins her yarn, blows the fire with her goatskin
bellows, and at her side her youngsters drink in the story.
Like all good tales hers begins—"Once upon a time," and 539
goes on to tell of King Sralkai, of his little son Ulastopgyes,
the princess Laches, and their cruel step-mother, who in order
to rid herself of her husband's children feigned illness, and
asked him to go to a certain old woman physician who lived
on a hill far away. While the King was on the road thither,
the wicked queen, successfully disguised, took a short cut and
arrived at the mountain first, then told the King that the only
cure for his queen was a meal made of the hearts of his two
children. Sadly he returned, and we follow the prince and
princess through a long and tedious history of various unsuccessful attempts to murder them, until eventually Ulastopgyes
is recognized as a prince and is crowned king of a great
country. His thoughts return to his poor old father, and he
goes to rescue him from the wicked queen, who turns out to
be a witch and is slain, whilst, of course, the rest live happily
ever afterwards. But do not imagine this story is told in so
few words—an hour would not suffice for all the details, and
many cups of tea are drunk before the fortunate family is
eventually allowed to "live happily ever after." Of such
stories there must be hundreds, and for every myth or fairy-tale which we have in the West, the Ladaki has his Tibetan
version. In the same way it would not be difficult to find a
Ladaki proverb similar to almost every English one. Besides 534
the story-teller and his fiddled accompaniment, there is the
amateur with musical propensities who can express his
feelings on a flute, also home-made, just a bit of hollow stick

534 with the necessary holes and the mouth-piece. So one often hears a piping from the youths who stroll out in the fields on a summer evening, or finds a hidden talent being brought to light among one's servants round the camp fire in the leisure following the day's march and cooking.

443 But no description of Ladak could be complete which did
438 not consider the merchants who meet here from the four
439 points of the compass, especially during the months of September, October and early November. At this time the Leh bazar becomes full of all sorts and conditions of men—the fair Yarkandi jostling the slit-eyed Tibetan, the Kulu man or his neighbour from Lahoul doing business with the men from Baltistan, Kashmir and most provinces of Northern India. And what do all these folk bring? From the North comes the Yarkandi with carpets of garish colours, furs of snow-leopard, fox and wolf, stone martin and beaver, Khotan silks and thick felt mats. It has taken him a full month of most difficult travelling over vast mountain ranges to get here, in fact the road is marked out in some places by the bleaching skeletons of man and beast. Before he can sell his wares, he will have to travel another month to reach the Plains of India. Here he purchases cloth which he takes back to his home and sells there at a good price. Many of the Yarkandis combine religion and business, coming over the passes in the late summer of the year, and going *via* Bombay to Mecca, then, after the sacred pilgrimage has been accomplished, they return through India, still trading, to cross the passes the following autumn. In Leh, the Yarkandi has either to buy horses or sell them, for the Kashmir State makes its own transport arrangements between Leh and Srinagar, but from
437 here to Yarkand no such facilities exist. It is amusing to watch them doing a horse deal, for though it is done in public, outsiders are none the wiser concerning the purchase price. Each man places a hand up the voluminous sleeve of the other. Says the buyer—"I will give you *Imeme*" simul-

taneously pressing the seller's arm with two fingers, but 437
he, not wishing to sell at the suggested Rs200, presses
the buyer's arm with five fingers saying, "*tso*" which
signifies his willingness to sell at Rs250. Eventually
they strike the bargain at Rs230, two pressures with
the spoken word of *Imeme*, and three to *tso* having settled
the deal. Then we also can watch the Tibetan who 443
has brought salt, borax and Lhasa tea to barter with the 438
Balti for his dried apricots and cooking-butter. The 439
nomad from Changtang brings the long soft wool from his
long-haired sheep, which the Kashmiri trader carries down to
be transformed into *pashmina*, the basis of the far-famed
delicate Cashmere shawls. The nomad gentleman does not
seem at all chilled himself by the cold nip in the autumn air,
for he often has a shoulder completely withdrawn from his
long, wide sleeve, and the exposed lung area seems quite
insensitive. The man from Kulu has carried kerosine up
here, and perhaps also china cups, whilst the merchant from
India supplies German cloth or rich stuffs for the Ladaki gala
dresses, chemises and pantaloons, haberdashery of all kinds,
Indian tea, spices, cigarettes, and the hundred and one things
which are needed by the Ladaki housewife to keep her family
up to the standard of civilization locally attained. In autumn,
when trade is at its maximum, it is a good thing there is no
vehicular traffic in the bazar, for the more bulky wares are
deposited in large bundles about the main street, and it is only
possible for the pedestrian to steer a zigzag course along the
thoroughfare, further complicated by the waiting yaks, zo's,
horses, asses and mules.

One would like to describe how the blacksmith makes a 376
hole in the ground and, with goatskin bellows and charcoal,
gets quite a good fire in which he works his metal and makes
his pots, pans and attractive teapots ; also to tell of the 335
carpenter, sitting on the ground holding the plank with his
two feet and one hand, while sawing with the other, and in

335 order to make this possible has the teeth of his saw turned the opposite way to the English saw ; or of the seamster 294 making his Ladaki hats. But time and space will not permit ; suffice it to say, that, whenever possible, the Ladaki workman seems to do things " the wrong way round " as far as our point of view is concerned.

CHAPTER XIV

Occidental Treatment for Oriental Maladies

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PEACE, after the Great War, having been finally ratified in 1919, every important town throughout India had its celebrations, and Leh, the Capital of Western Tibet, could not, of course, omit them. There was no doubt as to the thoroughness of our rejoicings, which lasted for four whole days, but their ending was of a disastrous nature. Fireworks had never before been seen in Leh, and a generous Commissioner supplied the town with its first *tamasha* of the kind. In the centre of the square court in front of the Wazir's house, a large bonfire was made, but for some reason or other the Kaiser's effigy was not enthroned thereon. Surrounding this at some distance, a large crowd of men, women and children were gathered. The two local policemen were in charge of the display, and produced loud "*O—le's*" of wonder as they let off rockets, squibs, catherine wheels, crackers and Roman candles. Towards the end, however, some of the policemen's assistants got too near to the bonfire, with the result that the remaining fireworks ignited, and went up in a blaze of light, causing burns to about half-a-dozen people. One of these gentlemen, thinking no doubt that such a unique display would entrance the celebrations at his next wedding, had quietly filled his trouser pockets and other handy places in his garments, with fireworks. But, alas, his display came off rather sooner than he had anticipated, for he too caught fire, and provided quite an interesting spectacle as he rushed off to the nearest stream in which to put himself out, the while belching forth rockets and

000 other magnificent lights from various parts of his person. But these had to be quenched as soon as he could possibly seat himself down in the brook, crushing in its covering of ice and snow to soak in the cool depths of its bed. Those injured adjourned to the Moravian Mission Hospital, where we concluded our celebrations by dressing their burns, but this gentleman, not wishing to disclose the fact of his unlawful annexations, went elsewhere to have his injuries treated. Weeks after, however, he came to us, still suffering from the effects; and we were able to cure him also. The initial item on our programme of peace celebrations was one entitled "Procession of Notables round the Town." The notables consisted of Tehsildar, Naib Tehsildar, Darogas, Naib Darogas, Policemen, Naib Policemen, Telegraph Master, Postmaster, Charas Officer and his staff of assistants, Aksakal and his clerks, and in fact anybody who could find a pony on which to ride. Among them figured also the Missionary "Padre" and Doctor, indeed these two considered themselves notable "Notables," for they were asked to head the procession, one on each side of the chief magistrate, and were preceded by our noble company of sepoys. If the common people of the town were not edified by this sight of their notables on horseback, their sense of the sublime must have been sadly lacking. So we feel we have every right to include ourselves among "other professional gentlemen" of the town, as representatives of Western Medicine. We cannot lay claim to being unique in this respect, for the Kashmir State has its Dispensary in the charge of a Sub-Assistant Surgeon.

797 So now let us visit the combined Moravian Mission Hospital and British Charitable Dispensary. Like all our houses in Leh, the Hospital buildings are made of mud-bricks. In the centre of the compound is the Hospital garden, which is enclosed by the wards and administrative buildings. Entering the out-
563 patient room, we find a very cosmopolitan crowd awaiting
797 attention. The greater number are, of course, Ladaki men

and women, both Buddhists and Mohammedan, the latter 797
revealing the fact by wearing turban or red fez, and their 563
names often indicating that they were formerly Buddhists, who had been converted to the faith of the prophet ; this is done by adding the word " Sheik " to their new Mohammedan names. Then there are Baltis, ill-clad looking creatures with their meagre black skull-caps from under which appear long, curly, but unkempt-looking, locks. How different from the two or three well-dressed, distinguished-looking Yarkandis, who sit next to them, stalwart men from Chinese Turkestan. Their faces are almost as white as that of the European, with shortly-cropped black hair and black beards, and they wear nice warm wadded garments cut somewhat like a frock-coat with very long sleeves, but of less sombre colours, sometimes a silky glossy cloth of black or even nice blue. To brighten this a large gay coloured embroidered square scarf is worn, folded triangularly with the apex downwards in the middle of the waist behind. On their heads are green or other coloured caps, lined with fur and turned up round the edge, or white pugarees. Occasionally these gentlemen bring their wives with them. Being Mohammedan they may not show their faces to strange men, and they therefore cover them with a voluminous head-dress, with network squares let in over their 563
eyes through which they can look. Then there are some Kashmiris, men with beautifully regular features, strongly reminding one of pictures of good-looking Jews and of stories of the lost ten tribes of Israel. Other down-country races, too, may be represented, such as the Punjabi, or perhaps a Sikh, with the fringe of his black beard neatly plaited, and often the proud Pathan or Afridi appears. That wild ferocious-looking fellow with long, untidy, straggling hair is, of course, one of the upland nomads, whilst the well-dressed man who is sitting on one of our two stools is a merchant priest from the closed land of Tibet. Now shall we stand at the doctor's side, and 757
listen with him to some of the complaints of these patients. 164

757 A very old and dirty-looking beggar-man enters, and calmly
164 addresses the Doctor as follows, "Well, Little Brother, can you
give me some medicine?" "Yes, certainly, Grandfather,"
replies the very professional Doctor, for in Ladak we are all
related. Then comes a sedate, elderly lady, who tells us she
is called "Deskyid," a name as pretty as its meaning, which
is beautiful-happy. "And what is your trouble, A-che (Big
Sister) Deskyid?" the Doctor inquires. Poor Deskyid has
a very troublesome disease, for she feels as if the back of her
leg had moved round to the front! The patient next to
consult the Doctor is even in worse plight, for her arm has
gone quite *hangdang*, which literally means mad. The
Doctor knows of no medicine that is able to cure these
troubles, but paints both offending members with Iodine, in
the hope that its colour at any rate will help the leg itself to
distinguish back from front, and bring the erring arm to its
754 senses. Then comes a lama, who asks whether we can supply
him with a little human flesh. We had never regarded ourselves
as a shop for this commodity, and on inquiry are
informed that should one wish to obtain the powers of witchcraft,
or sprinkle any offering with a very potent potion, it is
necessary to get a concoction consisting of various kinds of
flesh, including human flesh, milk, blood and other ingredients.
This should be drunk by the devotee, who will then receive
175 mystic powers. This is, of course, a relic of the old canni-
771 balism and human sacrifice which preceded the arrival of
Buddhism, and is still reflected in a common oath constantly
heard in the roads—*Amai Sha*, which means "by my mother's
flesh." Our friend had to obtain these occult powers without
757 our help! Priests also have their troubles. Said one to the
826 Doctor, and he a Holy Incarnation, too, "Can you give me
some medicine which will turn my skin white like your own."
One can only hope he will behave so well in this incarnation
that he may be re-incarnated in a white race next, although it
is whispered that such a degradation only happens on account
of former sins.

of former sins. Another patient—this time a Royal one be 757
it noticed—asks for some medicine which will stop his beard from growing. Could such be produced much trouble might be saved for him as well as many others. The next comer informs us that he himself is not a patient, but that away at his home his little brother is suffering from headache, and is quite aggrieved that treatment without examination is refused. Now a Balti comes, who says he is perfectly well at present, but that he is quite certain one day he will have a pain in his digestive organs, and he would like to be prepared against that day. Another old gentleman has returned for more medicine, although only yesterday he had been provided for three days, and on being reproached for having disobeyed instructions, advances the perfectly reasonable argument that, if one dose of medicine is going to do him good, ten doses will multiply the good effect tenfold.

Having seen all our out-patients and attended to their 757
treatment, we adjourn to the operating-room where a cataract 565
is to be removed. To-day our patient is of noble rank, being the mother of the chief Rajah of Ladak. Some days previously the old King had asked us to operate on his maternal relative, and we actually fixed the date, but, alas! he found on [787]
consulting his horologist and books, that we had chosen a most inauspicious day and begged the Doctor to change it, which he did. There lies the old lady on the operating-table, her refined features and well-kept hands testifying to her good breeding. We scrub our hands so thoroughly that the onlookers, among whom is the King, no doubt feel this is part of a religious performance preceding the operation. Having arranged the sterile towels, we are just about to start, [782]
when the exalted son begins walking up and down the room rapidly, saying his *Om Mani pa dme hungs*, the while turning the beads of his rosary. This is hardly conducive to the stillness an English surgeon would desire when performing a cataract extraction. The obstructing lens is removed, how-

757 ever, and great is the joy when the old lady finds she can again
565 see, but she can hardly be surprised, when the day was so
auspicious, and her son's prayers had been so vigorously
performed. She was then sent back to her ward, which had
been converted into a fairly regal apartment by means of
Tibetan rugs and cushions and other paraphernalia brought
from her castle. Fourteen days later she was told she could
now return to her home, but she told her royal Physician that
she was so enjoying her holiday that she would like to stay in
our Hospital for another fortnight. Her royal wish was
regarded as a command, and we prolonged her holiday, but
before she finally left, she honoured us by calling at our house
with her retinue, and to testify their gratitude for restored
sight she and her son presented us with gifts.

797 But now let us go to the wards. The word "ward"
conjures up pictures of long rooms, with spick-and-span
white painted walls, and floors so polished and smooth, that
one feels skates would be the safest foot-gear ; tables with
plate-glass tops and beautiful flowers, and rows of white,
quilted beds. But in the frontier hospitals of India, wards
758 are not quite of this nature. When a Ladaki goes to Hospital,
593 he does not go alone, but likes to take as many of his family
with him as he can, and our wards are made to accommodate
them all. This has the further advantage that the family's
cooking fire, which is often made on the floor in the centre of
the "ward" helps to heat the room. The whole building is
made of mud bricks, some floors are boarded, others are not.
758 We enter the first ward. Here is a man on whom we operated
301 to remove large tumours, depending from the lobes of his
164 ears, which had formed because he would persist in wearing
ear-rings. We warn him that if he does not restrain his
vanity in future, he will get further growths, but he replies
that it is a religious duty for him to wear the ornaments, and
he had actually come to have his keloids removed in order to be
758 able to wear ear ornaments again. In the next ward we find an

old lady who has had her cataract removed. She is lying on 758
he floor by the side of a nice spring bedstead, on which she
had been placed yesterday after her operation. In reply to our
query why she did not stay quietly on her bed, she says she
felt so giddy sleeping so high up in the world, and more safe on
he floor. True, she cannot fall out of bed now. In Ward 3 758
s a Yarkandi whose leg we have had to amputate to save his 563
ife. He has come that difficult journey from Yarkand, over
he Karakorum range of the Himalayas and the Dipsang
plateau, and been overtaken by frost-bite. Very likely at the
end of the hard day's march over the snow he was so exhausted
hat he fell asleep without troubling to take off his heavy boots,
and the circulation had no chance to re-establish itself in the
severe cold. In the next ward we find that a string has been 758
stretched across from one wall to the other, over which 251
strips of meat have been hung, and we are told that the family
are drying their next winter's supply. One can just imagine
the happy expression on the face of an English Surgeon, who
on entering his ward found such activities being pursued.
In the next ward we can see nothing, for it is filled with acrid
smoke which so hurts our eyes that we beat a rapid retreat.
Dinner is being cooked! But we must not linger longer with
our in-patients, for we would like to take the reader with us
on a medical tour.

When we visited Kyelang, it will be remembered that we 757
made a detour to a place called Lingshed. Messengers came 164
to beg us to go to this village in 1916, because it was so
central, and they promised that blind folk from the whole
surrounding district would gather there; the further
inducement was held out that throughout the trip the question
of supplies would be made easy for us. So one evening we
found ourselves in our tents in Lingshed with about thirty
blind folk sitting round. We examined their eyes, deciding 757
hat some were operable, others not. The latter were in- 783
formed as kindly as possible that no operation on earth could

757 cure them of their blindness, but our solicitude seemed
783 unnecessary, for they remained quite cheerful, merely saying
"*Lanchaks*,"—that is "we are atoning for our sins in a
former incarnation." No doubt those successfully operated
upon are getting the reward for former good deeds, and for
the successful operation it is quite unnecessary to thank the
757 Surgeon when virtue is being rewarded. The next question
778 is, where are we to operate? Under the open sky the sun is
797 too grilling and brilliant, and the tent is too small. We have
detected a verandah which would make a most suitable
temporary operating-theatre, in fact it is practically the only
available spot, but, on suggesting this, are informed that
this is a temple verandah and belongs to a very great and holy
man. "There you cannot operate" we are told emphatically,
and reply that the reason adduced makes the place more
desirable than ever, and we must operate there or nowhere.
This point is gained, or partly so. We might operate on the
men there, but not the women, for they must not enter such a
holy place. Alas! the Doctor Sahib must have had a strange
upbringing, for he informs these Lingshed men that in the
peculiar country whence he comes, the dictum is "Ladies
first," and only when these are done can the Lords of Creation
be tackled. That settles this point, but not even yet are all
our difficulties overcome, for a very old lama finds his way to
the Doctor, who having examined him, finds the eyes quite
operable. He is, however, begged not to give the old fellow
his sight, for he is so poor that he has not sufficient food to
sustain him while the wounds heal, nor a helper to care for
him during his time in bed. The former objection is easily
overcome for we begin to charge in kind for the medicines we
dispense, and soon the old fellow finds himself quite well off
in flour, rice, and dried apricots, and a nurse is also provided
for him. Preliminary arrangements having been completed,
we make our way one fine morning to our temporary operating-
theatre in the verandah of the temple. An old bedstead
which cannot boast a spring-mattress, having only a rough

network of rope, serves as operating-table. A small box does 757
duty as instrument table, whilst an X travelling wash-stand 778
must serve for the Surgeon's washing of hands and that, too, 797
of his assistant. The first patient is brought in, a woman who prostrates herself before the door of the temple. One of the villagers has been impressed as an extra assistant, and is now instructed thoroughly to wash the lady's face with soap and water. She is then laid on the dirty bedstead, and her dirty clothes are covered first by a sheet of clean mackintosh, and then by towels which have been sterilized in Carbolic Acid, and her not overclean hair is likewise covered. Cocaine is then instilled into both eyes, the Surgeon and his assistant wash their hands, then kneeling at their very low operating-table proceed to extract the cataracts. This done, fingers are held up for the patient to count, and the onlookers reveal their interest and joy by ejaculations of "*wah!*," or "*tong dug*"—"she sees." Eyes are bandaged, and the next patient tackled. That day we did twenty-two cataract operations, and afterwards were inclined to boast about it till we met another Missionary Doctor,—Holland of Quetta,—who told us that he had done over ninety in one day. And the results? Of our twenty-two, eighteen received good sight, two were partially successful, whilst two were failures. Considering the dirty patients and dirtier surroundings, we felt the results quite justified the trip. We stayed a few days longer till it was safe to leave those on whom we had operated, and then began our return journey, thinking ruefully of how the deputation from Lingshed had promised to furnish us with supplies on the road, and had faithfully done so until the operations were over and there was little more to be got out of us. On the way home we were left to fend for ourselves, and our poor ponies had occasionally to go hungry. Ingrati- 779
tude, and not gratitude, is one of the prominent character- 181
istics of the Ladaki, for does not a good action bring its own reward, and the Doctor will have reaped much merit from his medical tour.

CHAPTER XV

National Pastimes & Sports

6-0 " But their style of playing polo was irregular and rash
They had mighty little science, but a mighty lot of dash :
And they played on mountain ponies, that were muscular and strong
Though their coats were quite unpolished, and their manes and tails were long."

" When the Geebung boys got going it was time to clear the road ;
And the game was so terrific that ere half the time was gone
A spectator's leg was broken—just from merely looking on."
A. B. Paterson.

524 [538] "As food without salt is savourless, so is work without play " says the Ladaki proverb, and, putting precept into practice, he flavours the toils of life with a variety of games which he begins early in life. The Leh youngster makes three little heaps of dust in the high street of the capital, places a stick in each, produces a home-made ball of rags, another larger stick for bat, and, like boys in the home-land, begins his game of cricket by a heated discussion as to who should have the privilege of first innings. If sticks are scarce, he takes a small one, about six inches long, points each end, then with a club he strikes one of the ends sharply ; the stick rises up in the air, and as it falls he hits it again as hard as he can, and lays down the club. Then his opponent picks up the small stick and from where it has fallen throws it at the club which he tries to hit. Visions of small boys playing an exactly similar game in England come to the mind. Football, too, has become thoroughly acclimatized, and is played by old and young. The former, having raised a proper ball, tuck the

bottoms of their dressing-gown coats into their ample belts, 524
and play with bare or merely stockinged feet, whilst their
younger brothers enjoy their game just as thoroughly when
they play it with a rag ball. The game of marbles too has
found its way here, but must adapt itself to the poverty of the
country. Stones as round as can be found are used, or
if walnuts abound they do service for a similar game. A
hole is dug in the ground or in the raised base of a *chorten*,
and the aim is to throw as many of these walnuts into it as
possible. Nor are the Ladaki lasses without their games.
A finger or stick traces in the sand and dust the lines necessary
for hopscotch just as efficiently as the chalk-line on a London
pavement, and little Ladaki legs, although they are shod with
clumsy native footgear, do their hopping just as nimbly as
those of their English sisters.

The Ladaki also believes in the dictum, "what thy hand 526
findeth to do, do it with all thy might," at least as far as games
are concerned, and with a little training he would compete on
equal terms with our own countrymen. Those boys sent
down-country to the Rev. C. E. Tyndale Biscoe's splendid
school rapidly pick up hockey, tennis, badminton, swimming
and rowing, in fact, excel in all sports. But let us now watch
them at their own national games, the favourite being polo.
Ladak may not be the home of polo, but it certainly found [171]
its way here at an early date. Even if it arose in Persia, it
very soon migrated to Gilgit, and the Dards, no doubt,
brought it with them to Ladak, and now it is not even a
hyphenated Ladaki game, for most good-sized villages have
their own polo ground. In Leh, the capital, the game was 526
formerly played in the high street, but this evidently became 345
so dangerous for the shopkeepers that now we have a proper
polo ground. This consists of a level space about two
hundred yards long, which cannot boast of a blade of grass,
but is covered by a layer of dust so thick that before play
begins, it has to be laid with water. On one side it is bounded

526 by the high wall of the Wazir's or State Commissioner's
345 garden, on the other by a low wall about one foot high built
of large stones, piled one on top of the other without mortar
or cement or even mud. Halfway along this, a platform of
mud and stones has been erected, from the top of which
" the notables " watch the game, a *Shamiana* or awning being
erected on high days. Two large stones at either end are
[534] sufficient as goal-posts. On the ground itself to one side sits
the band of four; two flageolets and two kettle-drums. These
at one moment are announcing another goal obtained and at
another are defending themselves from the polo sticks, for
526 the game is raging right in their midst. But now let us turn
our attention to the players and their mounts. Here it is
not the rich man's game, a stud of horses is quite unnecessary.
Even a poor farmer possesses one pony, and if he makes himself a stick, he, too, can join in. The stick is quite easily manufactured, its shape being that of an English hockey stick, but with a longer handle. By making this and the striking end of two pieces, and letting the former into the latter, a rude splice is obtained. Rules for play there would seem to be none. If your opponent gets in your way, ride him down. If only six players have come, three a side will do, if ten players turn up, two fives make an equally good game. Although play can last for as long as you like, the same poor miserable pony is used the whole time, and will hardly enjoy it as much as the English one is said to do.

Now the play begins. The ball has been thrown into the centre of the course and four horsemen are trying to get it. A pig-tailed Ladaki has it, and is riding as hard as he can for his opponents' goal. His hitting is beautifully clean, and the playing of the band announces a goal for his side. His enemies' posts now become his own, which he has to defend. Now watch him carefully, for he will show you a pretty piece of play. He has dismounted, picked up the ball, and, remounting, takes both it and his stick in his right hand, then gallops

down the field as hard as he can. Reaching the half-way 526
approximately, he throws up the ball, and, with the stick, which is still in the same hand, he hits the ball full and straight into the enemies' goal. To do this at such a pace needs good horsemanship and a wonderfully steady eye and aim. Ends are changed again and the ball is in play. There goes a little fellow from Chushot on his very disreputable pony with saddle tied on none too firmly. The ball is rather beyond his ordinary reach, but what matter, for he has only to lean right out of his saddle, so that, if desired, he could almost touch the ground ; by this means he reaches the ball. There he goes again, but alas, this time his saddle will not stand the strain, swings round with him, and leaves him lying somewhere beneath his pony. Listen to the roars of laughter which greet his performance. Now a Mohammedan from Leh has the ball. A good player that, but his shot has not been accurate, and instead of landing in between the goal-posts, it has gone straight into the crowd of spectators. " Was there a man dismayed ? " Not one, for if anybody has been hurt, he is nursing his pain in secret. Thus the game goes on; it may be for an hour or even more. Scoring is high, for there is not much ground between the opposing goal-posts.

During the summer months the British Joint Commissioner sometimes likes to play. To provide him with regular sport, 661
a certain number of men from the village of Chushot are detailed to appear twice weekly and this is regarded as their share of forced labour. If they do not play well, a threat that no improvement in their style will spell the ordinary *begar* (forced labour) with its carrying of loads, soon mends matters. One year we were able to play a game of England 576
versus Ladak. Two " Varsity " men were shooting up here, and they, with the Commissioner and the Doctor, represented Britain. Ladak certainly put one of its strongest teams on the field. Difficulties soon arose for the visitors, for they were not able to throw the ball up and hit it while riding even at a

526 slow trot. One alternative only remained: No. 1 had to drop the ball at the mid-line, whilst No. 2 who was riding immediately behind was expected to hit it. During the first half the European combination did wonders, and at half time were leading by four goals, but this put the home team on its mettle, and they gradually caught up. Time, however, was in favour of the visitors, who won their game by one goal. Will such a match ever be played again?

541 Next let us go to the bazar and watch the horse-racing. This peculiar species of horse-racing is quite in keeping with this quaint country. We take up our positions on the verandah of the post office. At the further end of the bazar 792 about thirty ponies and their jockeys are gathered. First 644 along the course comes a rider decked out in the most wonder- 301 ful garments. His dress is a beautifully embroidered Chinese mandarin's robe and the insignia of his office is a tigerskin tunic. On his head he wears a large round hat covered with gilt tinsel, the crown rising to a dome, surmounted by a knob to which streamers of gilt tinsel passing from the brim are attached. This is quite a personage, who assumes the title of *glabdag*, which means one to whom the gods are subject. The office boasts a long lineage and is traceable to pre-Buddhist times. Its representative is always chosen from one of three families, and his duty is to serve the King personally, one especial task being to change the pencil cedar on His Majesty's altar on New Year's day. When he rides ahead of all the 541 jockeys, he is acting as his King's Viceroy. Having led the way, the race can begin, but a starter is quite unnecessary. Each man starts off just when he likes and simply tears down the bazar as hard as his pony will carry him; though they often elect to start in a bunch, there seems to be no purposeful relationship between them, and odd ones left far behind carry on with equal zest. Needless to say bookies are unnecessary. Sometimes a wag will add to the delight of the spectators by performing gymnastic feats as he rides, possibly having dressed

up to enhance the exhibition, which is loudly applauded. 541
When all have ridden the course, they canter back and repeat from the beginning. This goes on for two or three days, and Ladakis find it interesting to the end. Sometimes the amusement becomes intense, when, for instance, a horse has shed his rider, because the saddle had not been fixed on firmly, and the racer finishes his course with empty back.

Games on horseback are most desirable at this altitude, 576
where human lungs find scarcely enough oxygen for strenuous 177
exertion, and Ladak is adding a Yarkandi equestrian game to its repertoire. No sides are picked, but there is a goal. A dead sheep is thrown on to the ground. At one time no doubt they played with a live animal, for Yarkandis do not think much about "Prevention of Cruelty to Animals" Societies. A man catches up the sheep as best he can and then rides with it for the goal. If he accomplishes this, he may look forward to many a big supper of mutton, but all the other horsemen try to make this impossible. The falls, pullings, and pushings this piece of mutton gets, should go far to make it tender, whatever its age may be.

Another sport which the Ladakis thoroughly enjoy is arrow 576
shooting. This always takes place in the spring, just before [795]
the fields are sown, the Mohammedans and the Buddhists having each their own archery meeting. A garden or an enclosure with trees round an open space is chosen, at one end of which a heap of earth is piled up about four feet high. Into the centre of this is stuck a bull's-eye, about the size of a china plate and made of white clay. At the opposite end, about twenty yards from the target, are several tents, nicely decorated, in which sit those members of their respective community, who, by subscribing towards the shoot, have bought themselves the right to be present and take part. Others may join in, but are there on sufferance, and if they have not paid, even superb shooting will not obtain th

526 applause of either the band or the onlookers. Is it necessary [534] to say that the inevitable band is there[1] also? The shooting begins. An archer takes up his position, draws his bow, his friends encouraging him by calling: "*Shok, shok, shok, shok, shok, shok, shok*," and continuing to do so until the shaft has flown. Should it break the clay, the band strikes up and is rewarded with a backsheesh, whilst the archer has a salutation scarf thrown round his neck. If an enemy should be shooting, he can be discouraged by shouting:—"*Kyor, kyor, kyor*," which means "miss." All having loosed their arrows, of which each man shoots three, they retire for refreshments and conversation, whilst the arrows are fetched back. This competition also lasts three days, during which Leh is not allowed to forget it, for the continuous beating of the kettle-drums is constantly inviting more spectators to the show.

774 In concluding this chapter we would like to refer to some of the sport which the white man enjoys in this country. A certain number of shooting licences are given every year, namely twenty for the first half of the year and twenty for the second. These are generally used by Army officers, men of the 000 finest stamp. It is only the "stern strong souls, who love the wild," who would face the biting winds which howl across these upland plains, who would put up with the loneliness, and often the bad cooking and limited supplies, which shooting there entails, and who would follow their quarry even to 17,000 feet, though already lungs are working at bursting point. To have to shoot immediately after such a climb, when one is still breathing hard, the heart working at about one hundred and twenty to the minute, and the hands shaking from exertion, is no easy matter. And yet it is worth it all. Is there anything on God's earth more thrilling than a few days up in His hills with a good rifle in one's hands and a splendid animal to be stalked? It seems such a pity that the expense makes this almost prohibitive for our younger officers, for surely such a holiday must make them fitter for

[1] [i.e., at archery contests.--ANALYST.]

the service than a continuous whirl of social functions in some 000
Indian hill-station. One thinks wistfully of two "subs." who had saved up for such a holiday, one of them being the son of a man who had shot up here years ago, when he himself was in the Indian Army. But, alas, having reached Leh, they found they had only sufficient money to get back to their station, and had to give up the idea of shooting. Of wild 136
sheep we have several kinds, most of them having splendid horns. It is said that these are so heavy that eventually their owners die of starvation, as they get too feeble to carry them and go in search of food.

To begin with, we have the Sharpu, which live on the lower hills and during the winter come right down into the fields. Out shooting one day, my shikari, a Ladaki hunter, and I spotted five of these animals on a hill opposite to us, and soon after noticed a couple of wolves stalking them. I got within five yards of the latter, as they lay waiting behind a rock. By the time I had jumped off my pony and had loaded my gun, they had got quite out of range, although they seemed to be slinking away quite slowly. We then watched the Sharpu, and to our surprise they came clean across the valley to the very spot where the wolves had been waiting for them, and passed within ten yards of us, even stopping to look at us. Needless to say they were does, and ladies one does not shoot. Large numbers of these must be killed by other predatory animals. Another time we found a Sharpu with horns of thirty inches, which had only just been brought down by a snow-leopard. At last I hoped to get one of the latter, which are fairly plentiful, though as yet I had never met one. But, alas, he got wind, and evaded me. The Ladakis hate [231]
these snow-leopards for they do much harm to their flocks. In order to catch them, they dig deep holes in the ground and 224
build overhanging walls round. They then put down the sheep, whose bleating attracts the leopard. Having jumped in, he cannot negotiate the overhanging wall and meets an

224 ignoble death from stoning. The Ladakis assert that once down he is so scared that he does not attempt to kill the sheep, but this may be no truer than the statement that they hate them so much that they skin them alive. The people also make a very useful wolf-trap. One end of a large rock is balanced on a stick, to which they tie a piece of meat. A pull 136 on this brings the stone down on the animal's head. On the higher hills the burrhel can be found grazing sometimes in herds of fifty to a hundred. These seem to have as many lives as a cat, for on two occasions I have hit them, brought them rolling down the hill, but on approaching to gloat over my kill, they have calmly got up and walked off. After this, I learnt not to unload until my foot rested on the dead body of my victim. Much higher up one finds the Ovis Ammon, a magnificent animal, whose horns at the base measure about eighteen inches in girth, and whose length is about fifty inches when full-grown. The Ibex, a kind of goat, prefers the rockier regions and, although the Ladaki Ibex is not as fine as that from Baltistan, yet even he can boast of horns some forty inches long. Right on the uplands towards Tibet, one can also get antelope, with beautifully slender, graceful horns, which at their ends curl forwards, not backwards. At one time it was possible to shoot the wild yak, but, even were he not almost extinct now, it would not be permissible to shoot him in 224 the state of a Hindu Maharajah. It is surprising how these various animals keep to their own grazing grounds, and the native hunter, who is the gillie of Ladak, knows exactly on which slopes the various animals may be found. These gillies are remarkable for the way in which they can tell you the length of a horn to an inch or two, even at two hundred to three hundred yards. This is an essential qualification, for one is not allowed to shoot an animal unless his horns have reached 136 a certain length. During the winter small game abounds almost everywhere. On the rocks pigeons are plentiful, and twice I have killed thirteen pigeons—a lucky number this time—

with my two barrels. On the sandy hill-sides one hears the clucking of partridges, and the creeks of the Indus abound with ducks. Among the snows are the snow cocks, and in the desert the hares. One day I had just raised my gun to shoot one of these, when, before I could pull the trigger, an eagle swooped down, caught him in his talons and soared away. It was a wonderful sight to watch him fly majestically with his prey right across the valley to his eyrie high up the mountain on the other side. His impudence had so nonplussed me that I had not pulled the trigger. 136

Thus the varied interest of the wild life in the mountains is never exhausted, and the remembrance of these happy days spent so close up to nature will always recall an experience which must closely approach "the top of the fulness of life." 800

CHAPTER XVI

Merit & its Acquisition

779 *SODNAM* or *Gewa*, both of which mean merit, are perhaps the two religious expressions most commonly used by the people of Ladak. It has been said that "the acquisition of merit is the controlling motive for most of the religious acts of the average Buddhist." This is perfectly true of Lamaism. How one gets to dislike the word merit, which is so absolutely the expression of utter and [181] complete selfishness. The Ladaki simply does not believe in disinterested, unselfish action. True compassion is practically unknown. The cup of cold water is not given to quench the brother's thirst but to gain a reward. But whence does the Buddhist of Little Tibet get his idea of merit? Can it be from the Buddha, whose life was one of the most beautiful ever lived? This seems unlikely; in fact we are informed that he actually taught the utter uselessness of any action performed for the sake of obtaining merit, which thereby only defeats its own ends. Consciously he did not preach this appalling doctrine, and yet is it not an outcome of his teachings? This is not a treatise on Buddhist philosophy, and yet it is necessary to have a general idea of Gautama's teaching to be able to understand some part of the Ladaki's religious belief. To begin with it must be stated that it is very difficult to know what the Buddha really did teach, for the Pali writings are none too authentic, but there is no doubt that he connected all sorrow and trouble, sickness and death, with material existence, which he regarded as an illusion, and longed, not only for himself, but for all his

brothers and sisters, the bliss of deliverance which comes through the atrophy of personality. His views are well summed up in the four noble truths which he is said to have taught. 779

(1) Life is suffering.
(2) Life is the result of desire.
(3) Cessation of desire ends the life of suffering.
(4) Cessation of desire is attained by following the eightfold path.

What is the eightfold path? It consists of right belief; right aspirations; right speech; right actions; right livelihood; right effort; right mindfulness, and right contemplation. By what means can the Buddhist walk along these paths? By carrying out the Buddha's five commandments :—

(1) Do not kill.
(2) Do not steal.
(3) Do not commit adultery.
(4) Do not speak untruth.
(5) Do not taste intoxicating drinks.

This in a nutshell was Buddha's teaching, and, by the keeping [775] of this law, he promised mankind that they would attain Nirvana, which is a state of unconscious bliss, when a personal existence is over and done with, and the liberated soul is at one and in harmony with the all-pervading. To attain this state, which the Ladaki calls "*Stongpa nid*," meaning "empty spirit," the soul has to work its way by re-incarnation through various existences of which there are six, until the balance of good actions over bad is so immense that the soul finds emancipation. Therefore every Buddhist takes such infinite pains to increase the credit side with good actions in order to obtain merit. Although all adherents of this religion do not admit it, yet most authorities agree that Gautama taught that no outside aid availed. Each man must work out his own salvation with fear and trembling.

779 795 The Southern school of Buddhism, called Hinayana (the small vehicle, for only the few can expect to reach Nirvana), still believes this,[1] but the time came when a split occurred, and as a result Northern Buddhism or Mahayana Buddhism arose. "The Buddhist cannot rid himself of the feeling that if there are consequences of deeds to be borne, there must be someone to bear them." For ordinary men and women the gospel of Buddha was only a message of despair, for the bands which bound them to the Wheel of Existence were far too tight for them to loosen. This need of the human heart for a Saviour resulted in the Mahayana doctrine, so-called because it means the greater vehicle or means by which every Buddhist may hope one day to attain the bliss of Nirvana. First Buddha himself was regarded as this Saviour, and later others were ranked with him to help struggling humanity towards the final goal. The Buddha had the perfect right to enter a well-earned Nirvana, but compassion for men and women, beasts and demons, made him renounce this until he had aided all things living to enter this same bliss with him. Thus arose the beautiful story of Avolakita, the all-merciful one, the all-pitying one, to which we shall refer later and of whom the Dalai Lama is the living representative. 177 797 Unfortunately this new doctrine also opened the door to all sorts of national gods and demons which Buddhism encountered in its spread, for now, at about the end of the first century, Buddhism became a thoroughly missionary religion, carrying this good news of possible redemption far and wide. It reached Tibet about the middle of the 7th century, where it found the old *Bon Chos*, which was a Shamanistic devil-dancing religion. The followers of the new faith having subdued those of the old, then incorporated much of the old religion in their own, thus producing Lamaism. This consists therefore of a substratum of real Buddhist philosophy understood by the few, and a large proportion of demonology which appeals to the unlearned masses.

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[1] [i.e., ATTAINMENT OF SALVATION ALONE --ANALYST]

Let us now consider some of the ceremonial of the religion 796
of these cheery folk, and to do this we cannot do better than 778
take an evening stroll to Changspa, which is a suburb of Leh and was formerly a place of pilgrimage. Our path leads us between fields of wheat and barley, now ripe for the harvest. Here our way is blocked because some *Zemindar* (farmer) is [241]
directing the flow of the water into his crops. Further on we reach a larger stream over which we cross by means of stepping stones.

We meet an old grey-head emerging from the village, who 788
evidently feels that he has reached the age when he should be thinking of his next incarnation, for he is not only vigorously turning his prayer-wheel, but mumbling away at his *O ma ni pa dme hum's.* We stop to speak to him, for in this part of the world there is great friendliness. Our conversation by no means hinders his devotions, for he can still twirl his prayer-wheel, which with every turn is repeating hundreds of prayers for him, and in between his answers to us there are plenty of opportunities for saying his *O ma ni pa dme hum's.*

Being new to the country we perhaps try to ask him the meaning of his prayer, but generally he will reply that he has not the faintest idea, and most certainly will not give the translation one so often hears. "Oh thou jewel in the Lotus bud." If one regard the Jewel as the Divinity, and the lotus the body in which it resides, one surely approaches the teaching of the Buddha fairly closely. I have met only one or two [779]
Buddhist Ladakis willing to enlighten me in respect to this mantra, who said that the wheel of life, consists of six existences, and this mantra with its six syllables closes the door of all these, thus providing an easy vehicle to "STONGPA NID." There are other mantra, but this beyond comparison is the favourite one, as it is that of Avolakita, the Merciful Lord, and it ensures an entrance into the Kingdom of Amitabha, the Sphere of Endless Light. The wheel must be turned in the direction in which the sun travels, that is of

788 the hands of the clock, and not once or twice, but hundreds of times. To make this as easy as possible a weight on a short chain is attached, whose momentum makes it only necessary for the slightest movement of the hand to keep the wheel in almost perpetual motion. The number of *Om ma ni pa dme hum's* said need not to be counted, and yet it is good to know how much merit has been accumulated. Our old friend therefore carries in his other hand a rosary, which consists of one hundred and eight beads, usually red. This figure is a sacred one, being a multiple of twelve which is the Buddhist unit and not the ten which we use. To mark the beginning of this rosary three turquoises are strung together, doubtless representing "dGonmchog Sum," the Trinity of Lamaistic Buddhism.

[211] But the rosary is useful in other ways also, for if only the
beads to the right of the short chain are regarded as units, and
those to the left as twelves, quite a useful counter on which to
776 do one's temporal arithmetic is provided. Leaving our
788 elderly friend, we go past a short *mani* or prayer-wall, and then
another round one. These are about the height of a man, and may be of any length. Just outside Leh there are two with only a short space between, which cover about half a mile. The tops of these slope slightly upwards towards the middle, and are covered by innumerable flat stones on which pious monks have engraved still more innumerable *Om ma-ni's*. To turn these prayers to good account, it is essential to pass the wall to one's right; by walking thus along the Leh *Mani Ringmo*, which means the long Ma-ni wall, a good hundred thousand prayers are said, and your stage pony, being usually of the Buddhist persuasion, will see to it that you do your religious duty in this respect by taking you along the left side. Whenever the road reaches a prayer-wall, it divides to enclose it, so that the traveller's prayers can avail in whichever direction his journey lies. In many of the larger prayer-walls there is a recess at one side containing a large tablet on which

the occasion of the building of the wall is engraved. We pass 778
on to a little streamlet in the village, and find that over it a 788
little mud hut, about the size of a large dog kennel, has been erected, which houses another prayer-wheel. On the axle of this, below the receptacle for prayers, are paddles on which the running water impinges and thus keeps the wheel in perpetual rotation. The stream is often small, so that a light wheel is desirable, and what could be a better shell for enclosing the prayer paper than a Standard Oil kerosene tin, or a Mellin's Food tin, both of which are actually used.

The first house of the village belongs to the Kalon or 342
former prime minister of Ladak, and in keeping with his 788
exalted position, it is an imposing structure. On an outside wall we notice the skull of a goat, framed in small sticks tied together by twine, which is the *Storma* obtained at the New Year's festival, and keeps those in the house insured against sickness. The corners of the house have been painted a red colour, which effectually bars the entry of evil spirits. The Kalon does not seem to invite the good spirits to reside in his house, but others do. They only have to paint all over their walls white sickle-shaped smudges, and their invitations to these *lhas* will be accepted with alacrity. In the Kalon's court-yard is a high pole, to which is attached a strip of thin muslin about twelve inches broad and running the length of the flagstaff, which is surmounted by the black bushy tail of the holy yak. On the flag are printed a great number of prayers, with crude drawings of Tiger, Lion, Garuda and Dragon, all being mystical signs ensuring safety against enemies, earthly and celestial, increasing the number of children and wealth, in short achieving the entire health and happiness of the household. To set the necessary forces in action it only remains for the wind to flutter the flag on his roof. He also has a prayer-wheel which is so light that even the wind impinging on its vane will turn it.

We pass along the rough village lanes and everywhere 788

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1. MASKED DANCING

In the monastery adjoining the castle of Leh at the winter festival of the New Year.

2. A CHORTEN-CROWNED GATEWAY.

These usually mark the entrance and exit of a village.

3. A SACRED BANNER.

The large banner of the tutelary god of Hemis *dGonpa* (monastery), only displayed at the annual festival once in twelve years.

4. A HEMIS STREET

Just before the festival, shewing the tents put up for the traders.

[FACING p 168]

788 notice prayer-flags and *chortens*. Here there is a huge stone
set up on end, on which has been engraven one large "Om
ma-ni," and we might delay a few moments to examine it,
779 especially the first and last syllables. The first one "OVA"
788 consists of three signs, representing again the Trinity of
Lamaism. Its chief letter is the capital "A" which stands
for god. It should be written in white, as this is the colour
[822] of the gods. The whole is surmounted by a circle. Does
the yellow cap lama desire to make his mind a perfect blank,
he places this mystical symbol before his mind's eye, meditates
first on the "A," then on the "V" which surmounts this,
and finally it travels round and round the mystic circle losing
itself in *Stongpa nid*, the idea being that by these means the
activity of the brain can be stilled and the spirit become at one
with the Infinite. The last syllable in the Mantra, *Hung*, is
supposed to stand for the Demon world, and therefore it is
not surprising that the red sect lamas, who represent most
closely the old *Bon chos* with its demonology, should use this
in a similar manner for their meditation. The colour of this
symbol is blue. This mark sometimes ends as *hung* and
sometimes as *hum*, and there seems to be a real difference, for
a Buddhist friend has assured me that, whilst *hung* is connected
with evil influences, *hum* produces only the good.

778 We raise our eyes and see an enormous *chorten*, the largest
779 in Ladak, another mystical edifice allowing several explanations.
These *chortens* are of eight different shapes, but of
the most common form there are many sizes, ranging from
small pocket editions, vulgarly called "potted lamas" for
they are said to be made with the ashes of deceased monks,
to structures larger than houses. From below upwards
there is first a large square base, which is called the throne,
on whole sides are painted figures of animals or holy eyes from
which the throne derives its name, such as a Peacock or a
Lion Throne. From this there rise five square steps, the
lowest of which represents the holy carpet, for each lama sits

778 on a holy carpet. Above this, two steps represent legs and two
779 more arms. Then comes a large pudding-shaped arrangement to represent the head. The body seems to have been omitted. From this there rises a high cone made of red tiles and divided into thirteen rings; these are said to represent the thirteen ages (*Skalpas*, each of 100,000 years) of the Buddhist, of which the Ladakis say we are now living in the last ; this would make the present Dalai lama the last of this era. After this they begin again from the beginning.

Others have a different interpretation for the *Chortens*. From the axis of the earth there towers up Mount Meru, which supports the heavens. This is said to have twenty-five steps, which halved gives approximately enough thirteen, and the thirteen consecutive rings of the *chorten* cone represent those steps belonging to the earth. Surmounting this cone there is a large gilt ornament made of tin or some such metal which denotes the *Zarazak*, or the Umbrella of Office. Above this comes a globe for the sun, a crescent for the moon and a smaller globe for the stars, from which there rises up into "nothingness" a fine piece of wire. Yet a totally different explanation is given according to which, reading from below upwards, the *chorten* represents the five elements, earth, water, fire, air, and ether. Round the great *chorten* at Changspa, there runs a passage, which is bounded on the outside by a wall consisting of one hundred and eight smaller *chortens*, again the mystic figure. Within this outer wall there stands a very old sacred tree and a small *chorten*, containing in a hollow recess the very small *chortens* made of the ashes of lamas and other men, also a few leaves from the holy book and some salutation scarves. Before entering into the passage, we notice a square building, in the upper part of which is a recess containing three *chortens*, which should be coloured respectively red, white and blue, and behind them drawings of various gods and goddesses. A little further on and to the right is a large stone with an image of *Byamspa*

778 (Maitreya), the Buddha of the coming age who is the god of
779 love for whom the Buddhist is now waiting. According to
the esoteric teaching of Buddhism, there are seven root races
of mankind, of which the present one, the Aryan, is the fifth.
To each one of these a Buddha has come in human form so
that man shall be able to comprehend the unknowable. Each
of these emanations is a Logos of the supreme Buddha.
Maitreya will be the Buddha of the sixth root race, and after
him will come he of the seventh, whose name is still obscure,
for the need of the seventh race which he will have specially
to meet is also unknown. Thus we get the septenary system,
781 belief in which is found to be so universal. To agree with
this figure the most important mantra should really read
A-um-ma-ni-pa-dme-hum. As one wanders round this
little village of Changspa, one cannot help remembering
Shakespeare's words,

> "Tongues in trees,
> Books in running brooks
> Sermons in stones
> And good in everything."

and wishing that the voices in this lamaistic land were living and spiritual rather than these mechanical and artificial forms of prayer, for to the ordinary man it is always a matter of *chos choches*, that is "doing religion," engaging in a mechanical, outward and superstitious form which has no relation to the man's spiritual life or to his moral conduct.

CHAPTER XVII

Rites & Ceremonies

HAVING considered general every-day methods of 796
obtaining merit, let us turn our attention to the more specific and seasonal means, doing so in the order in which they occur annually. This makes 805
it necessary to say a few words about the Buddhist Calendar, [172]
which seems to have been derived from the Chinese, and consists of sixty-year cycles, which are subdivided into five periods of twelve years each. The longer periods are named after the Buddhist elements of wood, fire, earth, iron and water, whilst the single years are called after various animals, such as mouse, ox, tiger or hare. The Ladaki does not therefore reckon his years in decades, but in dozens, so that when asked his age, he may inform you that, having been born in the sheep year of the water period, he must be three dozen and six year's old. Their year consists of three hundred and sixty days divided into lunar months, which the word for month, *zlaba*, pronounced *dawa*, implies. As this does not quite fit with the course of the sun, the Ladaki feels that he must try to humour him and his aberrations, by dropping days here and adding months there. He certainly feels that the sun [821]
needs his aid at times, for when an eclipse occurs, he shouts at the top of his voice to scare off "the dragon from completely swallowing the sun." Their week, like ours, consists of seven days, which are devoted to deities similar to our own, such as Sunday and Monday to Sun and Moon. They have noticed that Mercury looks like a red eye, so Tuesday is called the day of the red eye. Wednesday is the day of

805 Venus, whilst Thursday, the day of the dagger, must belong to the god of War. Jupiter and Saturn, even in Ladak, claim Friday and Saturday. The tenth day being the birthday of Padma Sambhava, their patron saint, who conquered all their demons, is regarded as holy.

796 The date of the new year varies, indeed in their topsy-turvy country they have two New Year days, one being the [177] Ladaki, the other the Tibetan, both of which are celebrated, 173 although for practical purposes the latter is used. The genesis of the Ladaki New Year is interesting. King Jamyang desired to wage war against the neighbouring kingdom of Purig, but was informed by the horologist that his venture would not be successful unless deferred till after New Year's day. Not wishing to wait, and no doubt thinking the stupid old sun would not notice, he decided that the New Year 776 should begin two months earlier. His anniversary usually 788 falls some [illegible] in December. It is chiefly marked by evening illumi[illegible] for every Buddhist house has a row of tiny la[illegible]small wicks in little receptacles of oil, outlining either w[illegible]dow-sill, verandah, or roof, or all three, according to the state of the family exchequer, for kerosene is an expensive commodity by the time the former is carried up to Leh; and of mustard oil and that expressed from apricot kernels there [361] is very little. As most Tibetan villages are built in tiers up the hillside in order to leave the flatter terraces for cultivation, their rows of little lights give quite a fairyland effect. Dominating the whole in Leh is the fine old castle with its row of illuminations, while still higher are the twinkling lights round the crazy verandah of the "Tsemo" or small monastery, 796 perched on its high crags. The official New Year occurs later, and its chief feature is the celebration of *Dosmoche*, the great festival of the Scapegoat. This ceremony varies in different localities. In Leh a huge erection is made of sticks, tied together by twine, and looking like a vastly over-rigged mast. The component parts are prepared previously by the

horologist, and, the day before, this strange ship of the wilderness is erected in the desert just outside Leh. 796

At about 3 p.m. we wend our way through the bazar, now crowded with folk in holiday mood and holiday attire, and take up our position in the small room built over the toll-gate giving admission to the capital, and underneath which, the procession will pass. The firing of a gun announces that it has left the castle and is descending the hill, and soon we descry it turning into the further end of the main street, near the large Mohammedan mosque. Slowly it approaches us to the droning of shawms, the blowing of trumpets, clanging of cymbals, and beating of drums, all of which go to make up ecclesiastical music. Let us watch them as they pass beneath us. Heading the procession come four lamas in their clerical red garments, and with their funny yellow, peaked hats. These are blowing their flageolets ; after an interval they are followed by two or three laymen, who have the supposed honour of being allowed to carry the *storma*, but one cannot help noticing that the *élite* do not trouble to obtain this distinction for themselves. *Storma* means a thing which is lost, and consists of effigies made in various sizes to represent men and demons. Again comes a group of lamas, dressed up in their fantastic devil-masks, and dancing as they move along. More laymen follow, bearing religious flags, and then there come four priests, blowing shawms so long that two small acolytes precede them, holding up the ends. Thus group after group passes through the gate till the celebrating abbot appears, to be followed by further priests and laymen carrying *storma*. Bringing up the rear are a number of [643] Buddhist horsemen, prominent among them the King. He wears for this ceremony a special hat, which is an imitation of King Langdarma's, from whom he claims descent and of whom he is said to be an incarnation. Langdarma belonged 173 to the old *Bon Chos*, and did his best to exterminate Buddhism in Tibet, positive proof of his demoniacal nature, of which

173 the two horns which grew from his head were an outward and visible sign. It was to accommodate these he had to have this hat designed.

796 The procession has now passed through the bazar, and we follow it out to the desert. There the fires have been lit, illuminating the weird devil-dancing lamas as they gyrate and
796 jump round them. At a given moment all the *storma* are
783 thrown into the flames, and with their burning the sin and disease of the town are consumed. Soon after our first arrival in Leh, we witnessed these ceremonies, and, wishing in our ignorance to investigate the effigies, some were bought for a few *pice* (coppers) [illegible] brought to our houses. That year a serious epidemic of throat disease broke out in the country, carrying off old and young. What else could be expected when the scapegoats had been brought back into the town
[789] instead of being thrown away? Now the erection of twigs is knocked over, and every man makes a mad rush to obtain even a small piece if he can, which is carried home in triumph and placed on one of the outer walls of the house, thus protecting its inmates from disease and death, or, if it is put into their store-room, much blessing will accrue to their grain.

A little later a similar ceremony is performed for the special benefit of the Maharajah. Holy books having been read for seven days, a scapegoat, consisting of an effigy the size of a man, is prepared. Placed in the region of its heart is a bottle of red fluid, and it is then set up in the wilderness. A company of sepoys in smart khaki uniforms marches out behind lamas dressed in fantastic clothes and devil-masks, the combination quite belying Kipling's statement that "East is East, and West is West, and never the twain shall meet." They take careful aim, even lying down to do so, but in spite of many rounds being fired, the effigy is never hit, and eventually cruder methods have to be adopted for its destruction. This cannot be wondered at, for is not the effigy bewitched?

The idea of the scapegoat is practised in some form or 171
other everywhere in Lesser and Greater Tibet. In some 783
places an actual goat is sent into the wilderness. In others
even a man is chosen, who for a whole year has to leave his
village and live elsewhere, at the end of which time some other
is chosen to bear the sin of the village. It is a fair assumption
that formerly this sinbearer was put to death.

Circumambulation, as every good Ladaki can demonstrate, 788
is a splendid means of obtaining merit. Almost any religious
object can be walked around. If there is no *thorten*, then
walk round a temple containing some god. If you are getting
old it is expedient to spend weary hours twirling your prayer-wheel,
saying your *Om mani's*, and walking round and round
a *mani* wall. Ten times round the great *chorten* at Jhangspa
was the daily evensong of one picturesque, friendly old gentleman
we used to meet with his prayer-wheel and rosary. If
you can get one or two friends to come along too, it is certainly
not quite so lonesome, even though they have to walk behind,
for one can intersperse one's prayers with quite interesting
snatches of conversation. The month in which this is most 796
beneficial is the first of the year, and the greatest merit of 788
all is obtained by going round the Tsemo, the monastery-crowned
hill of Ladak, in whose chief temple resides a
"Byamspa" god, so high that his head reaches into the
second storey. This great *aKorches* (to round) is performed
early in the year, by means of measuring your length
the whole way along the route. Let us go into the desert
to the south of Leh, where twenty to thirty young men are
collected who have decided to perform this religious duty.
They are drawn up in rows of twos or fours, about eight feet
apart. Each man has tied round his waist a sheepskin apron,
which hangs down over his knees. This both shields the
knees from being cut, and good clothes from being torn. A
low mumble begins, all saying the same phrase over and over
again, which runs—" All living animals ask for Buddha's

796 great emancipation." As the emphasis is always placed on
788 the beginning of the mantra, the prayer resembles a pulsating series of sounds. At the same time each man places his hands together in an attitude of prayer, and all simultaneously throw themselves on their knees, then on their chests, then reach out their arms as far as they can, make a mark in the sand or dust, jump up, place their feet on this mark, and then repeat the whole series of movements again ; up and down, up and down, they go. After an hour or two they feel ready for refreshments. A nice spot is chosen where the devotees sit round in a circle, and to which lady friends bring tea, flour or *chang*, thereby themselves gaining merit also. The processionists have quite a merry session on these occasions, and will tell you with great virtue how much merit they are acquiring. In fact they are ready to break rank and have a little chat with the passer-by at the end of any series of movements. On resuming each man goes to the place where he left off, and again the prostrations are performed. If fortune smiles, the weather is good, but if not, their clothes are liable to get very dirty, for even a puddle of melted snow must not deflect the merit accumulator. From the desert the procession proceeds through the bazar and the town of Leh, then over a small pass behind the Tsemo, and coming down the other side, ends up in the desert at the spot from whence they started. The whole distance is about three miles, and it takes three days to be covered in this manner. The physical strain must be tremendous, and only the fit could possibly perform it. One might expect these young fellows to look jaded and depressed, but on the contrary they are all quite cheery.

There is, however, an easier method of obtaining merit for those not so strong. Stray old gentlemen, even a picturesque old lady, single or in twos and threes, sometimes an ancient husband and wife, we have seen traversing the same round as those who are prostrating themselves, but doing so at an

ordinary walk, twirling their prayer-wheels and mumbling 796
their *Om mani's* as they go. Strange pathetic little humans 788
they are, set in a vast panorama of snow-covered mountains
with giant peaks soaring up into the silences of the clear blue
sky, and often in this frosty winter time tramping out their
tiny track on a universal white mantle of snow. Then, too,
above the temple which houses the "Byamspa" and on the same
Tsemo, is another with three other deities. Round this is a
most shockingly rickety verandah, which looks as if it might
tumble down at the slightest provocation, and no doubt will
do so some day. I myself have walked round this in fear and
trembling, but now there is a column of men and women,
one close on the heels of the other, and round and round the
temple they walk, some turning prayer-wheels, and others
saying the *Om mani.* Round and round they go until we
feel giddy watching them. Even from below, right down in
Leh, they can be seen circulating round their giddy parapet.

We now come to Spring, when everything is breaking out 796
into fresh life. At this season the lamas of Sankar remain in 792
their monastery for a whole month, during which special
services are held. By this isolation they are deterred from
taking life through stepping on insects as they pass along
the roads. It is during this time that the service of making 796
"*Chos spun*" is performed, which actually means the "making 608
of the brethren of the religion." Those wishing to join this
fraternity fast one whole day, during which they are not
allowed to swallow even their own saliva. Then each man
throws into a receptacle some personal belonging. The
officiating priest takes these out in twos, thus making their
owners spiritual brethren, after which ceremony, if one of
them makes a feast, he must invite his brother, or if there is
a festival, they must send one another presents.

A moveable ceremony is the celebration of the Buddhists' 796
High Mass. Its general likeness to our Christian service 174
makes one wonder whether Tibetan Buddhism did not get its

796 774 ritual from Catholic missionaries, who formerly passed through Tibet or were working on the Chinese border of this now closed land. The rosary, the ecclesiastical vestments and mitred hats are also very suggestive of this. Their own 773 explanation can be found in the following story. Raschung, the disciple of the great saint and singer, Milaraspa, was told by his master to fast for seven days, after which he was to go to the bazar where he would meet a Yogi of the name of Tipu, whom he would recognize by the fact that his face was blue, and his conjunctivæ red. He also would be wearing the skin of a striped antelope, and would be holding his trumpet up towards heaven and blowing it. Having found and identified him, Tipu prophesied to Raschung that he would die in fourteen days. When Raschung returned to Milaraspa with this sad news, his master informed him that he had sent him to Tipu as he was aware of this fact, but that if he fasted another week and then went to the goddess "*Ma chig grube rgyalmo*," she might be prevailed upon to prolong his life. Having followed out these instructions, the goddess inquired from him how much longer he wished to live. He answered "Until I myself feel I wish to die." She granted his request, handing to him the secret of the mystical rites of prolonging life. He lived just as long again, and then departed from this existence when he was eighty-eight years, and at the same age as his master, Milaraspa, died. It is said that these rites have been handed down since then by a regular episcopal succession, the names of those succeeding being actually given.

796 793 The auspicious day having been decided on by the *Onpo*, there is to be a celebration in the compound next to our house, so we will go to watch it. Along the length of the private dwelling, which was built recently with a view to religious ceremonies taking place there, runs a verandah raised about five feet above the court-yard in front. In the centre sits the *Skushog* on cushions behind a low ornamented table, on which

is placed at his right hand the holy pot containing the peacock 796 feathers, in front of him the *Dorjhe* (thunderbolt) and 793 bell, and to his left a bowl containing rice. Behind him and to the left is an altar, which is erected in the form of a pyramid by means of steps, on each of which there are a great number [782] of brass bowls containing offerings of butter, rice and water. On the top is an image, most likely that of the tutelary deity of the presiding *Skushog*. In the immediate vicinity of the celebrating lama other priests are present to assist. Behind these on either side sit the more prominent Buddhist laymen of the town, all with heads reverently uncovered. In the court-yard below the verandah, the poorer worshippers are sitting on the ground, with the men generally in front. On inquiry we are told that the celebrating priest has carefully prepared himself for this ceremony. For twenty-four hours he has sat alone in meditation, and, by means of the repetition of many prayers has purified himself from all his sins. While doing this he has the *Tsebum*, or "Vase of Life," in front of him. He suddenly sees the *lha* (the god) enter it and says *Da drub tsar*—"Now it is fulfilled." He then dons his ceremonial hat and comes out to the congregation in order to distribute life to those present. The service begins with the reading of the holy books, by the *Skushog*, who holds in his right hand the bell, which he rings at appropriate moments and in his left the *Dorjhe*, which he turns, whilst the lamas respond every now and again in a sing-song tone of voice, blowing their shawms and clashing their cymbals. The elements are now distributed. In front, walks the *Skushog* with the "Vase of Life" in his hands. Passing along each row, he touches each worshipper's head with it. Behind him follows a priest with the "Wine of Life," of which he pours a small quantity into the cupped hands of each communicant. This is carried reverently to the forehead and to each eye in turn and finally to the mouth to be drunk. The wine is actually only made of water, coloured with saffron

796 and sweetened with sugar. This distributed, the bread, or
793 "Balls of Life," are administered from a large dish. These are made of barley-flour, and not only does the participant receive one for himself, but he may obtain sufficient balls for those members of his family who were unable to attend. Now the *Skushog* ties a *srungdud* (Keeping knot), and gives one to each person present. He takes a small piece of rag, coloured red or green, makes it into a knot, breathing on it the while. This is then attached to the hat and preserves the the wearer from disease and death. Finally comes the collection, the worshippers filing past and presenting the *Skushog* with salutation [illegible], and money.

CHAPTER XVIII

The Crises of Life

IN every country the crises of life—birth, marriage and death—are associated with ceremonies which are full of interesting customs. In busy England, where time is scarce, the wedding day is full of pleasant incidents, and even the funeral day is made impressive. Here, where time is plentiful, these two functions can be drawn out to last a week or more, but it is necessary to arrange that they shall not fall in those seasons when field work demands the energy of all those members of the household who can help. 000

Let us follow a Ladaki through life, watching him as his turn comes to be the leading personage in these important ceremonies.

Birth here, as in other countries, imposes a number of taboos, not only on the mother, but also on the father, the chief of these being that neither must go into cultivated fields for a whole month, though the main-roads are not forbidden them. Nor may the mother touch any of the utensils for cooking. Soon after the birth of a child, a near male relative comes to the house and into a pot filled with barley he implants an arrow, which brings much luck to the new arrival throughout life. As in ordinary illness the Ladaki thinks it is dangerous to let the patient fall asleep, so sometimes we meet poor mothers, who, fatigued after the strenuous duty of childbirth, are not allowed to recuperate themselves in slumber. As we write these lines, we have a patient who was made to get up the day after her first-born son had arrived, 846 [513]

because she simply could not keep awake otherwise

846 because she simply could not keep awake otherwise. At the end of a month the burning of incense purifies the mother,
852 and she may again handle the culinary utensils, while the birth-feast is now celebrated, in which all the houses of the village should at least be represented. In Leh, however, with its 8,000 or more inhabitants, this would be almost an impossibility, so this like other ceremonies, has had to be modified. Thus, to see the real customs of the country one must go to the villages. Every guest brings with him to the feast a pot of barley-meal called *Marzan*. All the contributions are now mixed together, and each lady present partakes of
553 the joint dish. This is called the *Dargang*. The *Ming tagches*,
784 which means the "tying-on" of a name, is postponed till a con-
186 venient season, this being the coming of a *Skushog*, who is
789 requested to select a suitable designation. Sometimes caution also calls for a postponement of the christening, for evil spirits are keen on boys, and the name may give away the sex. However, if necessary, one can camouflage this by "tying" a girl's name on to a boy. Until the naming, a boy is called *Brogpa*, or his little sister *Brogma*, for what could be more ugly than these old Dardish descendants? Evil spirits prefer pretty children, but would have no desire to carry off a *Brogpa* child! Sometimes *Ming tagches* is quite omitted, and then this opprobrious appellation has to be borne throughout life. Thoroughly to cheat these foolish spirits, it is a good plan to make the children look as hideous as their namesakes by drawing a dirty black mark across the forehead over the bridge to the tip of the nose. Sometimes it is necessary to push the delusion still further. The sad parents have lost three or four children, and how can they save their latest arrival? They have already called it *Brogpa* and made it as hideous as one of these gentlemen, so now only one thing remains to be done—it must be sent to live with these disgusting people, and failing these, to a Mon blacksmith or musician.

At the end of two years the lad's head is shaved, all except 852
a piece of hair, which is the rudiment of his pigtail, and
which is now carefully preserved, dressed and well-greased
with butter; this being an occasion, it is celebrated
gastronomically and no doubt alcoholically.

We now come to the nuptial ceremonies, but it is quite 584
unnecessary to wait for them till years of discretion have 591
arrived, nor does Cupid have much to do with the wounding
of Ladaki hearts, although even here there are occasions when
the flight of his arrow is mortal. The women of Ladak enjoy
a perennial leap-year, for in this country it is as becoming
for a woman to be the aggressor in matters of marriage as
it is for a man, and perhaps, in this respect, we are "the wrong
way round" after all. When the lady is the active party, the
husband brought to her house is called a *magpa*, but if she
is taken as a bride to his house, she is called a *gnama*. The [421]
property belongs to the active partner, irrespective of sex.

Three methods of getting married are sanctioned by 583
custom. The first has of necessity fallen into disuse since the
Ladakis were conquered by the Dogras. It was the prerogative
of any rajah or ruler, who wished to reward a man for services
rendered, to grant him the power of choosing any girl he
liked in the country as his bride. Thus a man of low degree
could aspire to the hand of a great lady.

The second method is frankly to steal the chosen partner.
The selection having been made, only relatives are admitted
into the secret. No big wedding-feast is prepared, just a small 586
one is made where the native beer or *chang* alone is unlimited.
Grand wedding-garments are not permissible, and the actual
ceremony is very simple, consisting merely in the bride and
bridegroom each donning a very small white head-dress,
called the *mgo ras*, while there are no religious rites. The
gnama or *magpa*, as the case may be, has to say "*zhu-le*" to
everybody, friend or no friend, hence the proverb: "The
bridegroom or bride must say '*zhu*' even to the cat or dog."

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A BIRTHDAY ENTERTAINMENT.

Women dancing at an entertainment in Leh. The gesture indicates the plucking of a flower.

MEN DANCERS AT A WEDDING.

Resting between their performances. At the extreme left of the front row is the bridegroom, while the gentlemen in the upper row to the left with peculiar turnover hats are his uncles.

[FACING P 184]

585 The next day a deputation must go to the house from which
the passive partner was stolen to say "*zhu.*" They are
accompanied by a rhetorician, and take with them some jars
of beer, some bread, tea, butter and a salutation-scarf. If
the parents are amenable to the transaction they accept the
presents, and receive the deputation ; but if they object to
the alliance, the welcome of these representatives is all too
warm—they are ejected with kicks and blows, while the parents
and their supporters go to the temporary home of their child,
try to wreck it, and recover the stolen one by force. Hence
another proverb says : "The parents are their children's
583 judges." The causes which precipitate such a stolen marriage
are (1) absolute inability to afford the orthodox nuptials ;
(2) temporary financial disability, as at any future time the
arrangement may be ratified with full ceremonials ; and
(3) if the desired partner is betrothed to someone else, to
secure him or her by theft ; (4) if the *Onpo's* date does not
satisfy the couple, they marry on their own day, and have the
official rites on his.

585 Lastly there is the orthodox wedding with all its attendant
791 ceremonies. For this neither parents nor child must decide
on their choice before they have consulted the *Onpo*. To this
gentleman they tell the name and date of birth of the prospective
mate, and can only proceed if he declares, after searching
his books, that year and person are auspicious. Lamas, as a
585 rule, do not provide this information. The marriage may
take place when the children are very young, but it is not
consummated till after they are twelve, and, even at this
tender age, little Ladaki girls sometimes become mothers.
584 Thus the Ladaki parents have to think about the future
alliance when the child is still young ; as their proverb says :
"The difficulty of the father is to get a wife for his son."

Let us follow this father in his difficult path, supposing the child for whom he wishes to find a mate is a son. The first overtures are made by a third party, who must never go

584 [791] to the house of the bride-elect empty-handed, and the fateful day on which he sets out must be decided by the *Onpo.* If the young lady's parents receive him favourably, more beer must be sent on several occasions, and a series of preliminary feasts, whose principal feature is beer drinking, is inaugurated. The first of these, called *holchan*, is only a small affair, but marks a definite betrothal. Subsequently more *chang* must be taken for the consumption of the relatives of the future bride, and at this feast or *nyenchang* (relation beer), it is decided what presents in kind and in cash these people must be given. The money present is said to be in payment of Nature's provision through the mother for the bride's first earthly nourishment! It may vary from Rs15 to Rs45, while the other presents include twenty-five to forty-five measures of *chang* (600–1,000 quarts), also tea, butter, *p'adings* (the local dried apricots), meat, rice, and salutation scarves.

The next feast is called the *trabschang* (conference beer), and its occasion is the assembly of all the relatives and friends some weeks before the wedding to decide upon and to distribute the responsibility of giving the various articles needed for the actual wedding-feast, such as the provision by the uncle of the bride of the *drangrgyas*, or cake, round which the dances will take place, and all the details of serving the courses
585 are arranged. The menu includes the following courses: (1) Tea; (2) a mixture of wholemeal flour, butter and dried curds, sugar, and tea; (3) *p'adings* and breads; (4) meat and a mixture of flour and water called *Boldra*; (5) beer; (6) *nanchang* or very strong beer, of which each partaker is obliged to drink one whole measure, which makes them thoroughly intoxicated; (7) *zilchang*, another kind of beer; (8) rice.

Nyobjhol is the procedure of fetching the bride (or bride-
[292] groom). Those who carry this out are called *nyopas*, and their official costume consists of beautiful silk dresses, and high-crowned, gilt hats. Their number varies from five to

585 eleven, and they set out early in the morning carrying beer. On their way to the bride's house, they may meet people with beer-pots, around the rims of which are many little pyramids of butter (*kal chor*), and reciprocal generosity supplies all parties with a further opportunity to indulge in "the cup that cheers." They will also find on their road about eighty pyramids of small stones set up, at each of which the leader must make a special speech, and, in the event of his forgetting one or more of these, he must pay some fine. He delivers them in answer to the questions put by a man who is a member of the bride's household. Quite near the house is a flag-staff bearing a flag of five colours, and above it the outline of a bird, while a stick has been hidden in the earth somewhere in front of the door. The leader of the *nyopas* has to find this by means of pacing. At the door they meet the relatives and friends bearing sticks, also the money and goods decided upon at the *nyenchang*. If all promises are paid up, the parties are admitted, but any defaulters are beaten with sticks. Throughout this procedure a boy and a girl (*spawo* and *spamo*) burn incense.

The *nyopas* now enter the house, and have three dances in the living-room, where they are provided with a menu similar to the foregoing one, after partaking of which they proceed outside, where a large crowd of onlookers will have collected, and dance round an erection of bread arranged round a central corpse of meat, flanked by two large pots of *chang*. The dancing includes that by the *spamo*, who dons [614] the bride's dresses, thus exhibiting the trousseau. In the evening the bread is shared out according to the contract made beforehand, the distributor being a member of the house of the bridegroom, whose badge of office is a silk cloth wrapped round his third finger. He is called a *paspun*, and performs this duty for all the members of his clan, who possess the same god and the same vows.

Now comes the time for giving the wedding-presents, and all go indoors and spend the time dancing until the fateful 585 hour foretold by the *Onpo* arrives, when the actual marriage takes place, and the bride appears. A scribe is present to write down everything which is taken away by the bride in case of a divorce. He, the friends, and the hairdressers will receive presents from the father or uncle. The hair of the bride (or bridegroom) has to be dressed that same evening, and she now puts on a white head-dress, the wearing of which is the actual wedding rite. Her dress is usually an ancient one, which goes from house to house. She comes into the living-room, and sits on a carpet on which the sign of *gyung-drung* (the Swastika) has been made in barley. Across the room a rope is stretched on which the father and mother place the clothes, while on the floor are the pots and pans which they are giving their daughter. The lamas now [793] arrive to perform the *yangkuk* ceremonies (*yang* means blessing, *kuk* calling forth), so that the daughter may not take away with her the blessing of the house. The *nyopas* present each lama with a piece of cloth, which the latter place on their heads ; to the girl's parents they have to give a salutation-scarf, and to her relatives small pieces of white cloth. After this ceremony, the lamas leave, and now the parents of the bride also present her with salutation-scarves, which is a duty of each relative also. The bride then weeps copiously, and lauds all that has been done for her during her life. The [614] leader of the *nyopas* now takes her into the small temple or private chapel of the house to say a last good-bye, for after this day she may never again enter this temple, having married into another *paspun* (clan). She is then taken on a pony to her new home by the *nyopas*, and this happens about midnight, for, if the bride be taken away by day, a fine has to be paid either to the King or to the neighbouring monastery. Before starting, the father and uncle of the bridegroom once more enter the house, and, again presenting salutation scarves and a small sum of money, thank the parents for the gift of the

585 [189] bride. Before arriving at her future home, the bride and her escort are met by lamas who perform the service of *Gyagsrod*, that is, the driving away of any evil spirits which may have chosen to accompany the bride, and whose presence is not desired in her new abode. For this purpose the members of the future home have sent a new unused pot filled with dregs, which the lamas, after preliminary incantations, break, and with it throw away a *storma* or strewing oblation.

The lamas now enter the bridegroom's house, and the leader of the *nyopas* follows with the bride. Her new mother-in-law comes to meet her on the threshold of the living-room, bringing a plate on which is a present reposing on some barley, which latter serves to enhance the apparent size of the former. This plate is given to the bride's-maid, or *spamo*, but before receiving it, the bride must salute her new mother, [595] who reciprocates the greeting. The mother then leads her into the living-room, where, if she is only to marry one boy, she finds him sitting on a carpet, bearing the mystic sign and wearing the white head-dress; but if the brothers are also included, they all sit similarly side by side, while near them is an empty carpet for her, upon which is the sign "*nor bu gyas a kyil*," meaning "jewel."

When all, including the *nyopas*, are thus seated in a row, the bridegroom's mother rises and salutes the *nyopas* in turn, after which the bride and bridegroom are taken into the store-room and given refreshments, the leader of the *nyopas* accompanying them. Their plates having been filled, the leading *nyopa* removes their head-dresses, putting them on a plate. Then he says, "Which is quicker, bride or bridegroom?" at which challenge they compete with each other at snatching the food off their plates. In this little store-room the happy couple live for some days, and each of the near relatives brings them a small piece of the *drangyas* (cake) and presents. The *nyopas* spend the night dancing at the house, with only the shortest interval for sleep.

The next day there is dancing again in front of a crowd 585 of spectators, and in the afternoon or evening of this day the bride also comes out to dance. If the bridegroom is only a *magpa* (that is, brought to the bride's house), he has to dance with the *nyopas* all day long. On this day the feasting proceeds according to the aforesaid menu, which is the same in both houses, and in the evening the *brangyas* are divided up and distributed, those in the bride's house being made of flour. Early in the morning of this day the bride and bridegroom have to go to salute the parents of the former, and the following night is again spent in dancing and feasting. Throughout, the *nyopas* and relatives take food and drink to the wedding pair, who also are invited to meals by the cook, brewer, and keeper of the store-room respectively, and whose hospitality they must return, while they must not omit to give food and a *jau* (As 3½) per head to the *bedas* or bandsmen. This same evening the *nyopas* receive presents from the house, where dancing again takes place.

The following day is called the *nyendron* (relative feast) of the bridegroom. If the guests invited by the bride amount to one hundred, at the bridegroom's feast there will be one hundred and fifty visitors, such a proportion always being maintained.

The next day is called the *dronchung*, to which only the nearest relatives come, while a final day's feasting provides the servants with their turn, and so the festivities slowly wane.

By custom, nobody is permitted to marry the relatives of 582 either parents. Only on rare occasions very distant connections are married, for instance, if they are removed three or four generations. This close relationship is called *Rtsibma*, indicating that they are of one rib, whereas the ordinary word for relation signifies "of one race." In ancient times nobody was allowed to marry a personal relation unless removed by eight generations.

If the happiness of the couple inaugurated with such 586

586 gaiety does not stand the test of time, divorce can be obtained by payment of an animal. The Ladaki proverb thus states
[638] the situation : " If the husband is turned out he can demand a pony, but the wife can expect a cow." The horse and cow given need only be strong enough to walk round a dunghill. If one of the pair dies and was the owner of the house, the living partner is tied by a piece of string to the corpse of the other, and when the string is broken by pulling on it, the marriage-tie is also broken. Such means are only resorted to if the living partner wishes to leave the house, but he or she may remain if preferred. In the former case nothing need be paid on leaving the house, and the party's own goods may be taken away also. Thus each takes his or her own property, and the one who was brought to the house must also pay for a large part of the wedding festivities.

583 Obviously the easiest method of marrying is by stealing, after which it is also much easier to divorce. An additional advantage to the young people is that they may choose each other instead of being subject to their parents' selection.
[565] Also little care is taken to preserve class.

If the divorcée returns to her parents' home, she is not
586 allowed to enter her parents' temple, and sometimes she is
614 not even allowed to sit in front of their fire-place, because at marriage she joined another *paspun*.

587 A man or woman may marry a second time, but there are
595 no wedding festivities. Should the first wife bear her husband no children, he may take a second one or *Chanchung*. If possible she should be the younger sister of the first wife, if not, a cousin or near relation. If she produces no posterity, the husband must do without. The first wife retains priority of rank even though the second becomes a mother. If a *magpa* and his bride have no children, a *Chanchung* is brought for the *magpa*, she being a near relative of the heiress.

595 Before leaving the subject of marriage, we must say a little more about the customs of polyandry, as Ladak is one

of the few countries remaining where it still obtains. Various economical reasons have been urged for this unusual procedure. The foremost is that it arose in order to keep down the population in a land where sustenance of the body is so hardly won from the dry soil, and the difficulty of transport necessitates any small community being self-contained. A second is that where the nomadic life prevailed, it was inconvenient to trail many women and children around. But a Ladaki himself will tell the questioner that the custom is of royal institution, and is for the stabilizing of property. If each of several sons possessed wife and family, how could they all be supported on one landhold ? Certainly the component parts, after dividing into three or more shares, would not be sufficient for any one family. This, therefore, is a different way of stating the first reason alleged, and the present method of tenure is much more economical. The wife is brought for the elder son, and, as a matter of fact, only one more brother is likely to share the lady's favours. The [792]
third son is probably given to the Church, and any more [582]
pass into other families as *makpas*. The *makpa* leaves his [764]
father's home and gods, as we have seen, adopts those of the [614]
heiress to whom he is wedded, and, when either of his parents dies, he is not allowed even to touch the corpse, though he may officiate fully in the case of the dead bodies of his bride's parents. As our Buddhist serving-man put it : "My daughter is of no profit to my corpse, save to say 'Father, Father !' and weep, and throw a little barley behind me, but she must not touch me." [593]
So does the marriage tie really become firmer than the relation between parents and offspring. In upper Ladak, therefore, more than two brothers rarely share one wife, as it is impossible, practically, for more than that number to avoid quarrelling. If the eldest son approves of this second bridegroom, and thinks that they will be able to share their wife peaceably, the younger man is included in the wedding ceremony. The white head-dress is given to him also by the

595 chief bridegroom, and the marriage-tie is as binding on him as on his elder brother. In lower Ladak, however, where more of the men-folk are away from home trading or travelling, the link is said to be bearable between as many as five brothers. 423 428 The house and the land and all the children belong to the eldest brother, whether the latter are his begetting or his brothers', and the younger inherits all if the former pre-601 deceases him. Hence the word for uncle is always *Aba Chungun*, "little father."

763 At length must come the time when the Ladaki's "silver cord is loosened," and his "golden bowl broken." He does not, however, believe that his spirit returns to God who gave it, but that it seeks a new habitation in one of the six existences, 764 decided by the deeds done in the life just ended. Immediately the soul has set forth on this quest, the lama is hurriedly fetched to read from the holy books and pronounce various charms. 764 The nearest relative must now break the corpse's neck, thus 614 setting free its spirit, and the body is then rolled up and tied into a ball as far as this is possible. It is then carried by one of the *paspun* into the family temple, or private chapel, of the house. Nobody but a *paspun* is ever allowed to touch the corpse, and if no male one exists, a woman has to perform this duty. A candle is now lit, and food and drink provided for the soul, which would suffer much during its search for a fresh tabernacle were it not alleviated by the sustenance [791] thus prepared. This is done for about one month. An appeal is then made to the *Onpo*, whose researches settle the date and even the time when cremation may be performed. In the meantime mourners attend the house, who join the family and their friends in bewailing the deceased with loud tones, and help them to consume much butter-tea and flour. Every newcomer provokes a fresh outburst of expression of sorrow. The nearest female relation puts on her oldest clothes, and shows her bereavement by looking as dishevelled and dirty as possible.

The date of the funeral has arrived, and the brother of the 764
departed must carry his corpse from the temple into the [614]
street. If there is no brother, his wife, assisted by a *paspun*,
does this duty. Here the body is placed into a kind of box,
which any man may now carry on his back to the burning-
ghats out in the desert. The procession is formed by relatives,
friends and lamas. The body is placed into an oven made
of mud-bricks, consisting merely of four walls with an opening
at the bottom into which the firewood is placed. The corpse
is consumed to the reading of holy books, clashing of cymbals,
and blowing of the flageolet, while butter, rice, water and
barley are thrown into the consuming fire to provide sus-
tenance for the soul of the departed. The cortège then 768
returns home, where the dead man's effects are given to the
priests to reward them for their services. In the case of a
woman, however, her ornaments go to her eldest daughter,
if she has one ; if not, the lamas may auction them and
retain the money. Next morning a relative goes to inspect 764
the ashes. If the footprints of a dog can be discerned in these,
the deceased's soul will speedily be re-incarnated. Some of
these ashes are then made into a small idol of Buddha or a
tiny *Chorten* by mixing with clay, and these are placed inside
some large *Chorten*. Should the dead man belong to some
opulent family, his relatives, having ascertained what would
be a propitious holy banner, will have one prepared and hung
up in the family temple.

In Tibet proper the general method of disposing of the 000
dead is to expose the body, which has first been dismembered,
to the vultures, or throw it to the fishes, or bury it. Cremation
is reserved for priests or those of high rank. Here, in Lesser 766
Tibet, however, most corpses are burnt. But even in their
burial rites, these folk are the "wrong way round," for when
cremation is most expedient, they bury. Has a man or woman
died of infectious disease, his body is committed to the
ground, to be disinterred and cremated about a year later.

766 Two more exceptional methods of the disposal of the corpse remain. If a child dies, a brick is taken out of the living-room wall, its small body placed inside, and thus immured. A lama of high rank is said to be well salted first, and then placed inside a *Chorten*. This, however, has been vigorously denied.

763 To conclude this chapter perhaps we may recount the following amusing story of how the people of Kyelang tried unsuccessfully to cheat the King of Death. An old lady was near dissolution, and, wishing to save her from the dread potentate, her relatives made an effigy of her, taking scrupulous care that this should be her exact size, then dressed it up in her clothes. A proper mourning with much wailing was then instituted, after which the effigy was carried out to the desert for cremation with full ceremonies. A man was then told off to return to the village shouting, " This poor woman has now been dead nine days," for which service he was rewarded with a pair of grass shoes. But, alas ! Death saw through the fraud, and took the dame as well.

CHAPTER XIX

Rajahs & Royalties

ALTHOUGH the glory has departed from the present scion of a long line of rulers, yet we must speak of the King, who, although only an ex-ex-King, is still regarded by the true Ladaki as his sovereign lord, for as he walks along the road, his subjects bare their heads and bend low, whilst he touches them in blessing, for not only is he king, but priest also. 643

Let us, however, begin at the beginning and speak first of a dynasty of true Ladaki Kings, for although the present line has reigned for well-nigh a thousand years, yet even they are interlopers from the Central Tibetan Kingdom. In the monastery of Lamayuru, there is a record telling of how the upper part of the Indus valley was uninhabited desert, whilst in the lower dwelt the "Brogpas," who were continually fighting one another. At that time the site on which Lamayuru now stands was a lake, proof of which we still have to-day in the large lacustrine deposits to be found there. It was just before the time of the Buddhist reformer, Atisa, that the great King Khri dPon bHag rDar Skyabs ruled, his kingdom extending from the Zogi La to the Kardong, and his son enlarged this territory by adding villages in Kashmir and a part of Lahoul. This line of kings did much to civilize the country, and was the first to introduce Buddhism. It is regrettable that more is not known of these rulers. How their power waned and the Lha Chen dynasty from Central Tibet usurped their power has still to be elucidated. The 173

173 first of these to rule in Lesser Tibet was Skyid Lde Nyima Gon, the great-grandson of the apostate King Langdarma. He took the reins of government about 950 A.D. The names of most of the kings of this dynasty include the word "Lha Chen," which means "great god," or "King of Heaven," and the Ladaki will explain how Langdarma counted among his forbears one who ruled in Central Tibet about 300 B.C., and was descended through King Kesar from that Supreme
773 Being. But who is this ancient King Kesar? Let us listen to one of the many wonderful stories extant of his mystical birth and heroic doings. The tale was narrated by Zodpel, our Moravian Mission Hospital Compounder, anaesthetist, dresser, and nurse, as follows.

Our great forefather sowed a tree, out of whose fruit grew worms which devoured each other till only one was left. It was transformed into a boy, who married eighteen girls, and these in turn became the respective mothers of eighteen heroes, around each of whom a wonderful story is woven. One of them aided the King of Heaven against the Demons, and in reward had his wish granted, namely that Dundrub, the son of the Celestial King, should be sent to rule this earth. Dundrub died in heaven, but descending as a hailstone, was swallowed on earth by a woman, and being re-born through her mouth returned to the earth-life as Kesar. Having attained maturity, Kesar left his country of Ling, and went to the "Horyul," the land of the north (now identified with Chinese Turkestan) to slay Akyung, the Demon King, whose widow he then married. She, wishing him to forget his home, and the wife he had left behind, drugged his food with a magic potion. During his absence the Turks came and conquered the country, killing his sons Buma and Labtsan, and taking captive a third son, Skelebuchung, with his mother Bruguma, Kesar's Queen. His castle they razed to the ground, the women, whose beauty equalled that of the fairies, were pulled about by their glorious tresses, whilst the heroes

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were chained by their necks. As fireplaces the Turks used golden hills, and their tents were pegged down with silver mountains. So terrible was the distress in the country that in desperation a council of all the families was called, over which the uncle of Kesar presided. After earnest deliberation they determined to send news of their distress to the King. A pair of cranes were caught, consecrated, and entrusted with the news of their trouble, but, although they flew to all the four continents of the world, they could not find him, for they had omitted to search a certain nose-shaped valley, and were sent off again, this time to be successful in their quest. In the meantime the spells of the Demon Queen had worked so perfectly that Kesar had forgotten home and wife, but one night he dreamed that he had seen a red wind blowing out of the sky, which had carried away his wife Bruguma and killed his sons, and that an army had taken his castle of Ling, destroyed his golden altars, were washing their utensils in his beautiful bowls, drying them with his own silken garments. Telling his dream to the She-Devil, she said that for every hundred dreams which come true, a thousand do not, and increased the strength of her potions of forgetfulness. But this availed her nothing, for one day Kesar heard the cranes, although she tried to drown their cry. Realizing they had a message for him, he invited them to descend and give him their news. This they did, and dropping an emetic into Kesar's mouth, he vomited the potion and found his dream had indeed come true. Arising, he went in search of his horse, and finding him, told him that he had to carry his master to Bruguma. His horse replied, reproaching him for having ever left her, the wife who had loved him, had patted him, fed him with barley, butter and sugar, had washed his sleek body with milk, and clothed him with silver trappings, and for having fallen a prey to the wiles of the Demon Queen, who had given him bad food, and so many heavy loads to carry that his back was covered with sores. This so angered Kesar that he

773 slung a stone at him, but missed, for the horse had got behind
a rock. The steed then said to his master, "Oh thou with the
big head without brains, thou donkey without long ears, thou
ox without horns, look at my sore back! How can I carry
you? But quickly take the lancet placed by my good queen
Bruguma in my left ear, and cut out my sores, then wash them
with the lotion in my right ear, and I will get well immediately
and bear you back to Ling." No sooner said than done, and
they returned. Kesar re-conquered the country, liberated his
Queen and her sons, and they lived happily ever after.

643 Thus runs the story, and to-day we have in Ladak two
775 representatives of this hero King, for Kesar is re-incarnated
in both father and son, Kings of Ladak. The question may
be asked how the young King can be a re-incarnation of King
Kesar during the lifetime of his father who is also a re-incarnation
of the same? This is perfectly easy to explain, for
Kesar appeared in many disguises, and they are incarnations
of two of these. In like manner, the Queen Mother and the
reigning Queen, both living, are each a re-incarnation of one
goddess, the White Tara. In the case of the two Kings we
have definite proof of this fact, for they have both of them a
squint, although the son has only acquired his after years of
643 practice. It would seem strange in most countries for the
son to be reigning while his father is still alive, but, in this
back-to-front country, the heir-apparent, on reaching manhood,
has for long been made co-ruler with his father. At the
present time they have gone a step further, for the Father
King has retired to a hermitage, where he tells his beads, says
his *Ommanis*, and prepares himself for his next incarnation.
The coronation of the present King took place soon after we
arrived in Leh, and all the missionaries and their children
were invited to be present at the ceremony. So on the
morning of the coronation day we were requested to send
up the chairs on which we were to sit. The Tibetan word for
a chair, by the way, is *Khriushing*, which means a wooden

throne, so that we also were enthroned, but not on a raised 643
platform. Although it was still winter, the afternoon sun
was extraordinarily hot, as we toiled up the hill on which
stands the castle, above the tiers of houses which form the
chief part of Leh. This is a fine building, erected some 643
three hundred years ago. It consists of nine storeys, and is 344
built of stone and mudbricks. So high is it that the walls
have had to be built with a slight slope inwards to keep them
from bulging out. The roof is perfectly flat with a balustrade
running all round. When the King or *Skushog* is in Leh, a
band of lamas with shawms and trumpets stand at the edge of
this to salute them, and make a charming picture outlined
against the sky.

We entered under the porch, gaudily decorated with many colours. Above us, and on each side were gargoyles, which it was formerly possible to propel outwards and thus frighten the King's enemies. We walked along a dark passage, and up a flight of rude stone steps. This took us past the Royal Temple, in which are a few images, and a small library which could no doubt tell us a good deal about former kings who ruled here, but what we noticed most was a large heap of black leaves, inscribed with golden letters, which have been thrown on the floor in an untidy heap. They were placed there by the Dogra conquerors, and nobody has ever taken the trouble to
sort them. Our way then ascended a rough wooden stairway, 643
and, we eventually entered a large room. This was now filled with many people of high and low degree. In a corner a platform was raised about four feet above the people, and on it were enthroned the Incarnation of Hemis with the young King on his left. We were given seats in front, and had a plate of food placed before us. Hardly had the last member of our party been served, when a leading Ladaki came to us, thanked us in the politest and most elegant language he could command for the trouble we had taken in coming up to the castle on such a hot day, and hinted that we

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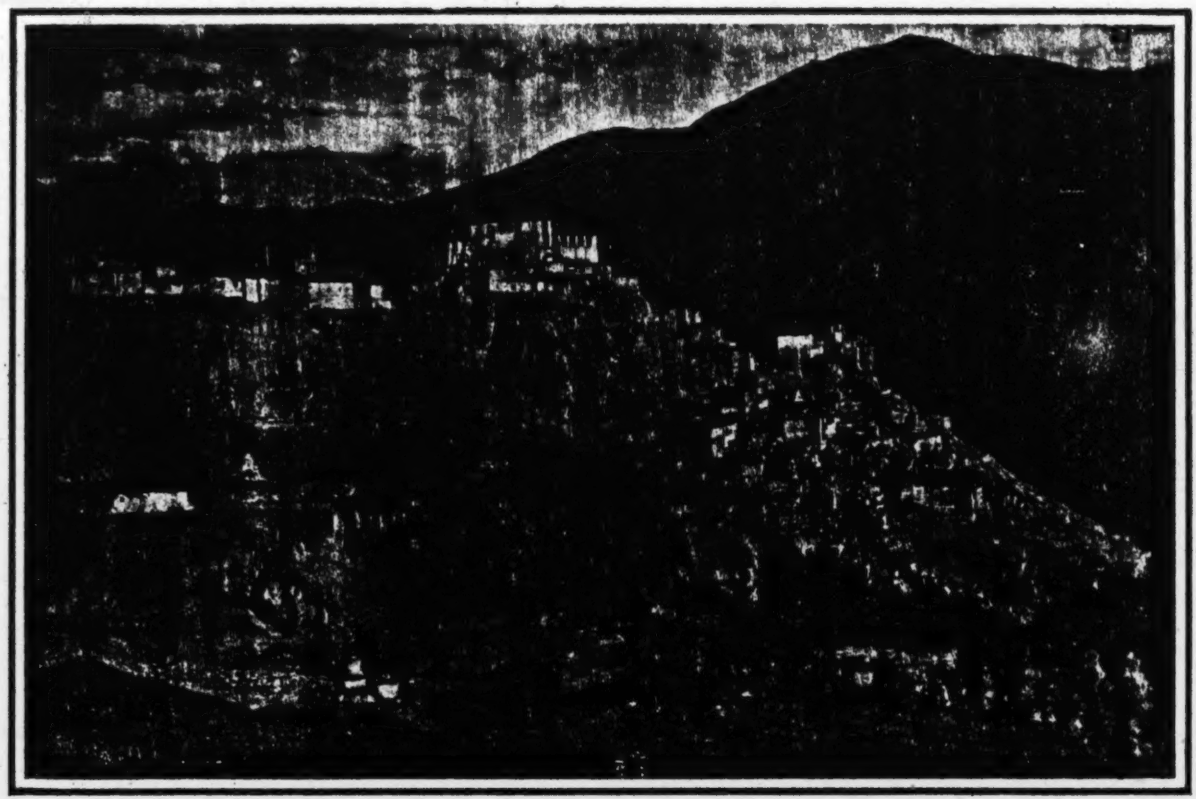

LAMAYURU.

" A fit capital for Hobgoblinland," shewing the monastery crowning the hill. Many chortens can be seen dotted about. The nuns' dwellings are below the hill in the foreground.

FACING p 70C

643 might wish to be busy elsewhere. Understanding that they would prefer our room to our company, we again wended our way down the hill. During our short stay in the room of enthronement, no ceremonies whatever were performed, and no word was spoken. There sat the *Skushog* and the new King like two graven images. We asked them what they did to crown their King, and they replied that he was allowed to sit on a throne as high as that of the *Shushog*. But we could not help feeling that the haste with which they got rid of us indicated that we were not to see the real ritual, as the influence of our Occidental presences would not be auspicious, yet we appreciated the friendly spirit which did not wish to omit us entirely from their important celebrations.

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574 The Royal ladies, too, have always given a welcome to visitors from Western lands, whether it be the missionary "Memsahibs," who live in Leh all the year round, or the summer travellers who may be taken to pay their respects to the reigning house at Stog.

When the family come to Leh for their winter visit, their presence being necessary at the great festivals of the New Year and *Dosmoche*, we usually go up to the castle to pay them a call. We first inquire if it would be convenient for us to come on a given afternoon, sending a present of a cabbage, turnip or some potatoes, all of which are real luxuries in this part of the world, and hardly-grown at all outside our own [352] and the Commissioner's compounds. The time having been fixed, we are led into the sitting-room of the two Queens, and take our seats near them on nice Tibetan rugs, well-padded underneath. The little princesses, aged about two and seven on the last occasion, were very interested in the foreign ladies and the baby especially was delighted at receiving a rubber doll with a squeak. Butter-tea, of course, was served, and a special brand of sweet shortbread made in the royal household provided. Once when we went down to Kashmir, the old Queen Mother kindly sent over a dozen of these, wrapped in a

643 bit of Indian newspaper to help us on the road, while her
574 daughter-in-law sent a request for some mercury (called in Tibetan "silver water") for what purpose we could not gather, and also asked if we could refill for her a bottle of scented hair oil. Once the two Queens repaid our winter call, and came to visit us in the compound. In the morning they sent down to know if we would kindly provide a magic lantern show by way of an entertainment, for they knew the Mission possessed such an instrument, but in the Doctor's house we had other resources, for a Christmas tree had been made for the children, and we had this illuminated for our visitors. Removing all central furniture, we arranged little tables in front of small rugs and mats round the room, and, what with the ladies-in-waiting and attendant lamas, every place was filled, and our small room soon needed airing. On the tables we could only provide dry food, such as apricots, sugar, sweets, walnuts and sultanas, for they would not partake of anything we had cooked, and with our gramophone to entertain them, our guests seemed to enjoy their evening. We had to explain carefully of course, that the lighted Christmas tree was not an object of worship, but put up for the children's pleasure, while our Christian Hospital nurse briefly told our Christmas story as illustrated by little picture cards hung from the tree. But perhaps the greatest thrill of the evening was a tour of the sahib's house, where the bed-rooms and kitchen, and the baby sleeping quietly alone in the dark, caused the greatest interest.

643 The castle of Leh, however, is not the usual abode of their
644 Majesties, the King is in residence there only during the first Buddhist month of the year, and on other special occasions, and when the waters of the village where he resides in summer are all frozen, and must be melted before using. At other times he has his quarters in the castle of Stog, which lies a three hours' ride from Leh on the opposite side of the Indus.
643 When Zorowar conquered the great-grandfather of the present
651 young King, he banished him there, and since then Stog is

643 the only village from which he is allowed to take the revenue.
651 His whole income has been computed at about Rs4000,
approximately £260 per annum, which leaves little margin to
644 one who is still supposed to entertain on a royal scale. His
castle stands on the side of the hill ending a spur from the
main range ; it is entered through a court-yard, through which,
up various steps, we reach a large room—the royal living room.
[778] In one corner is the King's altar, next to that a bed with bedding
rolled up. This is where his Majesty seeks repose,
643 while his Queen and his Mother sleep on the floor. We are
574 received by the King, who shakes both our hands. The two
ladies, too, give us a hearty welcome, first the elder, whose
cataract we had extracted some years ago, and then the
younger. We are requested to sit on rugs spread on the
floor, and soon have various Ladaki dishes placed before us,
most of them very tasty, even to Western appetites, although
we can hardly include the butter-tea in this category. Conversation
flows easily, for there is much to say and many
[593] questions to ask and answer. Among other things the
reigning Queen informs us that her husband has no head for
figures, so that she has to be the business manager, and she
certainly looked capable of seeing to the temporal affairs of the
643 realm. When it comes to those of a spiritual nature, however,
793 his lady has to leave the leadership to him, and the number of
[791] his ecclesiastical responsibilities is quite considerable. Before
the New Year, the horologist has to tell him of dangers to
come, and to advise him what scriptures must be read to
788 avoid them. Every month, for six days at least, the lamas
792 must read *chos* (religion), and must be fed with two pots of
tea, soup containing wheaten flour, two earthen ware pots of
beer, twenty measures of parched barley-flour, besides one
pound of butter to decorate the offerings which are made of
[784] barley-flour, and ¼ lb. of oil for their lamps. On the
15th and 18th of every month, no meat may be eaten, or
the *lhus* (spirits of the underworld) will be annoyed. From

the 25th of the tenth month till the 3rd of the eleventh month, 788
eight lamas from Hemis have to come to read services for the 792
stabilization of his throne. One cannot help thinking that these must have become slack in their devotions! At other times the gods of peace and war have to be propitiated by further reading. By the time all these ceremonies have been performed, there cannot be many days on which the lamas have not to be rewarded for services rendered, and—all on about Rs4,000 per annum.

Then he himself has his matins and evensong to read. 643
Even before the family has risen he must get up and read his 788
chos, and after they have retired he has to perform more ceremonies.

So pass the days of this monarch; little of interest occurs in his life, which is filled up with a monotonous round of senseless readings of holy books, which neither he, nor those who read, try to understand. The word " Ichabod " might indeed be written over the house of Namrgyal.

Although the Rajah of Stog, as he is termed, is the chief 631
ruler in this country, there are other royalties of minor 643
importance, thus the " King of Marshro " has but one village
under his sway. His eldest son will rule in his stead one day, [776]
whilst the powers which decide in what bodies *Skushogs* reincarnate have fortunately discovered in his younger son, the new Bacola, the *Spitug Skushog*.

In Zankskar we have already met a King, who is also a [793]
Skushog, in fact, he is prouder of his priestly office than of his royal rank, and stranger still is the custom of that country, where the heir apparent to the throne is the second son and not the eldest, who becomes a proper lama.

Whilst we were in Padam, the capital of Zankskar, a poor 662
old gentleman called on us in our tents with a few dried apricots and some candy sugar. After some time we found that he was the real scion of the royal house of Zankskar, but his ancestor had lost his crown by trying to oppose Zorowar,

662 the enemy of his country. This poor "pretender" had got himself into trouble for wishing to rebuild the monastery on the hillock near his house, for this harmless action was construed into a desire to rebuild the fort and oppose Kashmir.

So we have many heads entitled to wear the crown in Lesser Tibet, but any uneasiness they may experience is generally due, not to the cares of sovereignity, but to the lack of that which is necessary for its due display.

CHAPTER XX

Demons, Dances & Dinners

IN this country in which practically all the religious ritual is of the old demon worship origin, one would expect to find belief in the possession of man by demons. The Ladaki at any rate does not doubt the reality of such possession, and one is inclined to think that in spite of much fraud, there is a substratum of fact in it. Discussing this matter with a colleague one day, he affirmed that he had once had a woman patient who "really was possessed by a devil," and, in reply to the query as to how he had treated her, he said that a good dose of castor oil had cured her! However, the reader shall judge for himself from the following experiences. 771

Some years ago we heard that in Marshro, a village situated a day's march from Leh, two brothers would become possessed by two very fierce demons, and my colleague and I decided to investigate the performance. Having arrived there, we were given a nice large room in the monastery, which proved somewhat too airy, as the time of year was mid-winter and one side of our apartment was completely open to the wintry air. However, by donning the rough native sheepskin coats, and ignoring their smell, we managed to make ourselves fairly comfortable, especially when we, with our servants, sat round a large pot of steaming Irish stew. As we enjoyed this warming and welcome dish, our table companions, waxing loquacious, told us of how these demons originally came from Central Tibet to reside in 787 776

787 Ladak, and how they were now the fiercest in the whole
776 country. They said that these special demons always take possession once a year of two men belonging to two definite Marshro families. Sometimes they are the same two men for a number of successive years, at others they vary. The afflatus always occurs during the first Buddhist month. Should the chosen candidate be a new one, he has to prepare himself from three to four months before, but otherwise one is sufficient. When the time has arrived these two men, generally, if not always, lamas, repair to a mountain retreat. Here they sit in a box, which is so made that they can neither lie down, nor assume any attitude other than that of sitting absolutely upright, and they are only allowed out for a very short space of time in the morning, afternoon and evening. They do not divest themselves of their clothes the whole time, and so cramped do they become that a rope is fixed above their heads by which to pull themselves up. During this month they are supplied with food from the neighbouring monastery of Marshro. Their duties consist in the reading of holy books, and the innumerable repetitions of *Om manis*. The month completed, a crowd of people ride up to their retreat to escort these *Lhapas*, god-men as they are now called, back to the monastery. There can be no doubt of their possession now, for whilst the ponies of all their companions get very tired on this journey, those of the *Lhapas* are absolutely fresh throughout. Our informants then tell us of how the *Lhapas* will on the morrow cut themselves with swords without drawing blood, will run about on giddy heights without falling, and will foretell the future.

796 Next day we took our seats on the balcony overlooking the monastery courtyard with great expectations of a really thrilling show. There was a large crowd present, and soon an ordinary lama's dance was performed below us. These in their demon-masks were shortly joined by the *Lhapas*,

who were naked to the waist, and, whilst dancing, each waved 796
about a sword which he carried in his right hand. At a given moment this weapon was brought across the other bare arm, but immediately it had arrived there, and before any harm could be done, several lamas rushed to them, pulled the swords away, and begged them not to harm themselves, a request in which they seemed only too pleased to acquiesce. This performance rather reminded one of the lamas of whom Waddell tells, who, when wearing the "sky-soaring" hat, have to be held down firmly to keep them from floating right out of sight. Our *Lhapas*, having tried to cut themselves several times, and being just as often restrained, eventually repaired with the other dancers into the temple. We sent a request that we might be allowed to come to examine them, which they granted. There we found two young men whose faces were rather pleasant, but in whose eyes there certainly was a strange, strained, wild look. They showed us their arms on which we descried a small straight scratch, but no blood! On closer examinaton we concluded that they had cut themselves some days before, had allowed this to scab over, then merely had to remove the scab and "they were able to cut themselves with swords, but without drawing blood"!

We now watched the second act. This begins with another devil dance, in the middle of which the two *Lhapas* rush to the top of the monastery running along the outer edge of the wall, with a distinctly nasty drop to one side of them, or jumping down from fairly high distances, an acrobatic feat which I personally would not like to perform, but one, on the other hand, which any good English gymnast with a little practice and a good head for dizzy heights, or a professional steeplejack, would find no difficulty in emulating.

Now came the grand final achievement—the act of pro- 787
phesying events to come during the ensuing year. We noticed 796
the *Lhapas* going from group to group, beginning with the royal family, and again we sent a polite message, asking them

787 whether they would mind paying us a kind visit. They
796 agreed and soon stood before us, dancing about from one leg to the other in a state of great excitement. My colleague then held out his purse and asked them to tell him how much money it contained. This excited them still more and they exclaimed, " You are trying us—we will not be tried—we will not answer." Then they turned to me, and, after a few flattering remarks as to my medical work for their country, which were meant to make me amenable, they asked me what I desired to know, to which I replied that I wished them to tell me the next question I would ask them, having beforehand told my colleague what this would be. This caused a fresh outburst of fury in which they departed from us in anger, and we from them in disgust at the fraud perpetrated
776 on these credulous folk. It is difficult not to label the whole thing a big lie, for from Lahoul come the weirdest stories. Thus we have been told that here the *Lha* often inhabits the beam of a house. Wishing to have a walk, the beam is shouldered by men, who carry " him " up hill and down dale in the most extraordinary manner. If they essay to take the *Lha* in an undesired direction, the god shows his disapproval by becoming heavier. He eventually indicates the house in which he wishes to take up his residence by again becoming more ponderous. Generally this occurs near the habitation of some opulent Buddhist. At other times a still more ingenious method is resorted to in order to ascertain the wishes of the *Lha*. A mirror is carried in front of and facing the beam, and the reflections therein show the god's wishes to perfection. We were told that sometimes the *Lhapas*—these godmen—disagree, and have to have their disputes settled by the
787 English Christian Commissioner. It is really rather strange
554
564 that often the god takes possession of a man of the blacksmith caste, although he is despised, and yet the moment he becomes the habitation of the god, he is, of course, regarded with much respect.

A similar rise in the social scale occurs with the Spiti magicians, who visit Ladak every summer. These gentlemen are of quite low caste in their own country, but here they are addressed in the language of respect, being known as the *Mani-pas* or "prayer-men." Wearing long red robes, they are, however, distinguished from lamas by the absence of caps, and by long hair plaited up in braids, close to their heads in front and hanging down to their waists behind, giving a curiously effeminate effect to their moustached faces. Their entertainments are closely bound up with religion, in fact their name, the *Mani-pa*, has been given to them on account of this and their constant attention to their hand *manis* or prayer-wheels. When about to give a show, they first arrange an altar in the form of a couple of banners behind a table with sacred lamps and vessels for barley and other offerings. In front of this they dance with swords, at first slowly, then with increasing excitement until the climax is reached by running forward, placing their feet on the ground, raising their bodies, and apparently balancing them on the points of their swords, which are placed in the armpits, abdomen, or even cheeks. This effect is really achieved by sufficiently straightening and stiffening the arms. They also pierce their cheeks, through an old scar, with swords and long needles. Their masterpiece of magic is the breaking of a large stone by one of them on the abdomen of the other. This, of course, is preceded by a lot of incantation and dancing round the latter, who lies on his back on the ground with the small boulder balanced carefully on his abdomen, and, at the right moment, this is made to fall apart into two halves by beating upon it with a big stone. For some days previously the actual boulder is sought for on the desert hillside around with considerable trouble and selected with great care, while the one on whom it is balanced has to hold his breath throughout the performance of the trick. They also beat the abdomen with swords, which process is also rendered harmless by the trick of inflation.

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789 Unfortunately this performance of breaking the boulder has
791 twice led to fatalities in Ladak, by children trying to imitate
it on one of their small companions.

535 But, besides the dancing of monks and magicians, Ladak
[782] has its own country dances for pure pleasure. Perhaps the
ordinary women's dancing has a slight religious element, for
in the course of it, the right hand is raised, and the gestures
made to signify the plucking of a flower, the opening out of
the bud into blossom, and then its presentation to the gods.
[174] But even these motions of the hand are said to originate in
the old Dard custom of greeting each other by raising the
arm, and moving the closed fist to and fro. The rest of the
dance is very slow and monotonous, though Ladakis themselves
never seem to tire of it, and it is performed on every
festive occasion. The ladies certainly look quite picturesque
with their broad well-turquoised *perags*, their gay capes,
quaint turned-up embroidered shoes, and wristlets of chased
silver or white shell, which they knock together in respectful
salutation to the King, or presiding official, at the beginning
and end of the dance. Their capes in winter are of long white
sheeps' wool, covered on the outside with large squares of
green and red cloth. In the heat of summer they are replaced
by fringed capes with Kashmir or Yarkandi embroidery, or,
651 better still, beautifully worked Chinese silk. The women who
take part in these dances are members of a certain superior
grade of the farming land-owners, each household of which
has to provide a woman dancer for the King, who must come
whenever he summons her. There is thus nothing of the
immoral Indian nautch about this historical country dance.
535 The services of these respectable women are especially
796 exacted in winter, when for some days at the New Year and
the festival of *Dosmoche* they must dance daily. In return
for this they enjoy the food and festivities of the royal household.
535 Formerly there were about thirty, now only seven
usually turn out, who certainly cannot claim to have been

selected for either their youth or beauty. Other dances, such 535
as the "pigeon" dance occur, in which both sexes join, though without touching each other as in the West, and the "shoulder" dance of women only, in which movement of the shoulder are prominent. In the *shondros*, also a woman's dance, the partners face each other, then wheel round till they come back to back, afterwards slowly reversing again till they face once more. At the end of the horse-racing in the New Year, a dance occurs in the middle of the bazar in which the women stand in a circle, and the men dance round them in pursuance of an old custom connected with royalty. A dance for both sexes, called the "peacock dance," has its song about that bird. Otherwise the Ladaki dancing differs from that of Tibet, which is said to be always accompanied by singing.

It has now become practically an annual event for the 527
Wazir to have a display in honour of the British Joint 536
Commissioner, at which other dances and plays are seen, and the stage properties of Leh obtain their yearly airing. To this *ltadmo* any Europeans who happen to be in Leh at the time are hospitably invited. The programme usually begins in the afternoon between two and three o'clock, when it is opened with some sort of prayer for His Imperial Majesty and H.H. the Maharajah of Kashmir. The former may take the form of "God Save the King" sung by the Boys' School in English with their own peculiar accent. The boys of the State School then act a little play, more or less in costume, and always with a very powerfully pointed moral; and, of late, a demonstration of Boy Scouts of both State and Mission Schools has become a feature of the programme. This may be followed by a lama dance in devil-masks, and tea is usually served between four and five p.m. For this the *élite* withdraw from the covered balcony, from which they have been watching the performance, to tents or a simple pagoda in the Wazir's pleasant garden behind. The Europeans have one tent, the

527 King and a *Skushog*, if present, and one or two Leh Buddhists
536 of high rank, another, Hindu and Mussulman officials have their separate resorts, and any other slightly less prominent townsmen or traders have their own places. The Europeans are provided with an English tea, for which, with good luck, the butter in the cakes is not too strong. After this refreshment they may adjourn to the adjoining polo ground to watch a match there.

The hours from six to eight are usually labelled "rest" on the programme, and we return from our homes to dine in the Wazir's house at eight. The number of Sahibs in Leh entertained thus lavishly, once reached seventeen, and the record number of courses at such a dinner was fifteen, but, on this occasion we were also celebrating the birth of a son to the Wazir, while the previous year, during the Great War, we had met to commemorate the British conquest of German West Africa. At one of these feasts our host was a Mussulman, who partook with us; so also a small son of his endeavoured to do, but there were many courses, and the day had already been so long and exciting, that the little fellow could not manage to keep awake. He would sit up for one or two courses, then, having fallen asleep, be removed to return after one or two more, and so food and sleep alternated with him throughout the meal. The elaborate menu of these meals is usually presided over by a Ladaki quite expert in Western cooking. After a short smoke we all return to the covered balcony, to find a large bonfire kindled on the open space in front of us, on which kerosene oil, so costly by the time it reaches Leh, is recklessly thrown at intervals, or when a special flare of illumination is required. The weird performances we are going to see are rendered far more effective by its flickering light, which also plays on the quaint brown faces of the spectators, packed closely together on the other three sides of the square, some sitting on the ground in front, others standing behind, women in blue turquoised *perags* and black

earflaps, men and children in their turned-up caps, dotted 527
about with Mussulmans in turbans, old and young all eager 536
and expectant, for they love a *ltadmo*.

One of our annual friends opens the programme, a man on stilts concealed by long draperies, not very realistic, but a source of great delight to the child-like audience. He is followed by two large birds, with long necks (held up by an arm of the masquerader within) and vulture-like heads and beaks, the bodies covered with sheepskins. These extraordinary animals, programmed as "chicken," hop about, peck at each other, clean their feathers, and attend to their personal *shikar*, each action provoking a fresh outburst of amusement from the crowd.

Next comes a lion dance, in which two men are covered with a large skin, from which their human booted legs protrude as fore and hind legs in the most unabashed fashion. The face consists of a mask, and its attendants introduce it with antics of their own. The unwieldly lion makes grotesque
leaps and bounds, and finally climbs up on to a table. The 177
play was brought to Leh from Chinese Turkestan, where 527
several tables are piled up high, and our nimble lion reaches 536
the topmost. In Leh, however, a far more serious *dénouement* is achieved, for, with a series of rolls and contortions, a baby lion is born, to the unbounded delight of the audience, and suddenly appears on the table with its mother (the cub being a child also dressed in a skin). Waddell says that the play of this acrobatic lion was primarily derived from China, and has its origin in the "mythical lion of the Himalayan snows, which is believed to confer fortune on the country where it resides. One of these lions was enticed to China by a wizard, and the crops and cattle prospered as long as it lived, and when it died the Chinese stripped off its skin with which they conduct this dance."

Next comes a dragon dance, also originating from China, where the dragon is deified. It is supposed to follow after a

177 527 536 man holding a ruby, which it wishes to devour. It is formed by a masked leader, from whom long coloured strips of thin cloth pass backwards over other men, who hold up lighted Chinese lanterns on sticks inside it, all their feet representing the dragon's legs. It certainly looks fantastic enough, with its illuminated sinuous snake-like outline darting to and fro in the darkness.

These plays are varied with dances, such as a torch dance, of Indian origin, in which a bare-footed man rushes about twirling a long torch lighted at each end, getting more and more furious as the burning ends approach his body, and the drums beat faster. Of sword dances there are two or three varieties; a slow quiet rhythmical one by a Balti with one sword only; one by a Pathan, lithe and rapid, with a sword in each hand; another slower one, when a Ladaki wields two swords, while in a fourth, two Pathan dancers, each with sword and shield, approach from opposite corners, and engage in mock fight. 174 536 This dance has come down from old Ladaki times, when our peaceful Tibetans here more resembled their Pathan neighbours, and were probably more fierce and warlike in their mountain fastnesses.

527 536 Another amusing scene which is usually played on these occasions is the representation of a Kashmiri pundit, who is a settlement officer, and goes round the countryside measuring fields and assessing taxes. He and his underlings are caricatured with floured faces, and good humoured fun made of their bribing methods.

But, perhaps the masterpiece and certainly the most amusing item of the show comes on towards the end, called "The Amban and the Boat." The Amban is a Chinese official on tour, who enters the scene of operations with his staff, and engages in his judicial duties. Then a messenger arrives and presents him with a red paper, informing him that his wife is coming to meet him. The lady is seen in the distance advancing towards her lord in a rickety boat over a rough

sea. The boat is cleverly made with a framework of wood 527
and paper from which a cloth valance depends. In the middle 536
a small curtained canopy is erected, through which the lady's head can be dimly discerned, but her manly legs can be seen beneath as her impersonator works the boat, walking sideways here and there, and making the light craft rock and sway and gyrate violently as though in a heavy sea. An attendant guide or guardian and a boatman with an oar both accompany the lady, but outside the boat, so that the manipulations of the external oar add to the ludicrous effect produced, which in the bonfire light is grotesquely realistic and extraordinarily funny. As the boat approaches the Amban, the boatman makes a grave error in his nautical activities, and the boat with its precious occupant totters dizzily down to stillness. However it is not sunk to the depths of the ocean, for, after the Amban has manifested his anger and the boatman received a beating, the gay craft rises and once more rocks and sways, and, encountering boisterous seas, again vanishes into the distance, leaving the European element of the audience at least struggling between laughter and memories of *mal-de-mer*.

This little drama and that of the lion and dragon were 177
brought to Leh by traders and servants of sahibs who 536
travelled to Yarkand. "The Amban and the Boat" so impressed one of the latter when he saw it at Kashgar, that he introduced it into Leh for the first time as a fit entertainment for the wedding festivities of a friend, who, we hope, did not have to send for his bride across such perilous seas.

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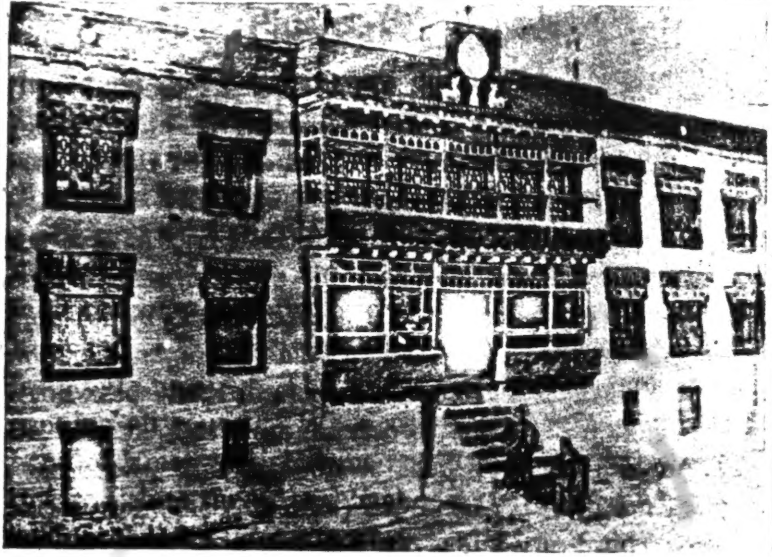

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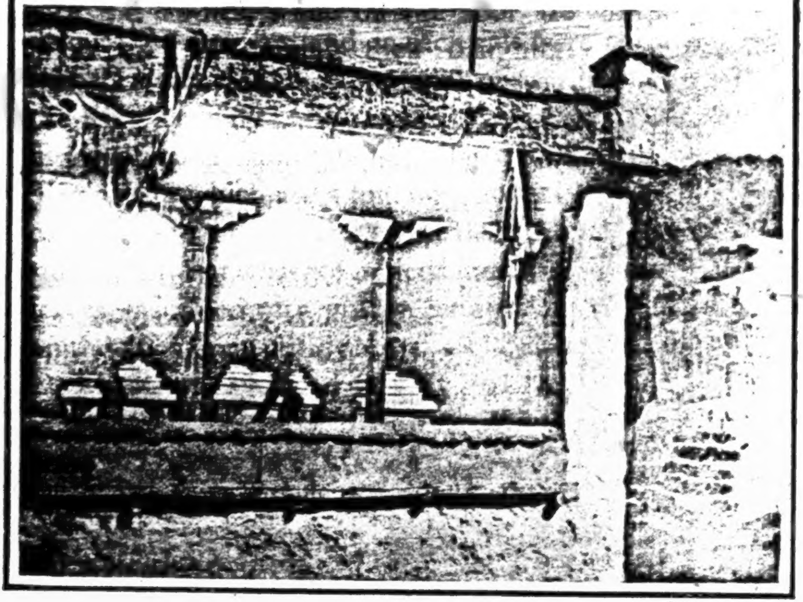

Sankar dGonpa.

A small yellow-sect monastery close to Leh, shewing the main entrance.

A Shrine.

The three *chortens* inside are usually coloured red, white and blue; and on the walls behind them various gods are depicted in bright colours.

FACING p. 216

CHAPTER XXI

A Typical Monastery

792 346 THIS is a country of monasteries, hardly a village is without one. In some it is imposing and situated on as high an eminence as can be found conveniently near the village. In others it is just a [795] better class ordinary house with one or two lamas. Some monasteries belong to the Red sect, others to the Yellow. In some there is a resident Incarnation and others are only visited by one occasionally. It would be tedious to both reader and writer, to describe all these, so we will confine our attentions to one of the most pleasing and certainly one of the cleanest of monasteries which lies close to Leh, and may be reached by a twenty minutes' walk up through the fields behind the rest-house. A small village and a group of poplar trees, much above the average size, indicate the direction from afar, also the glint of the gilded wild goats represented just below the roof of the monastery can be descried from some distance. Having sent a message beforehand to the *sLobdpon* (pronounced "Lobon") or head lama in charge, we meet for an early tea, and wend our way up along the stony paths by the side of the watercourse, skirting the corn-fields, so as to be able to use our cameras while the light is still good. This little monastery of Sankar is closely allied to the Yellow Cap one at Spitug, about five miles away, and is presided over by the same *Skushog* now incarnate in the small boy of whom we shall speak later.

792 But during his minority the real presiding genius is Meme

792 Lobzang, a delightful old gentleman with a benevolent face and a courteous manner, which are really quite charming. He is quite a good photographer, and this common hobby forms a natural link of friendship, including requests for the purchase of self-toning paper and other photographic requisites. He is expecting us, and stands in the side of the doorway with some of his lamas so that we may advance without fear of the monastery dogs, of which there are always some about, who generally announce the arrival of an intruder with considerable and alarming vigour. 346 792 [351] The main doorway is lofty and deep, with heavy wooden doors, but to-day it is closed, as inside carpenters are sitting under its shade sawing away for some builders, busy at a new balcony in a near corner of the building. The side door, a smaller one, is that generally in use, and admits to the corner of the large court-yard, in the middle of which are two walled enclosures round wild rose bushes, one a large yellow one, the other pink, with another bush whose pale yellow flowers, insignificant in themselves, have the strong scent of syringa, in bloom. [288] In the centre there stands a high poplar wood pole, to the top of which is attached a black yak's tail, and running down its entire length a prayer-flag. To one side of the enclosure is a mounting block from which the *Skushog* can mount his steed.

Lying about the court-yard are a few dogs, but they seem quite peaceful and undisturbed by our advent. The main temple faces us as we enter, three storeys high, with the usual roof-edge of a layer of sticks about one foot broad, lying end-on, and painted with ochre. [788] On this roof are erected at intervals long rough poles bearing prayer-flags, or yak's tails, or an umbrella-shaped structure consisting of long streamers of plaited yak's wool bound together by coarse strips of raw silk and surmounted by a trident. The windows, latticed-shaped but unglazed, are interlaced with wood, picked out in various colours, and, across the top of each, is a little valance, a frill of some coarse white cloth with a red

346 striped border The other three sides of the court-yard are
792 filled in with the two storeyed private dwellings of the
lamas. No pillared cloisters are these, but just an occasional flight of a few steps, then a door, and at the side a window at a level which may or may not be in relation with that of the other doors and windows, and over both apertures the same kind of valance. If the latter sags in the middle, there is no hurry to replace it, far less to wash it, but on the whole this *dGonpa*, presents quite a clean, brushed, cared-for, tidy appearance. Ascending the steps, we arrive in the large covered portico outside the main room or refectory of the
353 monastery. All round the three walls pictures are painted in
779 bright colours. On the left is the " Wheel of Life " held by
532 a dragon-like monster. This consists of an inner, a middle,
and an outer circle the middle one being divided into six compartments. The inner circle represents by means of a dove, a serpent and a pig coloured respectively red, green and black the three vices, lust, ill-will and stupidity, which bind man to the wheel of existence. In the upper compartment of the middle circle are the gods, into this grows the tree whose fruit provides any food desired by the soul and whose roots lie in the world of the demi-gods, who continually wage war against the gods in order to obtain this fruit. In the upper left-hand compartment are men. The above three existences are superior, whilst below the equator are the inferior ones of beasts, then of *yidags*, poor miserable men with large bellies, but such small necks that their hunger can never be appeased through such constricted throats, and in the lowest section are the hells, both hot and cold. A cold hell seems rather a misnomer to English ears, but Ladakis, at any rate, know the terrors of extreme cold. Buddha himself is out of the circle, and yet his reflexes seem somehow to be still in the wheel of existence. In the outer circle are pictures illustrating various phases of life, such as birth, marriage, death, burial work.

Opposite the top of the steps, on each side of the door with

its fine brass bosses, are the gods of the four points of the 353
compass, whose duty it is to guard the temple, and these 779
figures are depicted outside most temples. On the right 532
wall of the portico is a benign old gentleman, the god of luck,
who sits under a tree bright with blossom, and holds converse
with sundry animals, such as a stag, an elephant, and
a peacock. We take a deep breath of fresh air before entering 346
the refectory with its dim atmosphere of musty incense, 352
lighted from above through a central aperture leading to an 792
inner roof, and from the door behind us, and slowly descry
its contents between the dark wooden pillars and the faded
hanging banners. Opposite to us the *Skushog's* throne is
raised above the other seats, upholstered with rather dingy
cushions on which he, of course, sits cross-legged, so there is
no need for a place for the lower limbs to hang over, but immediately
in front of it is a narrow ledge-like table on which
are the tools of his office: the bell, the thunderbolt or *dorjhe*, a
small tambourine, with a very restricted waist and a long
tasselled appendage, as well as the knob on a string which
beats on the skins when rattled. Other utensils consist of
temple vessels for pouring out water, beer, tea and other
libations. Leading up to the throne, on each side of the
central aisle, are the seats of the lamas slightly raised above the
ground, well-padded and covered with rugs, and in front of
them a continuous shelf-like table. A cup or two may be 264
seen left from the last meal; here, in the corner between seat
and table, rests a leather bag, and on a plate some butter and
tea. A lama tells us the tea has been given out of the bag
and placed with the butter ready for the morning meal, which
they take, he says, about 9 a.m., though they get up at sunrise.

Near this physical sustenance, on the lamas' seats are a 352
collection of brass bowls leaning against one another upside 792
down, as though to drip after washing. These are, for the
oil and wicks to be placed before the altar. The seat of the 352
Slobdpon is at the head of the monks' pew on the right of the 792

352 *Skushog*. Next to the *Slobdpon* sits the leader of the eccle-
792 siastical band. Heading the opposite row is the *Umdzad*,
who is the steward and is responsible for the worldly affairs of
the monastery, and in some *dGonpa* at the further end, near
the door and on the *Skushog's* left, a seat is reserved for a
disciplinarian who has to keep the lamas in order should any
misbehave.

792 Thus they sit, whether they are at meals or engaged in their
346 devotions. The latter consists of the reading of the books,
punctuated every now and again by the band, when the
353 flageolets are blown and the drums are boomed. Behind the
779 row of seats one's eyes, now accustomed to the dimness, are
532 able to make out the walls, painted with pictures of all sorts of
gods and creatures, human, animal and mixed. Here is one
specimen of dragon-like fury, crushing all sorts of wretched
creatures under his feet, no doubt for punitive purposes, and,
let us hope, remedial ones. Another wall will show Buddha-
like figures in peaceful contemplation, and with hands and
fingers placed in various postures, each of which has its own
special signification. In other places are wooden shelves and
recesses of various sizes, once gaily painted round the edges,
though the light is too obscure to appreciate it, now
blackened by age and smoke. In these sit more images of
gods, mostly of a beneficent type, but the chief ones will be
[415] found behind the *Skushog's* throne. In a corner will be seen
immense pots used for water or beer, a most fascinating
assembly with their long-nosed spouts drawn straight out
from the brims, high pointed collars behind, shining copper
sides with brass edgings and waist-bands, the latter sometimes
779 chased in silver. In another corner will be dusty shelves
788 containing the holy books, manuscripts written on parchment
and tied between covers about twelve to eighteen inches long
and some four to six inches high. So holy are these that when
they are being carried along the streets, the good Buddhist
uncovers and touches them with his head. They also are

often shaded by an umbrella, and at times of drought are 779
taken out for a walk under this to invite the rain. 788

Passing behind the *Skushog's* seat we come to a better 346
lighted room with more idols all around in their recesses, giving 192
one the impression of an exhibition of different sized dolls 532
houses, in fact our guides take us through a succession of such 779
rooms, all much resembling one another, but each with its own purpose. Thus, in the first of these, is the temple of the god called Avolakita with his eleven heads, surmounted by the head of Amitabha, the Buddha of Boundless Light. Round the whole, looking rather like a halo, are 1000 hands, each one of which has in its palm an eye. In order to accommodate his many heads an attic projects up into an inner courtyard of the upper storey. The living representative of this god, the All-merciful One is the Dalai Lama, and the story is rather a pleasing one. Avolakita was about to enter Nirvana, when he happened to look back and notice some poor creature in trouble. Requesting his father, Amitabha, for permission to return and help him, he received this reply, " Yes, go back, but when you get there, you will find that there are many others in trouble. In order to see them all, I give you a thousand eyes, and in order to save them all a thousand hands." This surely savours more of the true Buddhism than the everlasting desire to do actions which shall obtain merit. A friend of ours has pointed out that these heads represent four past races, and that actually there should be twelve heads, three to each race, but the men of Atlantis were
so bad that one of their three has been omitted. In front of this 782
image stands a large ewer on a pedestal, which should be filled with butter and in which a burning wick should be floating, but we must admit that on the occasion of our visit, at any rate, it was " the light that failed." We pass into another room containing other images, and whose walls are hung round with many *thangkas*. These are holy banners of various sizes, the smallest about one by two feet, hanging from a stick on which

346 they can be rolled up, and covered by very thin silk, from the top
532 of which two or three broad ribbons depend. These depict
779 gods or goddesses or the "Wheel of Life," and with their
792 colours mellowed by age are sometimes very beautiful and of
real value. From here we pass into another fairly large and well-lighted room with frescoes and holy banners on its walls. This is much used during the first month of the Buddhist year, when special ceremonies, already described, are performed.

792 We go up some rough, ladder-like stairs into the room where
352 the *Skushog* usually sits, his place being marked by cushions
and a padded back of gothic shape, and with a row of little Tibetan tables and mats at right-angles, where his attendant lamas sit with him. Near his seat, hanging up on a nail in the pillar, are seen some of his ceremonial hats; thus for riding he has a round most uncomfortable *papier maché* structure, with crown far too small for anyone's head, a fair-sized brim, and a dome with a knob on the top, the prevailing colours being red on an orange background. Even with its strap under the chin, it is difficult to see what possible purchase so small a crown could have on any head in the slightest wind. At its side, a tea cosy-like head-dress, peaking over to one side in dark plum-coloured silk with gold patterns on it, is the one he is said to wear in the mornings and at certain annual festivals. Occasionally a devil-mask is seen hanging up, and in this particular monastery, no doubt reflecting Lobzang's hobby, are occasional cheaply-framed photographs of the Dalai Lama or of other lesser dignitaries.

792 And there is still another room in which there is a large
778 god of the name of "Dukar." He is of such a size that his
532 head projects into a second storey reaching into a little
782 verandah on the roof; the general arrangement is much like
that of Avalokita, but his is a malevolent nature, in proof of which one sees the sickles, knives and arrows in his 1000 hands. Under his 1000 feet are many poor creatures, both animal

and man, and he possesses 1000 heads. Thrown at his feet 792 778
one notices many cowrie shells and Indian copper coins, the 532
former brought by women to appease him. This image was 782
only made a few years ago, and a special series of services
were held to induce the god to enter the image. These 792
ceremonies were accompanied by feasting and dancing in the 778
grove of large trees at the side of the monastery, while the
actual ritual was performed on the roof, where Meme Lobzang
(the *Skushog* being then a tiny baby) presided, assisted by a
group of lamas, who helped him to pour the right libations
and offerings from the many vessels and bowls before his
throne into the large fire which leaped and crackled before
him, accompanied by monotonous incantations and chants
from a group of seated lamas, and, of course, the monastic
band. To this roof we now duly ascended up another very steep 346
ladder, where Meme Lobzang himself extended his hand to 792
help the ladies with true Western gallantry. The view was
magnificent, both behind towards the Kardong Pass and
before down to Leh, whose trees blotted out the desert below,
so that the cultivation and all its little square terraced fields
might have extended to the foot of the mighty mountains on
the further side of the Indus, all touched with the magic softness of the westering sun.

Retracing our steps down the steep staircases, through the dim passages and rooms, we emerged again into the portico, and viewed the lamas private dwellings ranged on the three sides in front of us as we descended the temple steps. In the left-hand corner was a peculiarly fantastic bit, so delightfully crazy it looked. A short flight of steps led up to two doors, each with an ancient padded curtain to keep out the draught, and a sagging valance above, whilst over one was a quaint little attic with a window of roughly-patterned lattice, its lines so fascinatingly crooked, and enhanced by a small awning, projecting from one side of the attic to shade the roof, on the edge of which was a series of rough window boxes,

346 where American marigolds sometimes blossom. Once, to
192 finish the picture, we glimpsed a bent little old lama who peeped out of the attic and over the window boxes, and saw for a moment the elfin grey locks and untidy whiskers of his hatless old monkish face, the fittest possible inhabitant of that grotesque little corner.

There was one more interesting little visit to be paid. Meme Lobzang actually consented to show us his own private compartments. There were eight of us, and the lamas had some whispered consultation as to whether we should all get in. Across the court-yard and up some steps to the right of the main entrance, under the valanced doorway, through a small vestibule in which we noticed a fascinating copper water pot, we entered a tiny room looking down towards Leh. We could just manage to sit down on the floor, the interested lamas peering in and
352 watching our every movement with amused curiosity. The
353 floor was covered with small mats over felt ones. The
192 *Slobdpon's* chief resting place and probably his bed, was rather more padded, and covered with an orange felt. He sat with his back to the small latticed window, a low tiny table in front, and at his side a higher one on which were sundry portraits, one of their Majesties, the King and Queen, one of the Dalai Lama, and one of the *Skushog* of Hemis in his festival dancing dress with high hat and overskirt of human bones, taken by the Doctor Sahib. A pickle bottle held a bunch of green from the shrub in the court-yard, and at the side was a low open bowl of rose petals. A small god like a doll, and a pot of charming design, the latter unfortunately dressed in lady-like petticoats, were also noticed, besides a printing frame, and another tiny god of doll's house size. Behind him on the windowsill sundry writing materials, religious books, and small ceremonial utensils lay about, a coloured portrait of the late King Edward hung on another wall; in fact every corner
574 of the room was used, yet the effect was clean and tidy. Stuffy
it could not help being with so many visitors, and, after taking

a dried apricot each (to dispose of later on by some other means 574
than the mouth), from a plateful which he presented to us, we
rose to go. On the way out he invited us to see his kitchen, 346
another tiny, but tidy little apartment, with its cooking vessels 792
clean and neatly arranged, and its low roof shiny with the polish
of years of smoke. These rooms had not been tidied up for
our reception, yet they completed the pleasant impression of
order and cleanliness he had already given us, and it was with
a real respect for the benevolent old gentleman that we bade
him adieu, and passed down by the iris-bordered corn-fields in
the soft evening light to our homes.

CHAPTER XXII

Skushogs & Scandals

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AMONG the greater personages who periodically appear on the stage of public life in Leh are the *Skushogs* of the surrounding monasteries. The word Sku-shog, meaning literally " body-great," or translated freely, " your presence," is a title of honour used by Central Tibetans for any person of rank, including even the European occasionally, but in Western Tibet it is confined to clerical dignitaries, and, in practice, is only used to designate the head abbot of one or more monasteries. Such a man is regarded as having obtained sufficient holiness to reach Nirvana, but in his compassion for his fellows he voluntarily remains in the wheel of life, and comes back to help them by presiding over their *dGonpa*. Thus as soon as the head incarnation of a monastery dies, he is re-incarnated in a male baby born at the time of his death, this child then has to be discovered and brought to rule over his own lamasery when old enough. Here he is absolute monarch ; he himself cannot do evil whatever sin he commits ; he is a law-giver, but need not abide by the laws he lays down. The method of discovery and preparatory education of a *Skushog* may be best told by translating a short biography written in Tibetan by the *Skushog* of Hemis at our request.

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" My own home is not in Llasa itself, as my father was an assistant to the Yutog minister, whose house is connected with Lhasa by a bridge, covered by a roof set in turquoise-coloured baked bricks. My house-name is ' Yutog Shar.'

The Yutog minister is the governor of twelve provinces and 792
lives in the Kensdongrdzong. 159

"I was born when my father was in the employ of the
Yutogpa. My birthday is in the fifteenth Rabjhung, in the
year of the Sheep. According to the English calendar,
this would be the year 1883 A.D. When I was eight 159
years old, that is in the end of the year of the Iron Tiger, 775
the steward of the Hemis monastery, whose name was 792
Ngagwang Chos Zang, and the Kashmir State sent to
Llasa for me, where I was staying at Dechen Choskor,
which means the Holy Wheel. That I was their *Skushog*
was conclusively proved to the envoys, for when they asked
the Yongdzin Incarnation to tell them where they could
find their new incarnation, he told them my house-name,
my father's name and the name of my birth-year quite
distinctly and correctly, although it was impossible for him
to have known anything about me. Having arrived at
Lhaldang, they acquainted me with this prophecy. This 792
was in the ninth year of the Iron Rabbit. After doing 159
obeisance to the Dalai Lama with the *Lobchag* [this is the
merchant who is sent from Ladak every two years by the
Kashmir State to salute the Dalai Lama and to hand him
a present of Rs.9,000]. I offered my first hair to the
Yongdzin, who was my Arch-*Skushog* at Dechen Choskor,
and was then decorated with the crown-name Ngag Wang
Jhamspel Gelegs Rgyaltsan Lhundrup Chogslas Rnampar
Rgyalwai Lde, after which I started on my journey; at
Shigatse I went to meet Panchen Ertini (the Trashi Lama,
who is next in rank to the Dalai Lama), and after this
arrived safely and happily at my destination in Hemis. The
next year my enthronement as the successor of former
Skushogs took place, after which I returned to Lhasa, going
on to Sangsngag where the Arch-*Skushog* lives, and where
I met the head of the Red Sect Lamas, the Drugpa Rinpoche
and the Yongdzin Rinpoche, and where I learnt the

792 159 doctrinal truths, staying for some months. After this I stayed in Gongkar Dechos until the Sheep year, and in the year of the Firemonkey I went to see the Galwa Rinpoche,
[554] that is the Dalai Lama. Having done obeisance to him, he conferred on me the rank of 'San-o-han-too,' which is a Mongolian word, and other honours which are only bestowed on men of high rank. [To show this rank he has an umbrella carried before him, and possesses his own flag.] I was also placed over other *Skushogs* and professors. I thus received such kindness and praise from the Dalai Lama. That year I returned to Ladak, and the next I passed my examination in doctrine. After this I went to the hermitage of Godtsang, where I lived as a hermit, meditated on the doctrines of Saskya Rnyingma and Drugpa, etc., and read the Kangyur and the scriptures of the Lord Buddha, and pondered their meaning. Here I remained for ten years, but in the Firemonkey year I came out of retirement, and from that time onwards I have been travelling about Upper and Lower Ladak and Kulu, visiting my congregations and giving money to a few lamas, and occasionally I stay in a hermitage."

792 177 Since he wrote this little history he has also made a grand tour through India, Ceylon and Burmah to Lhasa, and has thus seen something of the impact of Western civilization, which interests him greatly. He has always been much attracted by small mechanical toys and Western devices, such as electric torches, clocks, watches, microscopes, etc., and is himself an expert photographer. Some visitors to Hemis were once amused to see on each side of the chief altar in his private apartment a pair of Odol bottles, their bent necks facing each other. When we first visited this room, they were replaced by Southwell jam jars containing artificial flowers. He is interested in Western medical science too, and gave a sum of money to the Doctor Sahib towards getting the operation theatre of the Moravian Mission Hospital in

order, so that he might thereby "help blind Buddhists to get 792
their sight." Hence the board outside, declaring it to be 177
"the Raspa Operating Theatre." He himself once came
for a temporary stopping to be put into two of his teeth, one
of which still remains after seven years. During his time of
retirement up the hillside, he also read through our Christian
New Testament, as translated into Tibetan, and when he first
visited our house, his attention was attracted by a picture of
the Last Supper, and he at once asked which was the Apostle
John. He can write a good hand in English, and we believe
understands far more of the spoken language than he allows to
appear. He is the special abbot of the royal family of Leh, 792
and whenever he comes from his monastery, some twenty- [643]
three miles away, to make a short stay in his town house at
Leh, lamas appear on the roof of the castle to salute him with
their long shawms and flageolets. Throughout the whole of
his stay, salutations are played in the evening after sunset,
when the long boom of the large instruments and the plaintive
tones of the smaller ones are particularly pleasing, as they
steal through the quiet after the close of day, and also during
the early hours of the morning. For this latter réveillé I fear
the lamas have no clock, for in summer it seems to take place
at any time between two and five a.m., sometimes long before
sunrise.

Approaching Leh from the direction of Hemis, a hill 792
suddenly rears itself in the middle of the valley, surmounting 361
which is a monastery, that of Stagna. The head lama of this
monastery we first saw at the Hemis festival in 1925; he was
then a little boy of six, and we shall refer to him later in the
description of that event. He belongs to a special sect, [795]
whose name denotes their pale yellow caps, and who are mostly
congregated in Spitti.

On another commanding position, and seen from as far up the Indus valley almost as Stagna, is the *dGonpa* of Trigtse, perched on the top of a hill, which marks the end of a spur of

79r 361 mountains, jutting out of a long range to the north of the valley. This is a Yellow-Cap monastery and therefore gives a cleaner impression than most of the red ones. Its present re-incarnation was the hero of a strange series of events during the time we lived in Leh.

79r 159 It must have been in 1914 that we first made his acquaintance. We heard that the Trigtse *dGonpa* had been without a *Skushog* for years, but at last a deputation of lamas had visited Tibet, and declared that they must bring their *Skushog* back to take up his rule. The boy, who was then about nineteen, refused to come, and his father strongly advised the lamas not to take him, declaring they would only rue it. He was a head-strong youth with no ecclesiastical leanings at all, and had already, we were told, fought on the side of China against his own country. The lamas insisted however, and he was brought to Ladak and installed at Trigtse. He seems to have been anxious to make the acquaintance of the white man, and, thinking he must do in Rome as Rome does, he sent an envoy from Trigtse to Leh to seek out the correct clothing for his first call on the Sahibs. This man, having searched the bazar in vain, called at the Hospital and asked the Doctor Sahib where he could buy a solar topee. Now the doctor and his bride, when they first came to India, had been advised by ill-informed friends to be sure to purchase these topees at Trieste, their port of sail from Europe. Here, therefore, they invested in what proved to be most inappropriate policemen-like helmets, and a kindly sister in India at once saw to it that the Memsahib's was replaced by a more suitable one. Bringing the ugly old helmet to Leh, in case the better one broke, she little thought how august a wearer it would find, for the Doctor Sahib with sudden inspiration sent the man over to his house, where his wife unearthed the discarded topee for the servant to take to his master. She added a pair of speckled socks of her husband's of which she disapproved, an armful of picture papers, and

some vegetables from the garden, and the man went off in 792
high glee at the success of his expedition. 159

The next morning we were asked whether the *Skushog* of
Trigtse might call upon us. We hastily arranged for an inter- 792
preter, for our Superintendent was away, and we were all 159
new to the country; moreover, our guest's language of 574
Central Tibet was quite a different dialect from that of Ladak.
He duly arrived, dressed in his official robes and attended by
two or three lamas, and was invited into the drawing-room.
But he lingered in the hall, and to the Doctor's surprise
began to undress. This process continued to such an alarming
extent that he was led into the study. Two other ladies had
just called to go out with the Memsahib, and great was the
surprise of all three when the drawing-room door opened, and
the *Skushog* entered. He wore the helmet-like topee, a Chinese
type of frock-coat with paired pin-tucks across the back, brown
trousers, a pair of bright yellowish socks, and some Chinese-
looking attempts at European shoes. Invited to a chair, and
the interpreter called, he entered into friendly talk. He [797]
announced among other things that he would like to become
a Christian, but we did not take this seriously, and pointed
out that he could not do that and retain his wealth and power
as a *Skushog*. He then intimated that he would like to stay
the night, a rather awkward proposition with our
limited accommodation, but we said we could give him the
verandah. His lamas whispered anxiously together and let
him know it was time to go. Meanwhile they had boiled some
tea for him on a little fire outside our kitchen in his own
pots, as he must not take food of our cooking. After this the [276]
Doctor offered him a cigarette, not knowing in his ignorance
of the country that it was against the rules. The *Skushog*
made violent signs to him to withdraw into the study again,
where, away from the eyes of the lamas, he enjoyed his smoke
thoroughly. The latter were at last able to get him to go,
and withdrew him on to the verandah where he changed

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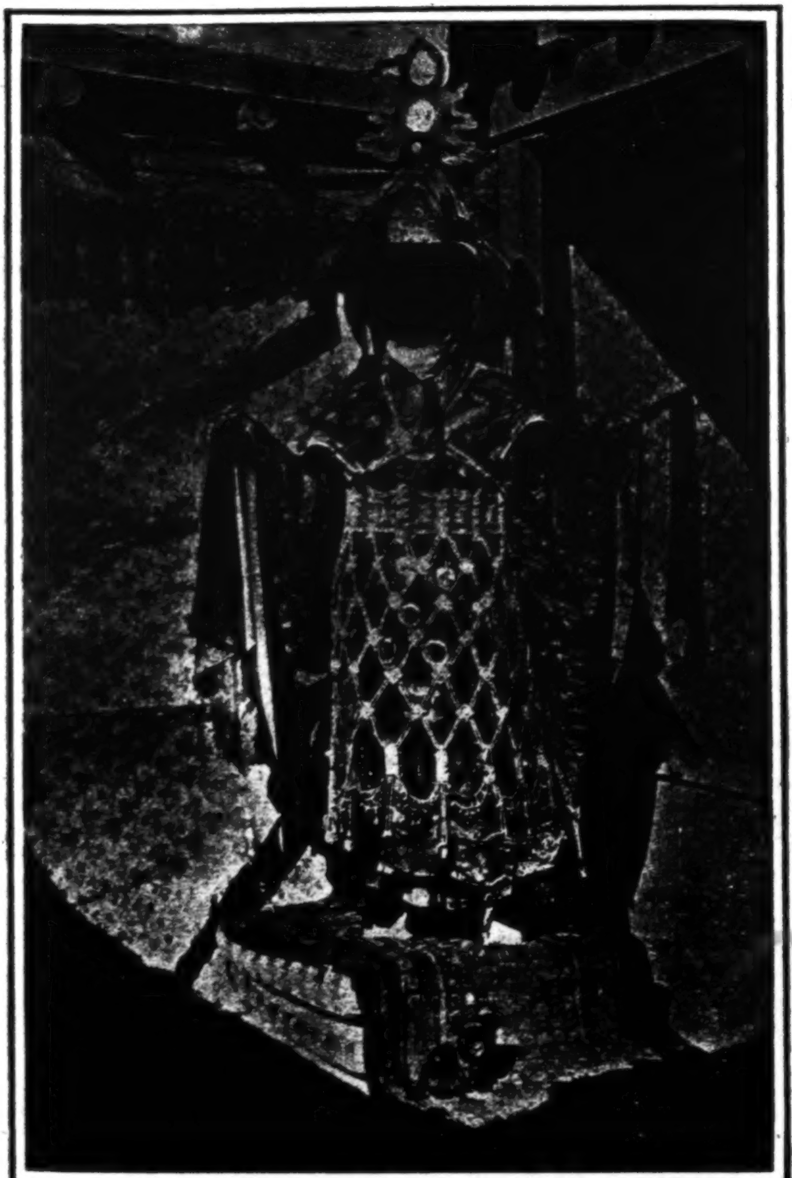

THE SKUSHOG (ABBOT) OF HEMIS DGONPA

In the robes in which he led off the first dance at the Festival of 1916. The overskirt is made of human bones, and in his right hand he holds a dagger. The cloth across his mouth is to keep out the dust raised by the dancing.

[FACING p. 732]

792 back into his priestly vestures, which, needless to say,
159 suited him far better. Before he finally retired to change
574 into them, he straightened himself and squared his shoulders, in order to show us that he also possessed a waistcoat ; but, alas ! between the bottom of that garment and the top of his trousers was a hiatus in which his holy brown body was disclosed. Short of stature, with a strong convergent squint, and scarred by small-pox, indisputable signs of his being the true re-incarnation of his predecessors, for he was sure that he himself had never had small-pox since this re-birth, the foreign clothes hardly showed him off to advantage. The next occasion on which he visited us he retained his *Skushog's* garb and had a photograph taken of himself and his suite, the incongruous element being that his most intimate servant was not a lama, but a Mussulman with short hair and a Tibetan cap with four fur-lined flaps.

After his first call, we took the opportunity of a day's holiday to ride over to Trigtse and visit him. We found him encamped in a *bagh* below and about a mile away from the monastery, in a gorgeous tent with nice camp furniture. We ourselves had brought a picnic lunch, at which he elected to join us. The Memsahib was much amused to find that for her first attempt at meat patties, she had put sugar into the pastry instead of salt, but the *Skushog* seemed to find this quite to his taste, and enjoyed them immensely. Afterwards we all repaired to the monastery, riding our ponies up the steep ascent, and he showed us over it, including all his own private apartments.

792 But things soon began to go wrong and all sorts of rumours
159 reached Leh. The *Skushog* declared in public that he did
771 not believe in his own office or his religion. When the common people knelt as he rode past, instead of placing his hand on their heads in benediction, he boxed their ears. He had no reverence for the holy property of the monastery, but sold many of its treasures to any good bidder ; he also had the

792 idols out in a row to use as targets for a shooting practice.
159 His colleague at Hemis sent him a letter, and this he returned
771 with a donkey drawn across the bottom as his pertinent and
only reply.

[626] One day matters came to a crisis : his lamas gave him a severe beating and shut him up in solitary confinement. Yet by every token he was their *Skushog*, and one of them seems to have relented and released him. The two came to Leh, where the *Skushog* first went to the State Hospital to have his external wounds attended to by the Indian Sub-Assistant Surgeon, but his internal treatment he could only trust to the English doctor, so for that he came to the Mission Hospital, where he also received a lesson on Western professional etiquette. The monasterial difficulties resulted in a court case, following which certain of his lamas were sent to prison in Leh, which hardly bettered the relations between them and their spiritual head.

It was not now practicable for him to return to Trigtse, and the question arose as to what was to be done with him, for still he was their *Skushog* and entitled to the financial benefits of his office. The matter came up before the British Joint Commissioner, the Wazir or State Joint Commissioner, and eventually was taken to H.H. the Maharajah of Kashmir. The result of it all was that in 1916 he went down to India, and for two or three years vanished into oblivion. Early in 1920 he again appeared in Ladak with one lama servant, giving stange accounts of his experiences in India. He said that he had served as a common sepoy in Baluchistan, alleged that in some capacity he had been as far as Basra, that he had acted as bearer to an English officer with alcoholic tendencies, and also that he had been connected with a Colonel Sahib in the neighbourhood of Madras, who had treated him as his own son, and of whom he always spoke with sincere and friendly gratitude. He still maintained his utter disbelief in the religion of his fathers. The people

792 called him " the Mad Skushog," but, said he, " I am not mad,
159 I don't believe in it at all." The problem of his sustenance
771 and the dues of the monastery remained, for still no one else
could be their *Skushog* during his lifetime, yet he entirely
[797] repudiated his office. The Mussulmans in Leh pressed him
to join their ranks, offering monetary advantages, and the
Buddhists were naturally very upset when he asserted that
the only religion which appealed to him was Christianity,
and vowed he would embrace it. He came to the Moravian
missionaries and asked them to accept him. It was a difficult
situation, as his sincerity, especially after his wild dissipated
life, needed proof, but at last they began to give him instruction,
telling him that study and probation were necessary first.
He came regularly to read with one of the missionaries, who
found him a most interesting and quite intelligent pupil, to
whom some of the things which puzzle Occidental minds were
perfectly easy, while other fundamental ideas, which our minds
can accept unhesitatingly, he as frankly avowed he could not
believe.

[626] At about this time, living as he was with his one lama servant
in the town, and visiting Mussulman and Buddhist homes
alike, he began to be alarmed for his personal safety. After
taking an evening meal out, both he and his servant were ill,
and he suspected poisoning. He came to the missionaries
and begged them to take him into their compound, where
he knew he would be safe. After some consideration, he was
given accommodation, and it was a strange thing to look up
the compound in the morning and see the *Skushog* sitting on
his steps in the sunshine, studying the Bible. We still suspected
[557] that the desire to join the Christian religion was
secondary, and this suspicion grew when it was found that
he had hoped to get a political post under the British Government,
and so go back to Tibet under its protection. Without
it he certainly dare not venture, for he feared the Tibetans
would dispose of both him and his father, by tying them up

in yak's skins and casting them out in the desert to be shrivelled 792
to death. A Bishop was coming to visit the Mission, and the 159
British Joint Commissioner would soon be coming up for the 771
summer months, so he waited with us for both, though meanwhile he went away for two or three weeks to fetch some of his property from Zankskar. He took his lama servant with him, and, before starting, secured what he considered was an outfit of European clothes. When remonstrated with, he replied that he had thought over the matter carefully, and wished to show that he had made a clean cut with the old
life. On his way down we heard that he stuck to his pro- [792]
fession of Christianity, asked a blessing before his meals, read his New Testament aloud, and, when the usual offerings were brought to him by ardent Buddhists,—for still he was a *Skushog*,—only took them under protest, saying that he himself had no blessing to give. Arrived at Zankskar he obtained his pony and goods, but his lama deserted him, in fact he seemed to have had a rough time, and he came back alone. Strange it was to think of this high-born ecclesiastical dignitary travelling in the Orient with no servant, though doubtless credulous Buddhists were still eager to obtain merit by providing for his wants at each stage. A short waiting time remained, during which he often came to meals with us, rode and talked with us, proving an entertaining companion and a gentlemanly guest. He also continued his instruction and attended church services regularly, sitting on the floor with the other members, and entering into the responses and hymns with apparent sincerity and enjoyment.

Finally, through the British Joint Commissioner, he was given a post in the Secret Service at Gyangtse, just across the Tibetan border on the Darjeeling side, and left Leh with letters of reference and recommendation, vowing that in two years he would come back to complete his instruction in the Christian faith.

So this strange youth vanished from our midst. We

792 159 771 learned afterwards that with the Maharajah's sanction, he obtained Rs500 from the Trigtse *dGonpa* to help him to get home, though the lamas would commit themselves to no statement as to whether they still regarded him as their *Skushog* or not, but at the monastery itself they always refer to him as the "Mad Skushog" still, and can appoint no successor during his lifetime. The last news we were able to obtain was from a lama, returning from Lhasa and visiting relations near Leh, who said that he was still alive, and that he and his father had saved their skins owing to the latter's wise forethought at the time the deputation first fetched his son from Tibet Knowing the lad's extraordinary character, he had taken the precaution to draw up a document, stating that the Trigste lamas insisted on taking the boy away, both against his own will and the son's. This paper eventually saved their lives, but the father was subsequently dismissed from his high post in the government and relegated to a lower one, while the son seems to live in a place of internment somewhere in the Closed Land, though not in Lhasa itself, provided with a house and fields, but segregated with other renegades, where, as the Trigtse lamas put it, he has not now the power to do so much mischief.

792 Coming down the valley we meet our next Incarnation at Spitug, another lamasery picturesquely perched on a hill. When we first came to Leh, he was personified by an old man bearing the pontifical name of Bacola whose reputation did not savour of holiness. His other, and smaller, monastery at Sankar, just behind Leh, often received visits from him, so that he was not infrequently met on the six miles of road between. He died in 1917, but it was not for two or three [775] years that we heard that he had been re-incarnated in the second son of the *rGyalpo* (King) of Marshro, a petty Rajahship some fourteen miles away. Through his mother, who, like the old Bacola, came from Zankskar, his present physical body is a great-nephew to his former one. When this small

person reached the age of five, he was brought from his home 792
and with elaborate ceremonies inducted into office, the rites being performed at Sankar. From this time he remained in the care of the lamas, Meme Lobzang, our old friend at Sankar, being his lay tutor, while his spiritual instruction was undertaken by the Sras *Skushog* of Ridzong, of whom more anon, and with whom he sometimes went away for long periods. The present Bacola is a charming little person, with a big head and large wondering childish eyes, in fact, it is quite pathetic to see him sitting on his little throne in his own private apartment at Spitug, with the insignia of his office replacing childhood's playthings on the table before him, and to hear his lamas instructing him as to what to say and do in their most polite and deferential language. Once one of these satellites arrived in Leh, and earnestly asked one of the Memsahibs for a cabbage. "But," said she, "it is late in the winter and all our cabbages are done. We have not enough for ourselves." But the lama pleaded and pleaded,—even a little tiny one would do,—for the Baby *Skushog* was crying and would not be comforted unless they procured a cabbage for him. So the Memsahib searched among the few old vegetables left, until she found a little one that would satisfy his baby desire.

The *Skushog* of Peyang does not often visit Leh, and we have rarely seen him, but he is reputed to be one of the most
erudite scholars of his own religion. He is of the red variety [796]
and holds sway over the Lamayura *dGonpa* also.

Finally, a few words must be said about the incumbent 792
of Ridzong lamasery, a few miles behind the hills of Saspola, 588
who also rules a monastery in Nubra, so has constantly to cross the Kardong Pass. This gentleman, with his refined scholarly face, is perhaps the most spiritually-minded and
learned of all the neighbouring abbots. A member of the [795]
reformed yellow sect for whom celibacy is decreed, he has yet dared to take and acknowledge a wife, instead of indulging

792 in the usual profligacy, which still must be legitimate for one
588 who is a law-giver, and who can do no sin. This lady, who is addressed by the honorific title of *Bûm*, often accompanies him on his visits to Leh; she is very resplendent with magnificent *perag* and jewels, but quite friendly, and when she visited us was most interested in our children and their toys and dolls, especially one of the latter with eyelashes!
775 The *Skushog* is generally known as the "Sras" or Son *Skushog*,
792 for he is one of a pair of incarnations, the "Yab," or Father *Skushog*, being the priest-king, we have already met on our tour to Zankskar. In the present re-birth the son happens to be older than the father, but that is a mere detail in this system of re-incarnation, where the physical body is of such minor importance.

CHAPTER XXIII

Introduction to the Hemis Mystery Play

A DESCRIPTION of life in Ladak could not be 796
complete without an account of one of the great
annual festivals held in the monasteries in the
valley, such as the *Gustor* (the offering on the ninth)
at Trigtse and at Spitug, or the *Ghanggoni Thsedrup* (the ful-
filment of life on the blue hill) at Peang, all of which take
place in the winter, whilst the *Thseshu* is held at Hemis in the
summer. The last is the most important, its chief feature [536]
being the presentation of the famous so-called " mystery play."
The festival, as its name indicates, is held on the tenth day of 779
the fifth Buddhist month, which is the birthday of Padma 796
Sambhava, the founder of Lamaism, and still the presiding 174
genius of the red sect. According to records in Sikkim, he
was a magician who came north in the seventh century, and
convinced the lamas of Tibet that he was sent as an incar-
nation of the Buddha. But into the pure Buddhism, he [786]
introduces the old *Bon Chos* with its devil-worship, and
encouraged the most sensual practices, also the eating of meat
and drinking of wine, asserting that over-indulgence in all
these passions would lead to a state of high trance. Strangely
enough, when we were waiting in the ante-room on a visit to
the *Skushog*, this sentiment was exactly borne out by a Ladaki, [152]
who was participating in the native beer and already in rather
an expansive mood. To our remark that it was not right to
get drunk and lose control of mind and body, he replied that
it was good, for the soul then became happy and blessed.

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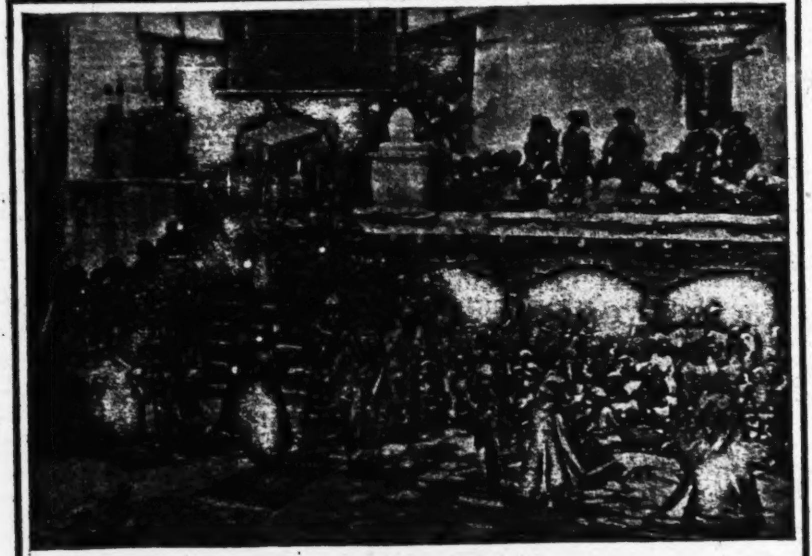

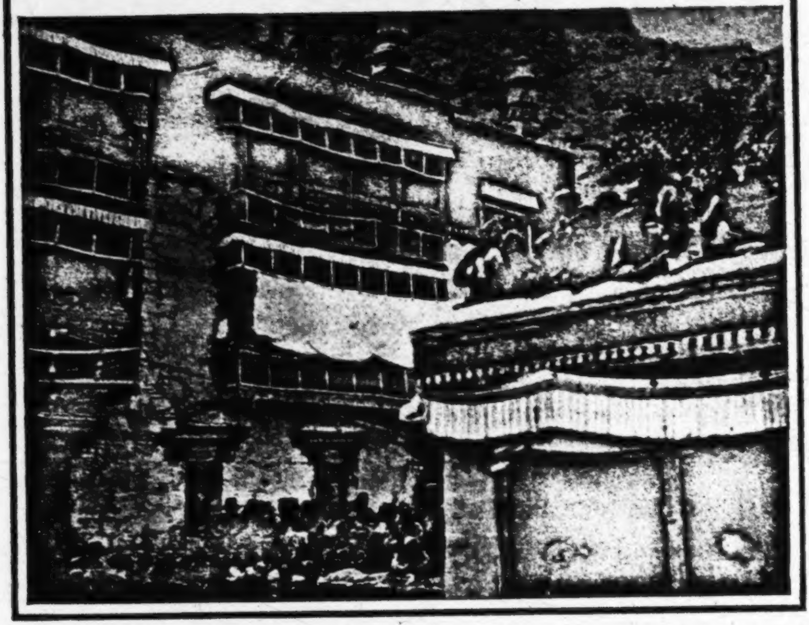

The Hemis Festival.

The dance of deities at the Hemis festival, showing the chief god descending the steps under his canopy, while those who precede him in the procession have already begun to dance.

The "Mystery Play."

Spectators watching the "Mystery Play" at Hemis. The balcony with the curtain across it conceals the purdah lady guests of the monastery, such as the Hindu and Mahommedan wives of the down country officials at Leh.

[FACING P. 240]

796 The date of the Hemis festival falls in our calendar at any
time between the beginning of June and the middle of July.
361 The later it falls, the more European spectators are enabled to
192 get over the Zogi Pass in time to see it. Hemis monastery
lies in the foothills on the south side of the Indus one-and-a-half
marches from Leh, and is reached by a good road on
either side of the river. Crossing the latter at the cantilever
bridge, some four miles below Leh, at the side of which is a
pleasant little *bagh* for picknicking or camping, the road
skirts the upper edge of the prolonged village of Chushod,
towards the further end of which are camping grounds. Then
it passes over a long bare plain to another *bagh*, a welcome
oasis in the desert, whence the path turns up across the hill to
[778] the right. Hemis itself is hidden from the valley behind a
spur of mountains, but the gorge in which it lies is indicated
by the long *mani* walls and white *chortens* which line the
[241] approach. Rounding the corner of this spur of hills, the eye
is met by the usual series of terraced fields and the end of a
long belt of trees, which fills up the narrowing gorge. Behind
the mountains rise in ridges of well-marked strata, backed
finally by rugged upright pinnacles on which the sunlight and
shade play with fantastic beauty. As the road nears the
monastery each turn reveals increasing fascination of brown
rugged rock and green tree, and, above all, of quaint *chorten*
with red-ringed superstructure above white pudding-like base,
until at last the *dGonpa* itself comes into view, a long, rather
low building, with the usual goblin-like dwellings of the
village climbing up the hill at the side. The belt of trees
keeps on the further side of the central stream, and at the time
of the festival its enclosure is dotted about with wild rose trees,
pink with blossom, a strange suggestion of the English
574 countryside in this wild land of bare mountain tops. It is in
this enclosure that the *Skushog* or Abbot allows his European
visitors to pitch their camps, and even provides luxurious,
spacious tents of his own for the more favoured guests, who

574 are personally invited by him. At the lower end of the wood he has lately built a guest-house on the plan of the bungalows inhabited by the missionaries in Leh. On the side furthest from the road, directly opposite the monastery, the wood
000 ends abruptly on the bare hillside of rock and stone. Climbing to a good vantage point on this, a delightful spot can be found to listen to the monastic evensong, and watch the shadows steal over the vast expanse of the river and valley spread out below.

Though the spur of hills cuts off the main Indus valley to the left, beyond it rises tier after tier of great bare lonely mountain tops, overwhelming in their immense majesty. Behind even these giants, the clouds lift to disclose still greater heights of everlasting snow. Truly one has now the impression of having arrived on "the roof of the world." In the valleys below, the lights and shades chase across hill and plain, and, as the moon comes up in the cloud-flecked sky behind and pursues her slow path through the white wind driven masses, the strangest wraith-like forms seem to rise and pass below. At first they appear to be white clouds tucked down between the lesser hills, but, as they move to and fro, it becomes evident that it is merely the effect of the moonlight between the passing clouds thrown on to the sandy spaces.
533 Then across the stillness of that great expanse, hitherto only
797 broken by the stream coursing down between the trees some
346 way below and the breezes rustling their leaves, comes the strangest music, slowly rising in pitch and increasing in tone till the hills take hold of it, and roll its reverberations on among themselves, achieving an effect weird and fascinating beyond description. Turning in the direction of the sound, one sees to the left, in the darkness only, the faint outlines of the monastery building with dim lights shining in its windows, while other tiny ones twinkle fitfully in the quaint habitations merging into the hillside, whose queer ridged stratification is faintly perceptible, but one knows that on the roof of the

533 *dGonpa* strangely appropriate lama figures with fairy-tale
797 hats are blowing long shawms, telescopic trumpets which pull
346 out to about fourteen feet, while at their sides are other priests
ready to take turn with their smaller flageolets. The strangely
Wagnerian effects of these shawms, which is soon replaced by
the higher tones of the other instruments, throw a plaintive,
questioning, sweetly-sad melody out into the mysteries of the
600 silent grandeur around. The vastness of nature's magnificent
rugged mightiness, the elfish dwelling places and lights
fashioned by human hands in this strange mountain fastness,
and the haunting nature of the weird music under the star-spangled
moonlit sky, combine to form an atmosphere which
will last as long as the memory can recall them. Returning
to camp, we almost stumble over a pile of sacks, and are
surprised to hear a *zhu-le* and descry a head at one end. It is
our own ponymen, who had been passed sitting round their
camp-fire on our way out, now already tucked up under their
sacks in the open. Proceeding more warily, more sacks are
found covering watchers beside a mare who foaled the day
after arrival, and yet she, carrying her load with her two-days
old offspring at her side, will travel back with us next day, the
long-legged wee thing occasionally getting a lift in the arms
of the ponyman, and turning up at the camping place
apparently none the worse for its fourteen mile run.

796 Up the sides of the stream sounds of revelry begin to arise
from around the camp-fires of the many pilgrims, laughter
and chatter and the rhythmic beat of dance music. Many
[291] of these pilgrims we have already seen on the road; town
[301] ladies from Leh with immensely wide *perags* and all their
gala finery, rattling with jewelry, their blue turquoises and
gay capes of red and green showing up as delightful spots of
colour on the bare brown landscape when they rode ahead.
184 Stopping at any little spot by the roadside, where water is
accessible to brew their tea, were little groups of wayfarers
from the countryside below Leh and from the lesser known

side valleys, the latter at once detected by a slight difference 184
in dress or dialect. Here came a group of Indian officials
from Leh, in front the white turban and coat of the Tehsildar 796
or chief magistrate on an alert little pony with one or two 56
attendants, behind at a little distance his daughter in her closed dandy, then his wife in hers, and their carrying coolies singing as usual ; sometimes the wail of the baby was heard from within the curtain. Leh traders, who put up little temporary shops under canvas along the main street (a series of steps and platforms at the side of the monastery) a detachment of Gurkhas from the company stationed at Leh, two Ladaki girls riding on one pony with a male relation at the side, all these, and many more types we can study at leisure during the ~~long~~ intervals of the performance, which would be unutterably boring apart from the picturesque and varied audience, to whom we are as much a part of the show as they
are to us. One more little group, passed as we neared the 797
monastery, deserves mention. Placed on a sort of chair, 796
railed on the four sides and fixed to his saddle, sits a wee baby *Skushog*, the Incarnation of the *dGonpa* at Stagna, about ten miles away. He wears the correct red *Skushog* robes, and processional riding-hat, and wobbles a bit with fatigue after his long ride. We stop to greet him and his attendant lamas, and find he is only six years old, in fact he looks less.

They draw aside to let us pass, and, as we look back to bid him adieu, the rich red of the lamas, the yellow-brown of his pony, with its small offspring sidling up to the mother adding a further baby element to the group, form such a picture against the green trees, *chorten* gate and distant mountainous background, that it makes us wish our camera was not packed up and ahead in our bedding. This tiny abbot re-appeared several times during the ensuing ceremonies, now on the roof, now in a balcony, now in a prominent corner just outside the main door of the *dGonpa*, always with his devoted lama nurse in attendance, and delighting us by his

797 796 baby antics, mimicry of the dancers, and enjoyment of the tamasha, till finally we met his diminutive Holiness being carried off in his lama's arms down the steps to bed, still full of beans, and turning from a blessing he was instructed to give to a bowing worshipper to look back at the strange MemSahib, and lift his hand to his forehead saying " zhu " to her.

796 536 Now we must turn our attention to the ceremonies and first endeavour to present their strangely fascinating setting. The European visitors are asked kindly to bring their own chairs, which are placed in a row on a covered balcony one storey above the court-yard and facing the main buildings of the [565] monastery. These are four storeys high, the upper ones having a series of verandahs, each adorned across the top with a valance, in which the *élite* of the country sit. One of the upper ones belongs to the *Skushog's* own private rooms, and [643] only himself, the old ex-King, who is now leading a priestly life as a hermit in a neighbouring nullah, and one or two high-born gentlemen appear in it. A large cloth is hung over it, so that their privacy may be maintained when desirable, but, during the performances, the old King is seen in full view, while the dark-blue spectacled eyes and clean-shaven and shorn face and head of the *Skushog* frequently appear under a raised corner. In the adjacent anterooms sit other honoured guests, while the lower storey balconies seem reserved for ladies, for many widely-turquoised *perags* are seen from time to time. Placed on the roof at intervals are sticks supporting yak's tails, three-skirted umbrella-like structures, and others made of yak's wool. At the left-hand corner of the court-yard a wide flight of nine steps leads up to the main door on the first storey, and this throughout provides a centre of unceasing fascination. Not only do the actors enter and depart up and down these steps, but the whole time they are peopled by lamas ascending and descending, sitting and standing, a most wonderful kaleidoscope of red, the extraordinary thing being,

796 536 that, in spite of every shade of that colour, scarlet, maroon, crimson, puce, claret, magenta, prune, in every stage of newness and fadedness being present, the total effect of what would ordinarily seem so clashing was a really artistic blend of colour, to which the eye constantly reverted.

To the right of the steps and at the level of the big doors, a platform projected from the main building, which accommodated a large number of spectators, and on the right-hand side of the courtyard were more steps and low roofs packed with onlookers. [788] Another platform covered a roof which was entirely occupied by a gigantic prayer-wheel, so huge and heavy that two or three people must press against it with all their strength to start it revolving; but then what a mighty weight of prayer went round with each turn. Under the Westerners' balcony was the ecclesiastical band, the instruments being four pairs of cymbals and a dozen drums of the warming-pan shape with queer hooked beaters. Next to the musicians came the *Skushog's* throne, a raised platform with richly-cushioned seat and back, also long trappings, its high arch terminating the balcony above, while in front was placed a finely painted Tibetan table, flanked by vases of flowers. On the other side, level with the court-yard, were the remainder of the band, the two long shawms and the two flageolets or trumpets. In front of all the musicians were small tables which accommodated the holy books from which they chanted.

[788] On the fourth and left side of the court-yard there was no wall, but a slight projection accommodated a large prayer-wheel about four feet high and three feet in diameter, which was constantly being set in motion during the waiting times. Beyond this was an open space prolonging the old quadrangle into another court-yard in front of the newer monastic buildings.

Between these two court-yards rough barriers, such as the trunk of a poplar or a piece of carved wood moulding from

796 some destroyed roofing, were placed to complete the square
536 of the dancing theatre. The audience squatting on the
ground were pushed back behind these as each scene opened.

[788] In the middle of the main court-yard, some distance apart from each other, and supported by round whitewashed mud platforms were two flagstaffs, capped by yaks' tails ; they were almost as high as the monastery, and from their sides floated out many long prayer-flags. The scene was completed on the first morning, after we had been sent for and had taken our seats, by the setting-up of a large banner, which was let down from the roof above the main door and steps, on which was portrayed a young man with the Buddha type of face. This we learnt represented "Padma Karpo" his real name being "Dugpa Rinpoche." The next morning he was replaced by a more elderly gentleman, called "Galsas Rinpoche," the tutelary god of Hemis. Once in twelve years a still more important deity is displayed, and rites and ceremonies are performed in his honour, while the common people prostrate themselves before him. Above these banners each day a large awning with a yellow silk valance was protruded, whether to shade them from the sun subjectively, or objectively as regards the colour of the cloth, it is hard to say.

796 But before the drama opens, we must devote a few words to our fellow spectators who will provide us with so much interest and amusement in the long intervals between the scenes. During one of the most tedious of these, when we could hear the drums throbbing for some ceremony within the monastery, a Ladaki informant alleged that the monks had been receiving and eating the offerings of food brought by the common people from near and far. Judging by the size of the congregation this must needs have been a proponled ritual and a sustining meal.

796 During the acting they crowded on to every available space,
184 roofs, balconies, galleries, steps, platforms, and blocked up
all the egresses on the ground floor. Here and there were

proud possessors of umbrellas, which went up for sun or 796
showers. Many districts and dialects were represented. 184

Here were two *Jomos* or nuns from Zankskar, to whom
we talked later on when gathered round their camp-fire with 796
their fellow countrymen, young girls of about seventeen and 184
nineteen, sisters, with course manly faces and necks under 291
their tonsured heads and yellow caps. They had come a
month's journey over many a difficult pass, but were as cheery
as could be. Conspicious were some conjurers from Spitti, [791]
who come to Ladak every year, and whose display we had often witnessed in Leh. With uncovered heads, their long hair done in a large number of narrow plaits gave a strangely effeminate touch to their tall, well set-up bodies. Dotted about were ladies from the district of Hanle, some two to three weeks' journey further up the Indus valley, easily distinguished by their peculiar *perags*, which, instead of coming to a blunt point in front, were cut sharply off above the forehead by a straight bar of silver. Many of the women from Nubra and the less known valleys of Ladak wore picturesque dresses of narrow material sewn together in strips with circular patterns stamped on at intervals, giving a striped effect, so pleasing that one wished it had not been put out of fashion by the town ladies of Leh. One old Tibetan with a dark face, looking as if he might belong to the Hanuman tribe, sat devoutly under an umbrella the whole time, and, whenever we looked across, he was turning his two prayer-wheels, which he held one in each hand. Such devotion had no doubt prevented him from attending to his wild unkempt hair for many a long day. There were also many ladies wearing nothing on their heads to cover their untidy plaited hair : these were nomads from the Changtang, the great northern plains far away. Now a small person takes up a central position and serenely breaks open apricot stones to extract the kernels, using a stone to crack them on the base of the flagstaff. A gentleman with a yellow silk brocade dressing-gown and

796 tremendous red hat is seen making his way purposefully
184 through the crowd, and one wonders what, whence, whither ?
291 Then comes into view a curious figure with a tremendous
prayer-wheel, a strange hat with a central peak, and a high
scolloped turned-up brim, a conspicuous rosary, and two small
[791] drums on his back: a sort of gipsy lama, or shall we label him
a mendicant magician in this land where priest-craft and devil-worship, ecclesiastical ritual and sorcery, are so closely mingled.

There we spy a typical Tibetan face, framed by a four-flapped dark orange cap; and now a pretty Ladaki girl, in a very Dutchy hat with turned-up corners and a little bit of gold embroidery, detaches herself from the crowd and makes signs to a friend on the roof above us, a delightful touch of colour being added by a yellow rose fastened in the side of her hat. Occasionally we spot a woman from Central Tibet with her round head-dress a strip of red-covered leather shaped into a ring, studded with turquoise and coral, and wearing the quaint striped apron which she and her sisters effect. In the corner, under the shelter of an overhanging roof, we find a little family comfortably ensconced, their baggage sacks having been arranged as pillows for a witchlike old lady who leans wearily back on them. Here and there stand out extra highly coloured hats on our own Ladaki neighbours, even the gentlemen having had their head-gear re-covered for such a festival. The flat Mongolian faces and quaint wee garments, generally raggedly elflike, of the babies, are particularly fascinating, especially one tiny man belonging to the front row in the quadrangle floor, who runs out into the arena every now and again to guilelessly practice the movements he has just witnessed, causing real joy to the crowd. One larger boy, caught trespassing by a monk with a whip, is seized and given a mock beating, which amuses him as much as the onlookers. Here are some Dard ladies from Hanu, far down the Indus valley, with their bag-like caps fastened down on one side and adorned with a row of needles (probably made in Birmingham).

So from time to time one interesting type after another 796
appears on the scene and catches the eye. Always in the 184
picture the ecclesiastic element is prominent. Most of the 791
lamas wear waterbottles, square, flat bags with hole and cap
at the top. These are used to put the holy water into, which
alone they are allowed to drink when they fast. Some are
covered with beautiful Chinese silk brocade, which is worn
only by senior or superior monks. Quite a number of
novices are about, boy lamas of all ages from about eight
upwards. The majority of the crowd are, of course, our own
Ladaki friends from the neighbourhood of Leh, with a good
sprinkling of interested Mussulmans distinguished by fez
and turban, and a few Hindu shopkeepers, clerks, and their
servants. In the balcony at right angles to us, sitting next 792
to the Gurkha sepoys stationed in Leh, is a hermit who
lives in a little hermitage half-way up the hill about two miles
from Leh. He looks anything but a hermit in his fine red
robes, with hair done like the Spitti men, but wearing a
lama's cap.

He is very restless, and his face looks peevish and certainly
not meditative. But he comes out of retirement a good deal,
for we have met him in the fields, and a week after the festival
there was a gathering in the desert outside Leh, where the
Skushog of Hemis consecrated for him a new *chorten* and *mani*
wall, which he has built to bring blessing to the town, so he [554]
cannot be a man of poverty. At the festival he is provided
with a deck chair, and a second day we see him busy tearing
a long piece of yellow silk into strips, which we later notice
adorning caps and garments, doubtless after having been
blessed by the *Skushog*.

It was surprising how quickly this concourse of pilgrims 796
melted away. The morning after the festival, when we
moved out of the village at about 9 o'clock, it was almost
empty again, neither did we pass many of them.

As we descended straight down to the bridge, crossing the 000

As we descended straight down to the bridge, crossing the
1778 river to make the return journey to Leh on the other side, we
passed a large *chorten* surrounded by small trees, on which
was painted a hideous three-eyed monster, the patron saint
of Hemis, and then caught up with one more fascinating
484 little group of pilgrims. This trio were returning up the Indus
184 valley to the wilds, two women and a man in the dress of
nomads. On their backs were strange casks like old beer
291 barrels with the outlet well pegged. Looking in over the
top we found they were lidless and contained all their cooking pots, while the remainder of their travelling requisites,
probably all their worldly goods, were packed on the back
of the donkey, whose foal trotted at her side.

CHAPTER XXIV

Hemis Mystery Play—First Day

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WITH this *mise-en-scène*, we must now try to convey some impression of the actual mystery play as performed at Hemis, and witnessed by us on two occasions at an interval of nine years. On the former of these the first dance was led off by the *Skushog* himself. His robes were very much like those of the other participants, but more ornate with many jewels, and he was distinguished by an overdress depending from the waist nearly to the bottom of his skirts, made of human bones connected into an interlacing pattern of real beauty. His mouth was covered with a thin white cloth, and an old lama with bare head and wispy grey locks, like a benign old wizard, went round at his side, and constantly wiped the perspiration from his face. This particular year was one of more elaborate ceremony, which only occurs every twelve years, including, as already mentioned, the display and worship of a particularly holy banner.

But at the performance we saw nine years later, the *Skushog* only occupied his throne in the court-yard for the first dance, and then retreated to his private apartments, from the balcony of which he watched the play. His entrance was an imposing ceremony attended by two ordinary lamas, and two wearing extraordinary hats with large, scolloped, turned-up edges culminating in a peak in front. Over him was held a large umbrella with gay skirts, and he was led, amid blare of trumpets and clash of cymbals, to take his seat on the throne facing the main building, where his attendants prostrated themselves, and then retreated.

Two heralds then appeared on the roof in picturesque costumes : young lama boys with bare legs, short garments of the prevailing red, and yellow hats with turned-up brims. Their typical heraldic conches, from which depended banners decorated with dragons, now produced a very mournful sound, the great shawms of the band blew loudly their Wagnerian-like dragon music, and two masked figures appeared and ran down the steps. These were bare-legged, with short skirts of a pattern resembling an old chintz, hats with a low central peak and a round rolled brim to which a square piece of cheap red stuff was attached behind. Their right arms were sleeveless, and they carried the ordinary horsewhips of the country, a thong of leather on a short stick. These gentlemen combined the functions of police and jester throughout the ensuing ceremonies. They kept the crowds back, whipping even the ladies soundly, but harmlessly, with strong whacks on their sheepskin capes, and providing endless buffoonery to while away the tedium of the long intervals. Onlookers who passed to and fro across the open space were seen off with absurd gestures, or their gait grossly imitated as they unconsciously walked ahead. Small children were abstracted and nursed as babies, *pice* (the Indian farthing) were begged for with ludicrous entreaties, and all sorts of by-play indulged in to the huge delight of the audience. The favourite joke, which never palled, was to snatch off the hat of a casual passer-by, search it for undesirable inhabitants, pounce upon one in triumph, then throw away the cap in disgust. After they had executed a short dance, they at once began their policing operations by driving the crowds back with their whips, and entertaining them through an interlude of monotonous chanting by the musicians.

Then at last the real business began, the motive underlying the whole thing apparently being the propitiation of evil deities and demon kings, and the exorcism of bad spirits in order to secure safety and good fortune during the coming year, and, additionally, to exploit ancient stories and superstitions in order to increase the merit and glorification of the lamas themselves, thus enhancing their sacerdotal powers. The common people also must become familiarized with the demons which will beset their spirits after leaving the body at death.

With a fanfare from the band, thirteen dancers were ushered on to the scenes, possibly the number having some relation to the thirteen ages represented by the thirteen red rings on the superstructure of the *chortens*. They were preceded by two ordinary lamas, and two with braziers of incense and with heraldic hats and gowns, who subsequently retreated. The dancers themselves wore enormous hats, with wide round brims having rounded edges, and a tall structure about one-and-a-half foot high rising from the crown, with a picture of a skull on it. From the backs of these hats a number of brightly coloured broad ribbons streamed down to well below the waist, smaller ones being attached to the front. Over their mouths were thin white cloths which the *Skushog* informed us were to keep out the dust raised by the dancing, a desirable custom which only obtained at Hemis. In each hand was a stick to which more streamers were attached. Their robes were of rich Chinese silk and brocade embroidered in most beautiful combinations of colour. Over their shoulders fell rich capes with deep, wide scollops, and in front they wore aprons, both of the same beautifully-patterned material, differing in each individual case. The skull in the hat, and another one represented at the waist in front were constant reminders that this life is an illusion in which mortality reigns, just as at our own ancient feasts a skeleton was brought in to remind the guests of the passing nature of this existence.

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Stretching out right and left arms alternately, advancing and retiring to and from each other and the centre of the circle, they slowly made their way round the court-yard in the direction of the hands of a clock. The dance was slow and stately, accompanied by the beat of drums and monotonous chanting, occasionally punctuated by cymbals. A curious effect contrasting with this measured solemnity was frequently produced by the cymbals making two or three loud crashes succeeded by a series combining *diminuendo* and *accelerando*, exactly imitated by the dancers raising their heels in time to the music and, as it were, settling down on to them. Each dancer was given a few pieces of sacred herb by a lama, and as they slowly neared the steps, two monks, one standing each side at the top, with heraldic hats and trumpets, blew a note at which sign the two leaders made their exit up the steps between the onlooking lamas. This was repeated for each pair of dancers as they neared the stairs, and was the signal for retirement in successive pairs throughout the play. The whole impression of this dance was introductory ; by incantation and movement to prepare the " astral light " for the mystery play, and by invocation to bring blessing on the performers.

At its close one of the police-jesters ran round the court-yard with a censer of burning embers for further purification, and a continued incantation was maintained by the musicians to sustain the " aura " produced, and keep away bad spirits.

Now, with much crashing and noise from the band, a troop of sixteen dancers emerged, each carrying a tambourine and bell. Their hats were of plaited straw with a flat sign on the top shaped like the eye of a peacock's feather, and five of these patterns were arranged round the front of the head-dress. Their faces were partly hidden by a sort of visor of brass, with expansions representing the nose and moustache, and large spaces for eyes and mouth. These danced in a similar way to their predecessors, droning, ringing bells, and rattling little drums, the latter shaped like a double tambourine, each with a bob on the end of a long string, which knocked the successive sides of the drums when rattled sufficiently. These performers receded in pairs in the usual manner, and all we could make of their dance was a further preparation by sound vibrations to frighten away evil influences. These noises are more potent if the metal which causes the vibrations is holy. 796 536

After a prolonged interlude, the band rises and stands outside the shelter of the gallery to greet a long procession of maskers, which slowly files down the steps. Meanwhile some rich strips of carpets have been placed on benches to the right of the court-yard, and another long strip on the ground to the left. First comes an ordinary lama carrying a flag, next one with a brass pot, its brim drawn out into a long spout and set with jewels, then a pair of lamas swinging censers, others carrying shawms with queer expanded ends, some with shorter trumpets, and then a series of masked figures, which come on so quickly and amidst such clatter and noise that it is impossible to distinguish forms and sounds until they have arranged themselves. Most prominent of all is a high umbrella-like canopy of red and yellow which is carried by a Chinese-looking individual with short black coat and long Chinese gown, wearing a hat of several embroidered sections, such as Tibetans use upside down under their headgears for an eyeshade when travelling. He and another attendant hold the umbrella over a tall form clad in rich embroidered silk, the face hidden behind a huge mask portraying a benign countenance with converging eyes. Accompanying this being are seven other deities and two devil-masked persons. Of the other figures in the procession sixteen are dressed alike, unmasked, but with peculiar hats made of a triple crown of decreasing size, the topmost surmounted by a round knob. As all the figures proceed, acolytes swinging censers pass in and out between them, and

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FACING p. 256

THE INAUGURAL DANCE OF THE HEMIS FESTIVAL.

On the left is the balcony from which the Europeans watch the performance; next to it is the *Shushog's* throne.

they gradually become distinguishable, the benign-faced gentleman under the umbrella taking his seat in the centre of the carpetted benches, with three of the deities on each side and a demon king sitting at each end. These two latter seemed to be guardians of the gods, who partake sufficiently of the nature of the demons from which these deities must be protected to be able to repulse them ; in other words, " Set a thief to catch a thief." They represent, according to Waddell, those deities of the old devil-worship religion, who, when Buddhism absorbed the latter, were forced to become *fidei defensores* of the new religion. Each of these demon kings has a third eye in his forehead, indicating that he can see on inner occult planes, the third eye showing that all things are known to him in all directions. The sixteen unmasked performers in turn move over to the carpet on the ground to our left, and sit there facing the deities, so that now we can sort out the minor personages. Attached to each row of sitters is a guardian with a cloth folded like a fan in his hand and wearing an ugly pink mask with a dropped gaping jaw which he can move up and down by means of his own chin. He walks along the front of his allotted row of figures fanning away evil influences, and every now and then has to divert his attention to ward off two apparently harmless imps wearing ugly masks, clad in yellow, each with a scarf and stick in his hands, and representing mischievous powers which try to intrude on the gathering. There also rushes in with shrill whistling, produced by placing the fingers in the mouth, four bare-legged short-skirted figures with three-cornered flags in their hats, whose capes are too scant to reach their bare waists. They seem to be high winds bringing messages from the four quarters, and each carries a *dorjhe* and tambourine-rattle. They do not seem to disturb the assembly for the guardian's fan is unperturbed, but the police-jesters have amusing encounters with them. We can now see also the other figures behind the seven seated deities, where

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the Chinese-looking and other attendant still hold the umbrella, and sundry acolytes or lama boys stand at one end of the row; one, a young novice, holds a small dough model of the organ of generation on a plate, whilst next to him another boy exhibits a large shell, and behind them stands a terribly dissipated-looking individual, masked with repulsive swollen cheeks.

There now enter four boys with warming-pan drums and hooked beaters, wearing hats of the inverted eyeshade type, like the Chinaman's, but with a large *Om* inscribed in the centre. These approach the deities, dancing, whilst the two imps of mischief try to get into the foreground, too. The boys range themselves in front, stop beating their drums and chant an incantation to which the Central Incarnation occasionally nods in assent, whilst the jesters and imps play about in the background of this solemn scene. These four boys having retired, the lesser deities rise in turn to execute a "pas seul," during which we can examine them more closely. In the centre we note that the chief personage, with the large passive face, holds in his right hand the *dorjhe* or thunderbolt, a symbol of great power, and a small bowl of corn—the first food given to man—in his left. He does not dance, but, beginning with the one on his right, the others rise alternately from each side of him. All are dressed in richest silk of most fascinating colours and embroidered with Chinese designs of dragons and skulls. Occasionally the jester goes round the scene with a censer, and the band of course continues to accompany the dancers.

The first of these has a mask with a blue face, a hat of three balls decreasing in size, one on top of the other, and carries a *dorjhe* and bell in his hands. At the close of his dance, the figure on the left of the chief god steps out—a deity with an insignificant small Buddha-like mask under a hat like a large stiffened lama's cap—who has to be fanned as he rises, and whose empty right hand placed against his chest is very

796 536 tremulous as he executes his steps, whether voluntarily or not, is not evident, though it ceases when he resumes his seat. From the right side of the first dancer rises a figure with a grey hat, resembling a *chorten*, bearing a wreath round it, surmounting a flesh coloured face, and, depending by long threads from his ears representations of the eye of a peacock's feather. He carries a tambourine in one hand and a bowl in the other, probably made of part of a human skull. His dance is more spreading and cumbrous than that of the others. Next comes into the arena the god next but one to the left of the head deity, one with a red face, carrying a shield and tambourine-rattle adorned with many of the peacock-feather symbols. Another red face follows from the other end of the row with the same ornament and several small skulls on his head-dress. In his left hand he carries herbs and a disc ; in his right is a spear with streamers attached to the handle. The final lesser deity arises from the left end of the row, displaying an orange face and a blue head with tiny knobs all over it, crowned by a chignon of the same, the traditional head of the Mongolian Buddha.

Depending from the back of this head is a square of beautifully embroidered silk, from which one's glance falls to the hands to see them covered with dark yellow gloves, too long in the fingers and full of holes ! How one would like to be initiated into the meaning of all this strange symbolism which seems so incongruous to Western eyes. Waddell suggests that the chief deity is Padma Sambhava, the remainder being his other seven forms, but that sometimes he is said to be the Buddha himself, the group being that of the seven Buddhas. Or does it symbolize the seven principles of human nature, seven being the sum of four and three, and the basic number of the present period according to Buddhist philosophy. Hence, for instance, the seven notes of the musical scale, and the seven colours of the rainbow have their significance. (*See* Chapter XVI.)

796
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But the two demon kings have yet to take their parts. First the one on the right of the presiding deity rises for his dance, and, suddenly, with blare of trumpets, two more devils appear, also with the third eye, and wearing handsome dresses combining light saxe-blue and red in their magnificent colour scheme. Similarly when the turn of the other demon king, with his black woolly head, begins, another pair emerges to dance with him, also gowned exquisitely. This suggests the sudden increase of dancers at the witches' sabbath in Western mediæval magic. Finally, the sixteen unmasked figures arise from their carpets and approach the deities, and then with slow stately steps all proceed round the court-yard, and retire up the stairs into the porch. Thus after about two hours ended the first morning's performance, and we retired for lunch.

The first event of the afternoon was essentially a devil-dance, in which twelve masqueraders appeared either singly or in couples, each advent signalized by the picturesquely-hatted lama in the porch blowing his trumpet. The first couple were bestial with repulsive snouts, third eyes, and wearing aprons with skulls on them. Executing a few turns, they settled down to rest in time with the cymbals in the manner already described. Next to them came a black mask under a black wooden hat with a triangular flag projecting from the middle, the wearer carrying a big hammer with a *dorjhe* attached. Number four had horns and a black animal visage, while his neighbour's head-dress had a broad foundation with small skulls rimming the front, and piled all over it long coils representing a mixture of intestines and snakes, an end of one of the latter appearing over the front, showing its head, symbolic of desire and decay. The next-comer wore a hat with a chaplet of skulls round a woolly crown, and carried a sabre and a piece of wood like a knife-cleaning board. Three flags protruding from a turret-like structure decked the next head, then came another mask with five skulls over

796 536 the top, while the next element represented must have been a good one, for the figure wore a beatific though inane-looking white-faced mask. This bright spot among the other black-faced, repulsive monsters, however, was more than set off by the next comer, whose black mask had a most appalling gape, while the rear was brought up by two monkeys with dropped jaws and bulging upper eyelids. Save for the last fur-covered representatives of the Hanuman tribe, these hideous beings all of whom had the third eye, wore most exquisite gowns and aprons of Chinese silk. Their purport was not revealed to us, for, after a dance of the usual type and a low chant, they retreated, as usual in twos at a signal from the trumpeters in the porch.

The next act of this extraordinary drama was preceded by the placing of two small carpets on the ground near the left-hand flagstaff. One was square with a broad red border having in its centre a smaller square of tigerskin. The other was of dark blue, with an inner line of light blue demarcating a central white triangle, on which lay a mysterious object covered with a bit of thin dark blue veiling. The square with its four sides, the number of which indicates this earthly plane, and the triangle, which, by its three sides stands for the higher elements, thus represented the whole universe of earth and heaven. Two unmasked lamas brought out beer in a brass chalice, in shape rather like a Western coffee-pot, with rounded lines and a pattern chased in the middle of both sides ; also a small plate of barley and a cup. A third lama in an expansive yellow silk robe stood on the square facing the triangle, holding a bell and a *dorjhe* with streamers attached. The cup is given into his right hand, and to the sound of solemn chanting some beer is poured into it from the chalice. With more incantations he throws this away in the direction of the flagstaff. Into the cup, apparently reversed, some rice is then placed by the other lama, and that is also thrown away to the accompaniment of low chanting.

Next beer and barley are both placed in the cup, the ringing of the bell punctuating the droning song as this is done; these are poured away also, and this libation repeated twice, after which chalice, cup, and platter are all taken away. The yellow-robed priest then dons his mitred hat, waves his streamered *dorjhe* three times towards the hidden object, and retires.

Two ghouls now appear on each side of the court, their heads and bodies covered with skeletal white cloth on which skulls and ribs are inadequately depicted by red streaks. Round their waists are kilts made of silk scarves, and attached to waist and ankles small bells like those on a jester's hat. Two of them carry skulls on sticks, and all wear decrepit white gloves on hands and feet, which have never known a "stitch in time," nor ever will. The compartments for the toes are particularly incapable of retaining contents and flap absurdly over their respective digits. These ghouls execute a dance reminiscent of our Sir Roger de Coverley, advancing to meet in the middle then passing over to opposite sides. One snatches the veil from the hidden object, revealing an anthropomorphic effigy of dough; the lama replaces the veil at once, but again they approach and remove it, before making their exit with dancing.

There now enter four figures of the ogre type, with the third eye in their foreheads. One has an open mouth and protruding tongue curled upwards, another has a chaplet of skulls on his head-dress, while a third is an ogress with long trails of hair. Each holds a weapon with which to combat evil spirits: thus number one carries a sickle to pierce the heart, number two a charm to bind the body, number three a snare of rope to tie the hands, and number four a bell, whose tinkling will keep the spirits down. They are joined by ghouls in narrow trousers and tunics with ill-fitting toe-gloves, and all dance, finally leaving the arena together.

Now another procession files down the steps, preceded by the bearer of the jewel-rimmed, long-spouted beer-pot, the two lamas with musicians' hats swinging censers, and two more whose hats have scolloped up-turned brims, blowing their flageolets, all of whom move to one side when they have ushered in their ogre. He is a true King of Demons, with his big devil-mask, up-turned tongue between great tusks, and three eyes. For him a lama holds out the plate of barley, some of which he flings away four times, some to each of the four quarters of the earth. The remainder is placed by the uncovered effigy, which is left alone for a time. The heraldic five lamas leave the scene, and the Demon King advances in a slow dance to the music of flageolets, while four other demons emerge to join him, all with streamers in their hands, coloured rags covering the backs of their heads, and long earrings of the peacock-eye type ; all, too, have small skulls in their head-dresses, and a papier-maché one at the waist. A lama removes the platter of barley, then the Demon King approaches the dough figure and chops it up with his sabre, whereupon the lama distributes it to him and his four satellites, afterwards retreating to a low chant.

Again another type of demon comes upon the scenes dancing, and is joined by four others, one pair emerging from the crowd on the right, the other couple down the stairs on the left. Each carries a warming-pan drum and wears a yellow mask, yellow bodice and dark blue skirt, over which strips of tiger skin are arranged. On the tops of their heads are triangular flags. Again the priest approaches the dough figure and distributes portions to the five devils as they kneel round the triangle ; he then removes the remnants of the effigy and also the square carpet. Now, from right and left corners respectively, again approach two groups of five figures, demoniacal ogres with yellow, blue, red, and black masks bearing skulls, and all with three eyes. The five previously in the arena disappear as these ten new figures

rush into the centre, amid the beating of drums, whistling 796
and yelling, whooping and running about, thus demonstrating 536
their demoniacal glee at the destruction of the enemy. The ten now dance together, ranging themselves in opposing fives, beating their drums slowly and quietly, and executing a sort of "Sir Roger" again. The band now stops entirely, while one of the dancers beats on to the end, until they all go out. We, too, with weary eyes and confused brains, are glad to retreat to our quiet tents on the hillside, trusting that the morrow may bring some elucidation of the purpose and meaning of the strange things we have witnessed.

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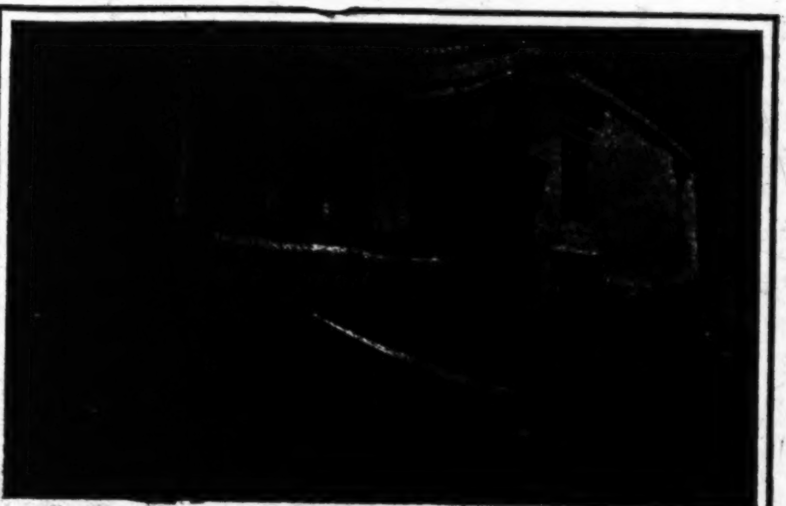

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THE FESTIVAL AT HEMIS.

Showing the lamas of the monastic band blowing their long [illegible]. To their left is the *Skushog's* throne, and to their right a large prayer-wheel framed in a projection of masonry.

HEMIS DGONPA.

With *chortens* in the foreground. This is the monastery where the great festival is held annually. Hidden among the foothills, it has escaped pillage. Hence it is rich in treasures.

FACING P.264

CHAPTER XXV

Hemis Mystery Play—Second Day

196
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THE morning of the second day was very disappointing, for, after a message having come for us to assemble just before ten o'clock, we had to sit expectantly for nearly two hours, and then were only rewarded by seeing a dance similar to the first one of the previous day. Our anticipation had been raised in vain several times by the fanfare from the heralds on the roof, or an overture by the band, and once even to high pitch by the sudden hurling of a number of lay-folk out of the porch and down the steps as though to clear the road, when they almost fell over each other in precipitous retreat from unseen forces behind, so that alarm for small boys in the crush was mingled with the joy of certainty that something was coming at last, only to settle once more into aggrieved patience. However, at last the band burst into full music, and a procession really appeared, preceded by the bearer of the jewelled beer-pot, at the side of which walked a lama with a whip, then two swingers of censers, then the two heralds, who led in apparently the same performers as in the first item of the previous day with the difference that a burning brazier was carried round to purify the way for an additional lama. This priest bore a ceremonial vase, something like a small tea-pot, adorned unfortunately by little tawdry skirts, and containing peacock's feathers. He led the way across the arena to a second outlet on the right where the dancers threw away sacred herbs. After this the dancing became more animated, with shrill whistling, the beating of the drums and chanting being continuous throughout, while occasionally a clash of cymbals inaugurated an acceleration, when hops and jumps varied the monotony. When the performers had danced slowly round the circle, the trumpeters on the steps played them out as usual.

In the afternoon we again waited from 3 till 5 p.m. witnessing the preparations for a rather interesting display. Three sturdy little well fed ponies were brought into the court-yard. One was very gaily caparisoned, first with a rich fringed cloth covering his whole body, over which a beautiful carpet was thrown, above that a gorgeous saddle, and surmounting all a cloth of tiger-skin with a red edge. The other two ponies were given just one covering coat of patchwork with a border inferior in quality, the whole badly needing the attentions of needle and cotton. During the long waiting time which followed, a gentleman, who had evidently been enjoying the local beer, staggered about in and out between the ponies and round the area with smoking embers in a rough frying pan, saying "*so-lo, solo,*" (hurrah), and emitting weird noises which were apparently intended to raise the excitement of the animals, though this was achieved to a greater extent by the smoking embers being pushed in under their noses and close to their bodies. A figure dressed in Chinese hat, black coat, and yellow silk robe, holding a salutation-scarf, stood up by the flag-staff. He was extraordinarily motionless throughout the long time of waiting. A lama, with bare head and rich yellow silk robes, carrying a wand also appeared, he being the man in charge of these animals throughout the year. Each pony was held by a man wearing a hat with an edging of white goat or sheepskin. Underneath our balcony we next descried three black dogs, of which one seemed to drop out later, also with cloths on their backs, once gorgeous, now old, torn and faded, while to the right of the quadrangle two grey-white goats stood waiting.

796 536 As they waited, a lama brought out some long strips of red cloth printed with prayers, and climbing up the high flag-staffs, added them to the other prayer-flags for the wind to operate upon.

At last the ecclesiastical band appeared, on the roof this time, and the shawms and flageolets resounded ; then a lama brought out a silver tea-pot adorned with skirts and peacock feathers. He poured some of the contained beer into the hands of the patient Chinaman, on to the back of each of the animals, and some into the palms of each of their keepers, who drank it up with much relish. Then a battered old tin bowl containing blood-reddened clay was brought to each group of animals, and, their backs having been bared, they were well smeared with a bit of goat's hair dipped into the ruddy mixture. The ponies, now thoroughly excited, were led off at a gallop, and circling the monastery, were brought in at the opposite entrance, where cheered, hooted, and excited with much noise, they tore across the court-yard to re-appear and vanish again. The ponies thus circled the *d'Gonpa* altogether three times, the dogs only appearing once more, while the small timid goats were led slowly across once only, and then probably put aside for safety's sake. These animals represent the scapegoat idea as interpreted at Hemis, and once they have been chosen for this unusual ceremony are never allowed to work again, but fed and fattened at the expense of the monastery, and set aside for this ceremony until death. Some Ladaki informants also state that the ceremony is to dedicate the animals to the gods, the truth probably being that the gaily caparisoned one has some special purpose in this connection.

During this item a large pudding or cake made of some kind of flour mixed with water, the colour of mud and studded with white spots, was deposited on the ground in front of the empty *Skushog's* throne, and covered with a salutation scarf. This, according to a Ladaki onlooker, was to be dispensed

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subsequently by the Abbot with his blessing. It was removed at the end of the sccapegoat performance, after which three ragged and dirty women brushed over the dusty courtyard with little bundles of reeds and sprinkled it with water.

In the early morning a low square platform of mud, about four inches high, and two inches square, had been made in the same place as the triangle and square carpet had been laid the previous day. Now a tray was placed on the platform containing a rough cup and some tins. Then a dancer emerged, with a three-cornered pennant projecting from a large round hat, wearing a rich cape over a dress of brocaded streamers and scarves, and carrying a small bowl made of a human skull in his hand. He upset the tray, but apparently this was unintentional, and a small lama replaced its contents.

Ten more maskers emerged in single file, dressed like the first, but one unfortunately had broken the stick supporting his pennant, and the resulting angle made it rather interfering in the ensuing mêlée. The three-cornered flags were of red with broad blue borders, jester's bells were jingling round the waists, while numbers one and ten had anklets of bells also. Their masks, with faces of blue, green, red, flesh-colour, and yellow, were merely hideous and leering, having no third eye, so they probably belonged to the class of earth-master-demons. The first comer, their chief would then be the "Great Guardian King," who stands in the middle, while they stand in two rows facing him. As they dance to an impressive boom of the long shawms, an ordinary priest and small lama boy busy themselves preparing a device on the mud platform, using pencils and colours from the tray and tins already there. The lama first draws a large triangle of purple, then an inner one of yellow ochre next a white outline to a broad light blue one edged within again with white, and within this a solid black triangle is painted. Selecting white chalk, he then sketches in flames all round the purple outside triangle, hieroglyphics in the light blue one, and a central device in the black. What

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these were we could not make out. Meanwhile the earth-master-demons have been trumpeted out in twos, and now two new heralds appear in the porch, young boys with white powdered faces, who, blowing the conches from the corners of their mouths, bend the knees outwards, as they finish each long note, as though to expel it more effectively. Their instruments have handsome long tassels, and are blown three times to usher in a long procession of dancers. Group one are unmasked, but dressed like the members of the inaugural dance on the previous day. Next to them the herald boys with their powdered faces take their place, and we note their green shorts of brocaded silk under a long scarf wound about their bodies, and looped up and down to form a skirt. Their hats are like red tea-cosies with bands wound round the base. The third group consists of four members with hats of a papier maché type, like a *Skushog's* riding hat. (These hats and all the masks are made at monasteries, and consist of cotton material bound together by a mixture of earth and water). Scarves hang down from under the hats behind, and their dresses are of yellow silk divided into large squares by broad bands of red, while in the right hand they carry long iron sticks with four projecting pieces at the top, bent down and hooked to receive four rings ; in their left hands are large black bowls. Another group of four follows, wearing black masks, all of whom have a terribly evil leer with mouth drawn down at the corners, as though saying a perpetual "ugh." The first and third, dressed in black, carry in the right hand a knifeboard and in the left what might be either a loop of intestine or merely a snare of rope. Numbers two and four hold in their right hands a flat object about two feet long cut in the shape of a human figure. Their raiment is fashioned of stuff resembling a leopard's skin, with a sleeveless bodice and a skirt cut into strips worn over navy shorts. The fifth and final group comprises four men, with the vizor masks we have already seen. In their hands they carry sword and shield, and to each of their backs is attached a quiver of arrows. 796 Beneath the fine silk, sleeveless overdresses of these warriors, 536 with streamers attached to the waistline, the warm homespun robes of the lama can be seen. The heralds, and, of course the gruesome quartette, are barefooted, but the rest wear ordinary lama boots. Each group in succession dances round the central mystic sign, sitting, when not their turn, on the carpetted benches in the corner of the quadrangle, which had been prepared as on the previous day.

The red square with its central tiger-skin was now produced again and laid down beside the painted triangles, on which another human effigy of dough under its blue veil was placed.

Now, preceded by heralds and swingers of censers, four figures dressed as in the first dance of the first day appear, each carrying a bell and *dorjhe*, accompanied by two lamas in their ordinary robes, one carrying the brazen chalice we have already seen, the other four cups on a tray. These two lamas pass to each dancer in turn, pouring into his cup a little beer, and adding a few grains of barley, while all chant in tone, and the band plays slow solemn music. This was, perhaps, the most impressive and stately act of the whole play. While the beer and barley were being actually served, the four performers were stationary, while the orchestra played and chanted a really beautiful theme, at the end of which the cups were emptied on the ground, the four figures bowed before the platform, themselves chanting, then, ringing their bells and holding out their *dorjhes*, again started their stately gyrations. This ceremony of filling and emptying the cups was performed six times; then the vessels were collected on a tray and removed.

With a whistle and flinging out of the dancers' scarves in time with the music, one of these priestly saints now takes his place on the square mat, the covering is removed from the effigy, and more incantations are intoned. Accompanied by

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more whistling and flinging of scarves and a wild reverberating crash of music from the band, the priest then leaves the square mat, and all join in a final dance, retreating in pairs.

The next act seems to begin within the monastery hall, for figures appear in the porch dancing to music, but retreat into the shadows again. One lama with censers, and one with the jewelled beer-jug come down into the quadrangle, and take up their positions by the right-hand flag-post. Again a figure with horns is seen gyrating within the porch, and anticipation is enhanced by the band bursting into wild crescendos. At last the procession emerges into view, first the bearer of the jewelled beer-jug, then two swingers of censers, then the heralds followed by a troop of three-eyed demon kings. The leader is he of the horned mask, bearing a sabre and a cup made of a human skull decked with streamers. All the rest have skulls on their head-dresses, rich embroidered silk robes with capes, aprons and streamers, capped by masks of green, red, yellow, white and brown. The horned gentleman is their *sLobdpon* or chief. He approaches the effigy and sprinkles it with barley from the plate which has been left at the side ; then a lama steps in and cuts the effigy up, giving each demon deity a portion. No doubt this ceremony is rooted in the old cannibalism of the *Bon Chos*. The effigy has now been killed, and four grave-yard ghouls come in to dispose of the corpse, though it is the lama who actually removes the last bits. The four dance about, two of them standing over the platform, and with alternate bare feet rhythmically wipe away, or rather smear out in its dust, all traces of the mystic triangles. They then dance altogether in ghoulish glee, while the horned gentleman, proceeding in solitary dignity, leads off his troupe in twos. The skeletal ones dance on, getting more joyful, jumping round and round themselves, and leaping to and from the empty platform until their turn also comes to depart.

It would leave a more profound impression if the play ended here, but a final foolish little act is introduced, serving as a

complete anticlimax. A stool is placed near the *Skushogs'* 796
throne, and the square carpet with the central tiger-skin, 536
placed [illegible] it. An aged gentleman, with the large mask of an ordinary old man, but evidently very decrepit and tottery, is supported by five young boys with bare legs, short skirts, capes, and simple masks, with a bit of gay Yarkandi silk attached at the back to hide the hiatus between head and neck. A Ladaki onlooker says this gentleman is the one who attends to the feeding of all the masked lamas, and is called "rGyalpo (King) Achan." Supporting his failing steps, he leans heavily on his pupils, who eventually get him to the stool, accompanied by a masked and yellow-robed lama, carrying a warming-pan drum and a pair of cymbals, who squats on the ground at his side. One of the guardians with the moveable jaw, who watched over the row of benevolent deities on the first morning, enters with a brazier and rosary, and tries to help keep the high-spirited pupils in order. These jump about, laughing, boxing each other, fighting and playing, and making fun of their old preceptor. The old man gives them each some food, a piece of pudding made of uncooked barley mixed with water. He also offers them a piece of paper, and, as each in turn jumps to clutch it he whips them, to the great amusement of the crowd in the audience. On being handed the musical instruments he stands the warming-pan drum up on its handle, leaning it against his left knee, and, with his right hand, somehow manages both to beat it and to clash the cymbals on his right knee. To this music the small boys dance lightly and lithely round the flag-staff, receiving occasional whips from the guardian. They then jump about with whoops and cries, and carry on tedious little feeble bits of buffoonery, till even the audience gets weary and begins to disperse. The old man and his pupils in a close row prostrate themselves several times at full length before the *Skushog's* empty throne, obviously caricaturing this act of worship, then the boys stroke their aged teacher's head, tie a scarf round his

796 neck, and lead him away. By this time the crowds are all
536 straggling across the court-yard, and the exit takes place in oblivion, giving a most absurd and feeble finish to the long performance.

Thinking over the mystery play in quiet retrospect, trying to discover a sequence and a meaning in its confused medley of sights and sounds, one has to confess that at the end a "mystery" play it remains. The *Skushog* himself has confirmed the idea that the effigy of dough represents a *chos-la gnodpa gtong-kan*, that is, a doer of harm to religion.

Even the common people have some idea of this, for on questioning an ordinary Ladaki as to its significance, he told me that it was an evil spirit that had been made to flee, but had come down from the hills to harm religion again. But, as Waddell says, "it is used also to convey to the people a vivid conception of the manner in which devils attack a corpse, and the necessity for priestly services of a quasi-Buddhist sort to guard it and the soul."

The constant apposition of incongruities is particularly fitting to this land for ever exhibiting things "the wrong way round." Even Alice's "curiouser and curiouser" is far transcended by the grotesque weirdness of religious conception here manifested. The rich embroidered silks, the dirty tags of commonest bazar cloth (probably a rag blessed by the *Skushog*) appended to the same person, the voluminous skirts and stately movements of cumbrous-large-booted personages, the difficulty of description that involves the introduction of a homely English object, such as a coffee-pot or even a knife-cleaning board, the mixture of rare costliness with tawdry banality, the introduction of mischievous imps and jesters into solemn scenes, the caricaturing of religion by its own devotees, the simultaneous inspiration of laughter and fear, all contribute to the general impression of a land of dreams and unreality. In the most solemn scene, where the four priests were receiving holy grain and wine with which t cast their spell over the effigy, when the dance was at its stateliest and the music most awe-inspiring and beautiful, the right contrasting note was produced by the Baby *Skushog*, who had been brought by his lama nurse to sit on a vantage point at the side of the porch. There, in view of all, he waved his little hand in time to the music, imitated the performers, clasped his lama nurse in a sudden ecstasy of baby emotion, picked up dust and threw it in the man's face, was scolded till baby tears overflowed, then taken up, comforted, and shewn the peacocks' feathers and other pretty things on the altar underneath the great banner, till his equanimity was restored, in fact provided quite a little unconscious entertainment of his own. In appreciating all these fantastic effects, one's reason abruptly brings one up against our Western ignorance: how little we can understand the complicated symbolism of the East, and how utterly ignorant we are of the customs embraced in their signification, traceable back to an antiquity so far exceeding any of which we have cognisance.

CHAPTER XXVI

The Lure of Ladak

771 THE festival at Hemis is, as it were, a grand climax to all the strange things we see and find in this extraordinary country, which culminate in its religious practices. We have described lightly the outward ceremonies and appearances of the masque, emphasizing perhaps its humorous details, conscious and unconscious : yet, when we review it as a whole, we cannot but be appalled at its deeper significance, nor can we fail to realize that this country of cheery, attractive, lovable folk is a prey to the most rampant demonology. Where all the best religions of the world will at least point upwards, as it were, to " whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report " as worthy of contemplation, here the whole force of Lamaism directs the people's attention downwards to that which is impure, ugly, evil. Surely in spiritual matters they are " upside down "
787 rather than we. The study of their horoscopy alone impresses one with the terrible burden of it all, the endless costly offices imposed on the common ignorant, superstitious people by Lamaism. It is rightly stated that " one family alone is prescribed a sufficient number of sacerdotal tasks to engage a couple of lamas fairly fully for several months of the year."

788 The rites enjoined to overcome the difficulties of the conflict-
792 ing horoscopes of relations dwelling together, the ceremonies necessary to nullify evil influences in connection, not only with the crises of life to which we have referred, but with

other lesser events in the family activities and even in the 788
surrounding neighbourhood, all are used to exploit the 79r
credulity and fears of a primitive people for the enrichment in
money and power of a set of priests, themselves with little
education, save the reading of their "holy" books. Thus, [162]
apart from the exercise of these functions, the lamas, who are 792
said to constitute almost one third of the population, lead useless lives of indolence and indulgence, contributing nothing to the economical and certainly not to the spiritual welfare of their fellow countrymen, but merely absorbing their hard-earned riches in parasitical luxury. As an observer from the Chinese side has recorded, "Lamaism is responsible for having sapped the manhood of Mongolia of its energy and initiative, and deadened its intellect." By segregating such a large proportion of its young manhood into an enforced and false celibacy, it lowers the birth-rate as well as the moral
standard of the country. How infinitely removed are these 0-0-6
evil practices from the pure teachings of the Buddha, whose name has been associated with the veneer of reform introduced into this devil-worship. The wonder is that the people remain as wholesome and cheery as they do, and no visitor to Ladak will deny the attractiveness of this sturdy hill race.

Indeed they are part of that lure of Ladak which every year provides the British Joint Commissioner with a waiting list for travellers desiring passes far longer than that of the successful applicants. Falling into a different category from the ordinary visitor is the sportsman, whose pass is included in his shooting license, men, and even women, to whose primeval hunting instincts the great hills call. The mere traveller may be lured by the everlasting hills also, or the peculiar bare country, or its strange inhabitants and their quaint customs. The mere joy of the road calls some, while few can on arrival resist being curio hunters, and during their brief visits concentrate their attention on any of the following: the cups of rare china, the more common wooden ones lined wtih silver, 000 metal spoons, brass and copper tea-pots or other utensils, robes and other garments of Chinese design, turquoises, jade ornaments, furs and small carpets. Some of these visitors travel very simply, with minimum of servants and luggage; others prefer a voyage de luxe with a long train of both. The former when invited to dinner, would fain accept, but regret they "have only shorts," and are happy to be assured that this is quite correct evening kit in Leh. The latter bring full evening dress, and one of these evoked a facetious comment from our man-servant. Unlike the custom prevailing in India, we train women-servants for the work in the house, while a man combines all the functions of water-bringer, gardener, groom, etc. This gentleman was asked to light a fire on the second occasion when a certain Mem Sahib was expected to dinner, although in this land of scarce fuel we had not thought of beginning fires for ourselves yet. His concise comment was, "Much meat, little clothes."

Then there are visitors who are specialists in some particular line of research, and, in the short twelve years during which we have been closely connected with Ladak, we have had among our visitors botanists, geologists, ornithologists, archæologists and topographers; also devotees of the camera, even of the cinema, besides those of the brush, who comprise a list in themselves, from the mystic type of picture painter, the etcher, the futurist, and the straightforward colourist (if we may coin the term), to the lightning or snapshot sketcher. Some of these specialists have been organized into expeditions, such as the Anglo-Italian one, led by Sir Filippo De Filippi in 1913-14, and which passed on into the Karakorams and the Depsang Plateau, but was brought to an abrupt conclusion by the outbreak of the Great War. It comprised many experts in different sciences, 789
and those who were engaged in gravimetric observations in 792
the course of their investigations sent up several air balloons in Leh. These eventually descended in the surrounding

villages, and were the cause of much wonder and fear, out of 789
which the lamas made a rich harvest by exercising the evil 792
influences they were supposed to disseminate. This expedition was also able to receive in Leh wireless messages from 000
Dehra Dun, perhaps a foretaste of broadcasting, even across the Himalayas. The Dutch expedition of 1922, and again in 1925, as we write, at work on the glaciers of the Karakorums, led by Mr. and Mrs. Visser with their Swiss guides must also be noted. Then there are our political visitors in the consular service, who occasionally come through this way from Central Asia, and even China, to say nothing of the interesting patients we have, not only medical, but occasionally mental, and we may say even moral, referring to those who unfortunately did not feel bound by promises contained in their signed passports.

Not only do these people keep our small European community busy during the visiting season, but in the long closed winter, and indeed all the year round, they solicit many favours. Thus the Doctor Sahib himself has been asked to collect butterflies, birds and their eggs, algae and fungi, ferns, flowers, stamps, curios and even mosquitoes by sundry enthusiasts, to say nothing of requests being made for long dissertations on the Buddhism and mysteries of Tibet by unknown theosophists in the Antipodes. Thus, among our acquaintances made in this relatively isolated spot of Central Asia, we may number, besides those of adjacent countries and our own British Islands, men and women from America, Norway, Sweden, Holland Switzerland, France, Austria, Italy, Russia, Persia, China and Japan, so that there is no doubt that the lure of Ladak is a real fact. Some of these travellers rush into print on the subject of their visits here, and we read their journalistic efforts with interest, sometimes amusement, others weave light stories of travel, while some of the deeper students engage in profound treatises on their own special subjects. Even a close connection of twelve

800 years with the country, however, can only touch the fringe of all there is to know of these interesting people, and we can only leave them regretfully, trusting that the future may bring tohers with more leisure and ability to tackle such an extensive subject.

Index

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Aksakal, 30
Altar, 132
Amitabha, 21
Apricot oil, 111
Archery, 157
Aum mani padmehum, 168
Auolakita, 221

Baltal, 47, 49
Baltis, 144
Baltistan, 26
Banners, holy, 221
Baralatcha, 89
Bashahr State, 86
Bellows, 113
Birds, 40, 41, 42, 48, 55
Birth, 181
Blacksmith, 141
Bonchos, 24, 25, 26, 164
Books, 137, 220
Bot Kharbu, 70, 95
Boundary Dispute, 100
Breadmaking, 83
British Joint Commissioner, 29
Brogpas, 92
Brogs, 111
Brotherhoods, 132, 177
Buddha, 27
Buddha's teaching, 163
Buddhism, Indian, 24
Burtsa, 40

Calendar, 170
Carpenter, 20, 24, 141
Castle, Leh, 199
Castle, Stog, 201
Century, 14, 18, 26, 27
Chanegund, 64
Chang, 27
Changpa, 103
Changtang, 24
Chapels, private, 111
Charas, 30
Children, 129
Chortens, 34, 110, 168, 169
Circumambulation, 175
Climate, 42, 43
Clothing, female, 129
Cooking-pots, 113
Cooking-stoves, 113, 114
Coronation, 198
Counting, 132
Customs of inheritance, 116

Da, 95
Dalai Lama, 221
Dances, 210
Dards, 25, 26
Darkit, 66
Darra, 119

Index

Demon possession, 205
Demon worship, 24
Dinners, 212
Disease, 146
Divorce, 187, 190
Doctors, native, 134
Dosmoche, 173
Dras, 59, 61
Drogpo Karpo, 107
Dukar, 222
Dundeltang, 62
Dynasties, 26

Earflaps, 127
Eclipse, 171

Farming, 124
Ferns, 38
Filippo de Filippi, Sir, 275
Finger, ring, 117
Flour, preparation of, 119
Flowers, 38, 39, 40, 47, 57, 64, 102
Food, 117
Football, 152
Fruit, 39, 50
Fuel, 131
Funeral rites, 192, 193

Games, children's, 130, 152
Gaspon, 100, 107
Gold, 24
Grace, Buddhist, 117
Grass, poisonous, 49
Greeting, 129
Guardian gods of the temple, 219
Gyatug, 118

Hairdressing, 125, 127
Hann, 95
Hanupata, 77, 80
Hats, 20, 21, 126, 222
Head-dress, Mohammedan, 129
Henasku, 33, 70
Herodotus, 23
High Mass, 178
Hinayana Buddhism, 164
Homespun, 122
Horologist, 135
Horse-dealing, 140
Horse-racing, 156
Houses, Ladaki, 109

Incarnation, Hemis, 28
Indus, 35, 36, 73
Inheritance, 128
Instruments, 138
Irrigation of fields, 109

Kahgyur, 135
Kalatse, 72
Karakorum Range, 76
Kardong Pass, 39
Kargil, 65
Kashmiris. 144
Kesar Saga, 196
Khampa, 96
Kings, 173, 195
Kiula Pass, 105
Kulu, 90
Kyelang, 89

Lactation, 130
Lahoul, 88
Lamas, red robed, 27
Lamas, yellow robed, 24, 27
Lamayuru, 33, 34, 72, 168, 195

Index

c-00

Langdarma, 25, 173, 196
Lena, 120
Lhatos, 34, 36
Lingshed, 84
Literature, 26
Lotsun, 66
Lucerne grass, 123

Machoi, 46, 51
Magician, 209
Magpa, 183, 189
Maharajah, 28, 29, 44
Mahaiyana Buddhism, 164
Mani Walls, 34, 249
Marketing, 123
Marmots, 82
Marriage, 25
Marsro, 200
Matayan, 55, 56, 59
Matreya, 169
Meat, cooking of, 117
Medical tour, 149
Medical visit, 115
Merchants, 140
Merit, 162
Milk and its derivatives, 118
Milling, 120
Minstrels, 138
Missionaries, Swedish, 60
Monasteries, 72, 109
Mok moks, 118
Mons, 24, 138
Moravian Mission Hospital, 144
Mountaineering, 31
Mulbek, 66, 67
Music, monastic, 112
Musicians, 24, 25, 138
Mustard oil, 111
Mystery Play, 239

Name giving, 136, 182
Namika La, 69
New Year's day, 172
Nyemo, 73

Offerings to gods, 117
Operations, 147, 150
Ornaments, female, 128
Ornaments, personal, 69

Padma Sambhana, 88
Pandras, 61
Panjila, 78
Pashkyim, 65, 66
Pashmina, 120
Paspun, 132, 133, 186, 187, 192
Patients, 144
Peace celebrations, 143
Perag, 126
Performances, 212
Photi la, 36
Pigtail, 183
Polo, 93, 152
Polyandry, 188, 190
Prayer-flags, 167
Prayer Mystic, 165
Prayer-wall, 28, 35, 166
Prayer-wheel, 165, 166, 167
Purig, 61, 65

Queen, 200
Queen Mother, 148

Rainfall, 43

Refectory of temple, 219
Rohtang Pass, 90
Roofland, 123
Room, living, 112
Roosevelt, Col. Theodore and Capt. Kermit, 47, 49, 53, 56
Rope bridge, 78
Rosary, 166
Rose, wild, 37

Sankargyas, 27
Sankar monastery, 216
Saspola, 72, 73
Scapegoat festivals, 172, 173, 266
School, 132
Services, household, 112, 133
Shah Jahan, 28
Shawls, Kashmiri, 120, 122
Sheep, 105
Sheikh, 144
Shergol, 66
Shimshe Kharbu, 38, 62, 63
Shingkunla Pass, 88
Shooting, 41, 158
Sikhs, 29
Sindh River,
Skushogs, 226
Skushog, Hemis, 226
  „ Peang, 237
  „ Ridzong, 237
  „ Spitug, 202, 336
  „ Stagna, 229
  „ Trigtse, 229
  „ Yab, 86, 203
Smoking, 128
Snowbridge, 51
Snowfall, 43
Snuff, 125
Sonamerg, 45
Sorowar, 29
Spinning, 68, 121
Spitug, 36, 74
Spoons, 117
Stagtse, 70
Stories, Ladaki, 139
Strewing oblations, 167
Suru River, 65

Taboos, 181
Tailoring, 124
Tara, White, 28, 198
Tashgam, 63
Teachers, 137
Teacup, 114
Tehsil, 29
Temperature, 43
Tibet, 36
Tingmogang, 27
Tongue, protrusion of, 20
Treaty road, 29
Trees, 39
Tsemo, 177
Tsongkapa, 27

Utensils, religious ceremonial, 112

Vegetables, 119, 124
Visser, Mr. and Mrs., 277

Wages, 132
Wanla, 76
Wards, Hospital, 148
Wars, Balti, 28
Weaving, 124

Index

Wedding customs, 183
Wedding ornaments, 128
"Wheel of life," 218, 226
Wireless telegraphy, 277
Wool and its preparation, 120, 122

Yarkandi games, 157
Yarkandis, 144
Yarsa, 111
Yulchung, 84

Zangla, 86, 97
Zenana Mission Hospital, 61
Zho, 118
Zogi La, 39, 46, 53, 57
Zorowar, 86, 201, 203

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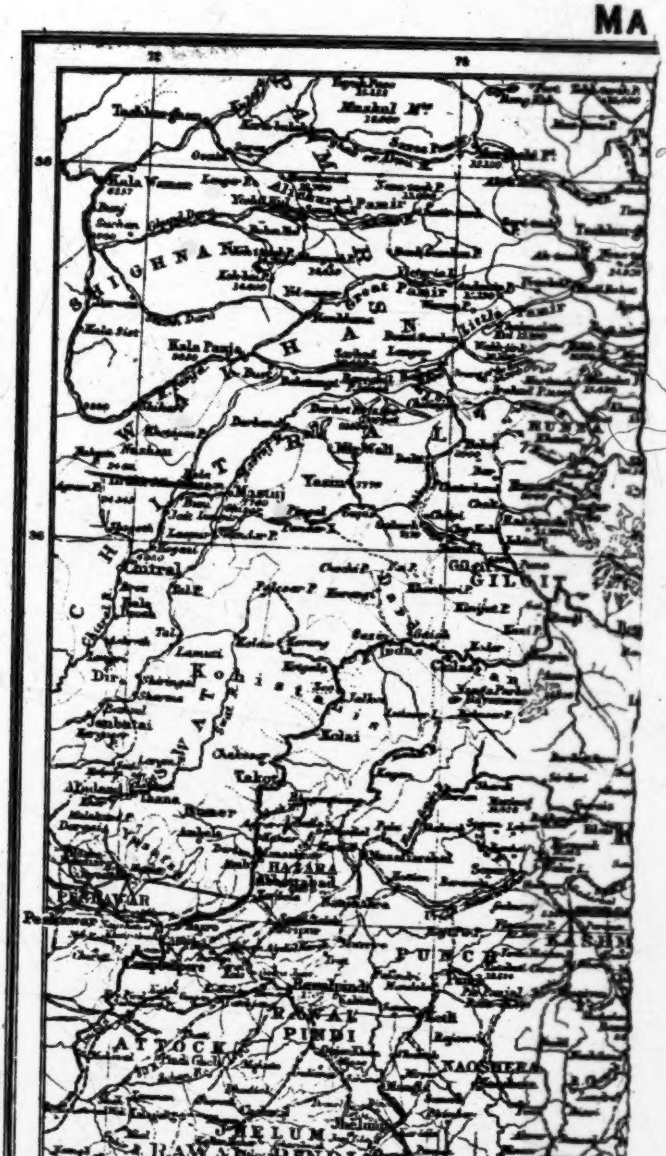
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72
74
38
36
32
Mustagh Mt.
Alichur Pamir
S H I G H N A N
Great Pamir
Little Pamir
W A K H A N
Kala Panja
Kala Wamar
HUNZA
Mastuj
Yasin
C H I T R A L
Chitral
GILGIT
Dir
Kohistan
Kolai
Takot
Buner
Swat R.
HAZARA
PESHAWAR
Peshawar
Rawalpindi
RAWAL PINDI
PUNCH
ATTOCK
NAOSHERA
JHELUM
RAWAL PINDI
Salt Range
GUJRAT
SHAHPUR
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[End Map-a]

102

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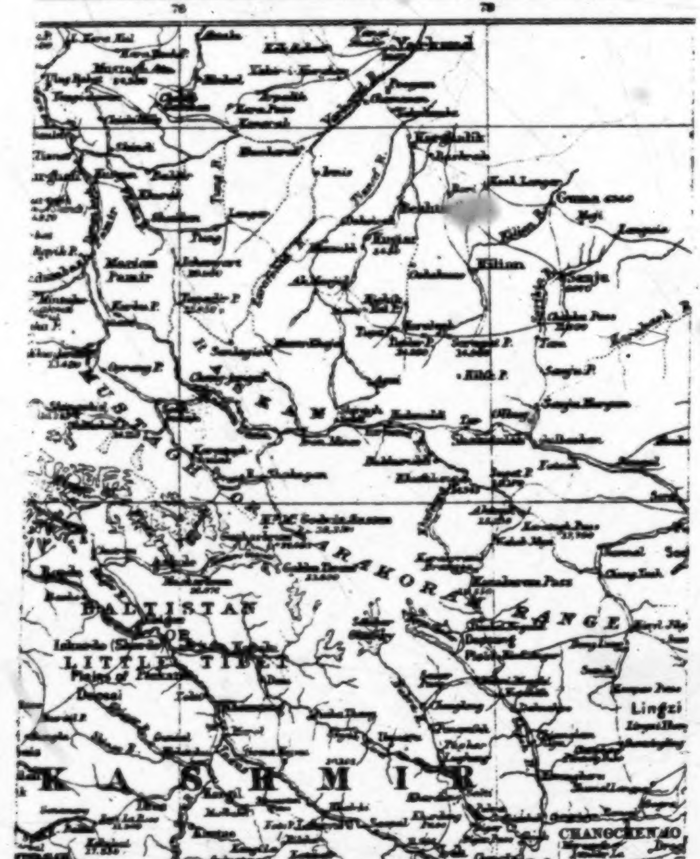
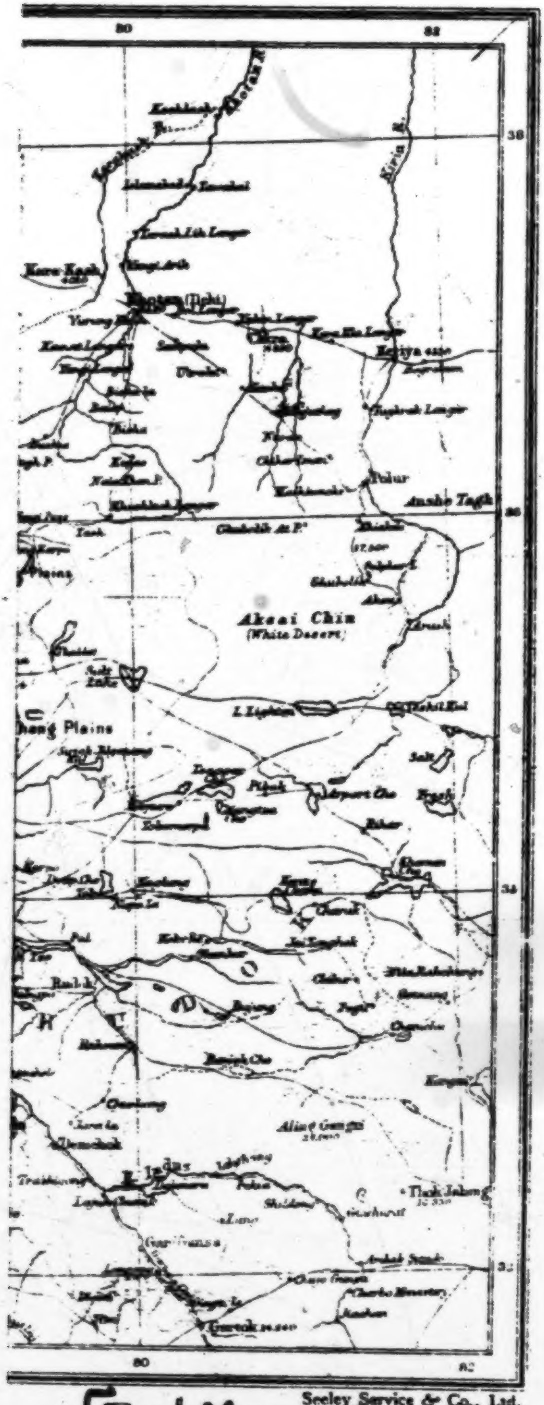

76
78
Yarkand
Mariam Pamir
KARAKORAM
RANGE
BALTISTAN
OR
LITTLE TIBET
Lingzi
KASHMIR
CHANGCHENMO
LADAKH
ZANSKAR
KISTAWAR
RUPSHU
JAMMU
CHAMBA
Lahul
KANGRA
Kulu
MANDI
Longitude East of Greenwich
English Miles
Kilometres

[END MAP-6]

102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82
38
36
34
80
82
Khotan R.
Kiria R.
Kara Kash
Khotan (Ilchi)
Keriya
Polur
Anshe Tagh
Akeai Chin
(White Desert)
Salt Lake
hang Plains
L. Lighten
Salt
Rudok
Aling Gangri
Indus
Thok Jalung
Gartok

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[End MAP-C]

[For brief descriptions of representative and decorative religious art, see category 116, pp. 216-224, 246-268--Analyst]

13: Heber and Heber AJ4 West Tibetans AJ4
133, 487

[For descriptions of topography and routes on the authors' trip to Ladak, see category 116, Chapter VII, pp. 75-85--Analyst]

647, 557 Tibet AJ1

[For an account of the selection in Tibet from the family of Tibetan bureaucrat of a Skushog or abbot for service in West Tibet (Ladak) see 13: Heber and Heber, AJ4 West Tibetans, category 116, pp. 226-227--Analyst]

[For information on the use of the term "Skushog" as an honorific title in Tibet see 13: Heber and Heber, AJ4 West Tibetans, category 116, p. 226--Analyst]

792 Tibet AJ1

[For information on the selection and training in Tibet of an incarnate Skushog or abbot for service in West Tibet (Ladak) see 13: Heber and Heber, AJ4 West Tibetans, category 116, pp. 226-228--Analyst]

631 Tibet AJ1

[For a brief reference to the nature of the Tibetan territorial hierarchy see 13: Heber and Heber, AJ4 West Tibetans, category 116, pp. 226-227--Analyst]